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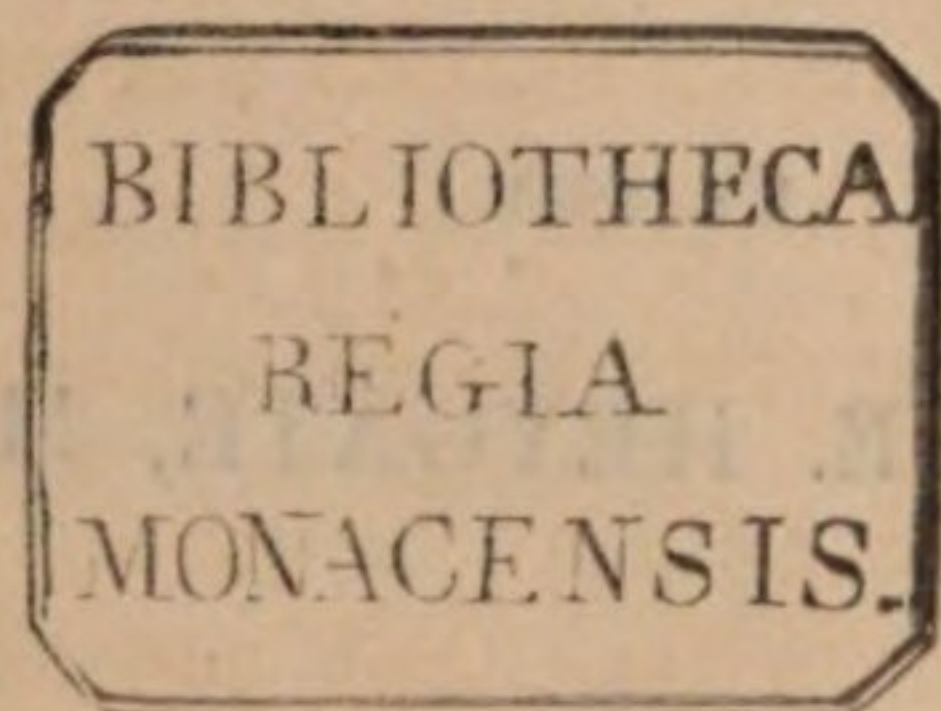
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Heygate

THE
SCHOLAR AND THE TROOPER;
OR,
OXFORD DURING THE GREAT REBELLION.

BY THE
REV. W. E. HEYGATE, M.A.

OXFORD,
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JOHN HENRY AND JAMES PARKER.
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INTRODUCTION.

THE following Tale is an attempt to make that portion of history which it embraces more living to those who will be kind enough to peruse it. The Author greatly regrets that whilst he was resident at Oxford, and possessed opportunities which cannot be recalled, he did not make himself master of the history of that deeply interesting City and University in which he had the privilege to sojourn during his Undergraduate life.

To all men, more or less, but especially to those who are capable of strong local associations, there is nothing like observation of the locality of events to explain to the mind, and to fix in the memory, the actions of which they were the scene. An hour spent on a battle-field, after reading the histories of it, is worth many hours of puzzling thought in the study.

If a few hours were given to ascertain the historical facts, and then that happy time of exercise justly called "the constitutional" were devoted to tracing out on the spot the movements of defenders and

assailants, the lines of fortification, the guarded bridge, the ford, and the outpost, the liveliest and most healthy pleasure would be derived from scenes over which now the eye too often passes without interest, and transfers itself to useless observation of the dress or gait of some passer-by, whose thoughts again are sometimes occupied with trifles, or with the very studies which they walked out in order to throw off, and forget for a time.

The materials of information are at hand : reference to the Index of Clarendon, Whitelocke, Sir Edward Walker's "Historical Discourses," Heath's Chronicle, Anthony à Wood, and the like, will guide any man to facts which will enable him to judge of Oxford during the period of this tale,—in particular, to trace the most interesting operations of the attacks in 1644, under Essex and Waller, and in 1645-6, under Fairfax. Or again, the history of Laud's Chancellorship, and the biography of Hammond, Sanderson, and their compeers, supply the matter from which a living picture of the University and its state may be drawn.

Then all the neighbourhood is full of the like interesting topics. During the Great Rebellion, Woodstock, Bicester, Boarstall, Chalgrove, Wallingford, Abingdon,—and at a greater distance, Faringdon, and Banbury,—were all scenes of action ; and in each of

these, things were done which shewed men to be heroes.

And yet this is but a single spot in our history. What tenfold interest is excited in the scenes around us, if we take 'Bede' in our hands, and go to Dorchester; or, with the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, repair to Cloveshoo or Abingdon! Or if, confining ourselves to Oxenford, we remember Maude besieged by Stephen; Richard I. born within its walls; and Henry V. a Scholar at Queen's, whose very chamber was standing in Hearne's time, over the old gateway facing St. Edmund Hall; or if we consider the "Mad Parliament" of Henry III. and the success of Charles II. in accomplishing what his father had failed to do, when he assembled a Parliament at Oxford, and dissolved it, *nolens volens*, or rather all *nolens*, to the amazement and discomfiture of his opponents!

Or let us turn to University and to ecclesiastical matters: to the see of Osney, now transferred to Christ Church; to the removal of the University to Northampton, owing to quarrels with the town, and its return to its old haunts; to the controversies with the preaching Friars; the battles between North and South; the changes in the studies, system, and members of the University; the controversies of Wickliffe; the burning of Cranmer; the resistance to James II.

Or again, let us consider the dates and origin of the different foundations—of this quadrangle and of that, this church and that. It is plain that there is no want of material for study, nor is there any need of leisure and other opportunities, during those halcyon days, that morning of thoughtful life, when all is fresh and bright—the Undergraduate period.

The Author is persuaded that this searching for facts and applying them on the spot will never fatigue; and if thorough, it will strengthen those habits of mind which should be applied to investigations in classical history; and which, all life through, will render men able to interest and improve their neighbours, wheresoever their lot may be cast, by enabling them to bring forward the past as the forefather of the present, and to make it visible and audible to us, its posterity.

Surely it is not saying too much to maintain, that if more intelligent persons would take pains to make farmer, shopkeeper, and peasant understand the monuments amidst which they are living, not only would there be no filling up of fosse, with its *val-lum*; no levelling of tumuli; no cutting away of piers and leaving them to depend like stalactites from the roof they were meant to support; no winding a spiral wooden staircase round a Norman pier, as at Nursted, after painting the stonework mahogany-colour and

varnishing it;—but we should find a reverent regard to the past, as well as a deep thankfulness for the present, prevailing where now they do not exist.

The Author has only to add, that he has intentionally made the tale subservient to history. Lord Holland's conversations with the King are, however, antedated by a few months: he arrived in August, but does not seem to have obtained these interviews until late in September. Facts have not been conglomerated for the sake of plot or *dénouement*—for *δέσις* or *λύσις*; and if, therefore, the writer trips anywhere in his history, it is because he did not investigate when he could, on the spot, when his time was less occupied and his memory was better. But he will consider part of his object attained, if he should be happy enough to induce any reader to examine things for himself with sufficient attention to enable him to form a more correct view of the period illustrated than that here presented.

The collection of contemporary pamphlets and newspapers in the British Museum, Loggan, Hearne's Diary, Ayliffe, Cardwell's Conferences, Warburton's Life of Rupert, and County Histories—of which Oxfordshire unhappily has none—have furnished most of the facts not contained in the authorities mentioned above.

The discussions on Church matters in Chapter XVII.

are not a piece of controversy foisted in for modern purposes, but are intended as a representation of the views and conversation of the persons introduced at the time of the narrative. The patience of the reader is requested, however, with the dulness of this and similar parts of the Tale.

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THE SCHOLAR AND THE TROOPER, &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE ROYAL ENTRY, JULY 14, 1643.

“THIS way, Sir. My chamber is up these stairs :
We shall have a rare view from thence.”

“Lead on, Nephew,” replied Sir Nathaniel Domville ; and Basil Norman led his uncle into his chamber, which was in the first Quad at St. John’s, and faced the road.

The room was full of occupants in the highest state of excitement ; and well they might be, for the events of the few days preceding had been of most vital import to the cause which Oxford had embraced with heart and hand.

During June, the victories at Stratton and Chalgrove, with the death of Hampden, had raised the spirits of the Royal party. Essex had received a check, and had become inactive. The Queen was approaching from the North with reinforcements. Suddenly ill news from the West came like a thunder-clap upon Oxford. Waller had been repulsed at Lansdown ; but the army of Prince Maurice was too weak to push the advantage, and had sustained a grievous loss in the fall of Sir Bevil Granville. Lord Arundel, also, and Sir Ralph Hopton had been

disabled by terrible wounds. In fact, those who rode fastest on such occasions, had reported at Oxford that the day was lost; a report which was not contradicted until the morrow, when an authorized messenger arrived with urgent requests for reinforcements. The King, however, was little aware how much they were needed; for Waller, having strengthened his force from Bristol and the neighbourhood, had recovered his spirits, pursued the Royal army, driven it into Devizes, and surrounded it. The danger was so imminent, that the Marquis of Hertford and Prince Maurice rode themselves with all speed to Oxford, leaving Lord Mohun in command in an open town, with hardly any ammunition, until they could relieve him. Their arrival was as alarming as it was inopportune, for the King was to meet the Queen two days' march northwards, and to escort her into Oxford. However, he did not hesitate. Reserving only two regiments for himself, he sent all the horse forward, under Wilmot, to relieve his army. The result is known to the world. On the same day, July 13, that Charles met the Queen at Keinton or Edgehill, the battle of Roundway Down was fought: Sir Arthur Hazlerig's lobsters, as they called his dreaded cuirassiers, were routed, and all the cannon, ammunition, and baggage, with a thousand prisoners, were the prize.

The revulsion of feeling in Oxford was extreme, for the relieving force was only 1,500 horse, and the danger imminent; and now the King was approaching with his Queen and her reinforcements, to enjoy the good news of the victory with her loyal subjects in the University and garrison of Oxford.

"My uncle, Sirs," said Basil, observing some of the fellows in his room, "Sir Nathaniel Domville."

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Gisbie, with the same bluntness with which he afterwards refused his accounts as Bursar to the intruding President, and received his expulsion by the visitors;—"Indeed! I thought that Sir Nathaniel Domville was of the Parliament side; but may-be he changes with events."

"He is come, Sir," replied Basil quickly, "to offer his services to the King," seeing how Gisbie's shaft had wounded the new-comer,—as well it might; for Basil's uncle had acted with Hampden in the Bucks levy, and had been present at Chalgrove; and it was partly this defeat, and partly a quarrel with Colonel Bulstrode, who held Aylesbury for the Parliament, which made him follow the example of many others, and come in suddenly to the King, to make his peace.

"A good day for a good deed," said Edwards, afterwards a fellow-sufferer with Gisbie: "Truly the King will be in David's humour to-day, when he crossed the Jordan, and will blot out old scores."

"Specially on this day of Friday," remarked another Fellow. It was Peter Mew, who hardly escaped a halter at one time from the rebels; and by thus escaping, preserved his neck for the episcopal robes at Bath and Wells, and afterwards at Winchester.

"Truly," said the Bursar: "but to-day we must dispense with Friday in a manner; and if Sir Nathaniel will sup with us in hall, when the pageant is past, we shall be right glad: and he can then become known to our most worthy President, and the Fellows of this Society."

“I thank you, Sirs,” replied the Knight: “I shall not try to see his Majesty to-day. I am beholden to you for your courtesy. And indeed—”

A loud shout outside broke off the further thanks of the stranger.

“They come, they come. God save the King.”

The Fellows hastened to the windows, taking care to leave room for Basil and his uncle. A goodly sight awaited them.

Two long crowds of citizens and sojourners lined the road, with the University bands; amongst whom Sir Nathaniel Domville recognised Gervase Norman. Between these lines the cavalcade advanced. First came a string of carriages, and then a troop of servants under Sir W. Killigrew; then the Gentlemen Pensioners filed past, followed by the Heralds, whose rear was brought up by the Garter and the Mayor, in scarlet robes. The Serjeants-at-Arms came next; then the Earls of Forth and Dorset, Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Richmond; and, lastly, the carriage in which the King and Queen were seated, followed by the gentlemen of the King's own troop.

“I have seen as glad a pageant since the war began, and a more glad by far before it,” remarked Gisbie: “God grant the King may enter London in like sort. That would indeed be blessed.”

“You mean the entry after Edgehill,” said Mew: “I was not present.”

“Yes, it was that of which I thought, when the King entered bearing nearly seventy yellow banners before him; and we hoped it was the prognostication of quick success.”

“And what was the happier pageant still?” enquired Sir Nathaniel.

“At the royal visit, Sir, seven years past. But I will speak of it at supper. Let us go forth now and follow as we may, to see the rest.”

They did so; and as they worked their way towards the Corn-market, they came close to where Gervase was standing, drawn up in military form, and looking little like a scholar. In this respect he was unlike his brother, as well as in vigour of frame and in colour. Basil was an intellectual Gervase, Gervase a martial Basil. A stranger would have rested satisfied with this first-sight conclusion; and if he had hit upon the antithesis, would have gone off, as some historians do, pluming himself upon a penetration which he did not possess. Gervase was not a mere soldier, nor Basil only a scholar. Equal courage and ardour animated both, and the intellectual gifts of the brothers were nearly equal. But Basil from a child had been feeble in health; sickness had disciplined him, and turned his thoughts and feelings more to study and devotion: whilst the rude health of his brother had made every form of exercise a physical relief, and every adventure charming. And hence the characters of the twins had gradually diverged somewhat from a common centre,—and only somewhat. Their principles were the same, and their studies had been the same also, until the war gave Basil the advantage in them; for Gervase was one of the first to volunteer his services in the University bands.

As Sir Nathaniel passed his nephew, he paused to admire the youth, so much come out, as it were, since

they last met; that is, since Hampden marshalled the Buckinghamshire Militia against the King, on the very field of Chalgrove where he eventually fell. Gervase noticed his uncle's gaze, and read his thoughts. His face flushed, and his heart beat too quickly for such a cause.

The little company of spectators pushed forward past St. Mary Magdalene, through the North-gate, or Bocardo; but they could not penetrate the crowds which advanced as rapidly as themselves, and were compelled to hear from others how the Town-Clerk met the King at Quatre-vois, where the conduit then stood, which the City desired to pull down, and which Laud encouraged the Vice-Chancellor to maintain, but which now stands in the Park at Nuneham;—how the Clerk there and then made his speech, and presented the Queen with a purse of gold; how that the Vice-Chancellor and Heads awaited the King at Christ Church, in scarlet robes, whilst the Queen went on to lodge at Merton, where a set of verses and embroidered gloves awaited her.

When Sir Nathaniel found it useless to follow, and was tired of elbowing, and of being not only active, but passive, in that process of treading upon toes which is so trying to the temper, he paused, and signifying his intention to Basil, they worked their way back into clearer ground.

"Largior hic campus, Sir Nathaniel," said a voice from behind. "Hast forgotten the poor scholar from Marlow?"

The person addressed turned, and perceived a fellow-countryman in Miles Prigge, the attorney's son

but he did not seem so much pleased to be recognised as the speaker was to recognise.

“ Ah, Sir, how strong is the savour of these *caupones*. We might be in Suburra. *Vox tetrum dira inter odorem. Matres atque viri, pueri innuptæque puellæ. Fauces graveolentis Averni.*”

“ Softly, Master Prigge, I pray you,” said Basil: Sir Nathaniel is not used now to travel so fast—from Juvenal to Virgil, and from the Harpies to the Styx. I wonder you are not out of breath.”

“ And truly I am,” replied the new-comer, “ with jostling, and pushing, and shoving, and poking,—*divulsus querimoniis.*”

“ Pardon me,” replied Basil, “ Horace saith,—

‘ Nec malis

‘ Divulsus querimoniis.’ ”

“ Aye ; and what then ?—

‘ Furens difficili bile tumet jecur.’ ”

“ And in another place,” answered Basil, now out of all patience,—

‘ Nil habeo quod agam, et non sum piger, usque sequar te.’ ”

The scholar fell back ; and to clench the victory, Basil said very distinctly, “ *Sic me servavit Apollo.*” But there was no such luck. Persons like Miles Prigge receive many rebuffs, and become proportionably insensible to them. Accordingly, he only fell back for a space, biding his time.

This, however, did not suit either uncle or nephew, who had private matters to discuss, and turning rapidly into the Market, they came out by Exeter, thence into the Turl, under Turl-gate, into Broad-street, and past the Schools into New College-lane.

If we could have gone with them, we should have seen somewhat to regret, and much to be thankful for. Trinity had a mediæval front ; and *Aula Cervina*, or Hart Hall, also mediæval, stood where Magdalen Hall now is. The Sheldonian Theatre was not ; and he who built it was then Warden of All Souls, with many a trouble awaiting him. The Clarendon also was not, and was built out of the profits of the history of these very times by him who, at this time, was Chancellor of the Exchequer to the King, and residing in Oxford. The site of these places was covered with shabby houses ; and here and there throughout Broadstreet were remnants of cottages and other annoying encroachments, erected on the old wall, or in the trench, until they became a nuisance, and were abolished by an Order in Council in 1633.

But the strangest sight was that of the Schools. The Law and Logic Schools were magazines for corn ; and cloth and coats filled those of Astronomy and Music ; so that the chapel on the north side of St. Mary's was the scene of the disputations and exercises.

"I shall give my consent as freely as ever, if his Majesty accepts my conditions," said Domville.

"May I tell Gervase this, Sir ?" enquired Basil.

"I will tell him myself."

"But I hope, Sir, the conditions are not such as that the King will decline them, for the sake of poor Gervase."

"Decline ! No ; he cannot, and will not. However, as you say, it seems but ungracious to saddle this condition on Gervase : and a proper youth he has grown. I could not have wished for a son more to my mind."

"Thank you, Sir, from all my heart," replied Basil: "I will hasten to Gervase. I know that he is pining to hear."

"Nay, Basil, not so fast. I must go up this mound and see the new lines. You look ill. Speak. Is anything amiss?"

"No, Sir, nothing. It was but a moment. But how fortunate! here is Gervase."

"Ah, indeed! in cap and gown, like a scholar. The war-gear is doffed, eh, Gervase?" said Sir Nathaniel, offering his hand. "Come up with us, son."

"Son!" exclaimed Gervase, his whole countenance lighting up in a moment.

"Yes, *son*. I withdraw my objection. Lucy is your betrothed again, and I shall be happy to see you at Marklands whenever you will."

"I thank you, Sir," replied Gervase, who could not control his emotion, but ran straight up the mound in New College gardens, now covered with trees, but then stiffly built up in terraces, and fenced at the top.

"The youth is gone mad," said Sir Nathaniel.

"I cannot marvel if it be so," replied Basil, softly.

Nor can the reader. Lucy Domville and Gervase were not really cousins, but they had grown up as such. Sir Nathaniel had married a sister of Mr. Norman, the Vicar of Marklands, but she had died; and Lucy was the offspring of a different marriage, and the Knight's only child. Her mother also had died soon after the marriage, and Mrs. Norman had been so useful to Sir Nathaniel in training his child and nursing her during illness, that the relations of

the two houses were maintained in their original state, and the Norman boys always called Sir Nathaniel Domville their uncle.

At last the time arrived when the brothers were to become scholars at Oxford, and being founder's kin to Sir Thomas White, they naturally went to St. John's, in readiness for a vacancy.

Before they departed, the feelings of Gervase and Lucy betrayed themselves, and their parents consented to their betrothal. This was more easy to accomplish at that time than it would have been later, for the rebellion was breaking out, and it was evident that the Knight and the Vicar would take different sides. They did so; and the consequence was that after Edgehill, where Sir Nathaniel was wounded, he broke off his daughter's engagement, and refused to allow any further communication between her and Gervase; which refusal had been religiously observed, although the lovers were as true to each other as ever.

After the war once began, and Buckinghamshire took the Parliament side, the Normans staid up at Oxford during the vacations with little exception; and when they visited Marklands they neither saw Lucy, nor had met with her father until he came to Oxford on the morning of the events here described.

Whilst Gervase was collecting his thoughts, or mastering his feelings, Sir Nathaniel was taking a survey from the top of the mount. Immediately underneath him ran the old city wall, including New College, but cutting off, where any portion was left, not only Wadham, Trinity, and St. John's, but Balliol

also ; for the old rampart once ran through the sites of the Clarendon and Theatre, and through the northern portion of Exeter. But very few portions remained in these parts, and the wall itself formed no part of the existing defences. On the right stood the venerable Church of St. Peter ; and over the bowling-green, which is now joined on to the gardens, giving them their L form, rose the fair tower of Magdalen, its pinnacles spangled with the last rays of the sun ; a sweet, quiet scene, and strangely associated with actions of war, as though a rude warrior had forced some gentle and pensive virgin into an ill-assorted betrothal.

But no such thoughts passed through the mind of the Knight. He had no eye for the sights and no heart for the life of Oxford, as an University ; and was only vexed that he could make out so little of the present lines of defence. Whilst he endeavoured to do so, he became sensible that a fourth person stood by, and turning round he perceived the insatiable Prigge, who was only waiting to speak.

“ You desire, Sir Nathaniel,” he began, “ to see our *vallum*, our *decumana* and *prætoria*. Permit me, Sir, to explain, as saith Titus Lucretius, *Disserere incipiam, et rerum primordia pandam*. Two years ago we began but humbly, and had but a barricade at the Pons Eous there, by the College of Magdalen, and a trench by that of St. John’s, and we carried stones up to that tower of Magdalen, to hurl down on the foe. *Turrim in præcipite stantem summisque sub astra*. And if the *oppugnatores* had appeared, *pro virili parte, haud dubio*,—

‘ . . . nec saxa, nec ullum
Telorum interea cessat genus.

. . . tecta domorum
Culmina convellunt.’ ”

“ But *Dís aliter visum* : my Lord Saye, of Broughton, entered, and destroyed our works. Moreover, he carried off all the silver vessels, like Nebuchadnezzar, and despoiled Christ Church and the College of University. Then he burned the sacred books and pictures in front of the Star, as if they had been the magical writings of Ephesus.

“ Upon this, Sir, some proposed to fortify this place for the Parliament, and to put in Bulstrode Whitelock as Governor, your neighbour, and formerly of the same college with your worthy nephews ; but, Heaven be praised, the jealousy of Lord Saye prevented the design from being effected.

“ Presently the town was fortified for the King after the battle of Keinton, which some foolishly call Edgehill ; and we all worked, scholars and all. *O dura ilia* ! how my sides ached ! and we made an earth-work on the north. There, Sir, you can discern it. And this was not enough ; but this year a most cunning man of science, Mr. Richard Rallingson, B.A. of the College of Queen Philippa, which standeth there, hath drawn fresh lines all round, outside the Parks there, and round to St. Giles, until you come to the river. Now the city is thought inexpugnable—*quod verum sit, precor*. Let them come on, as Lucretius hath it—

‘ Terrificas capitem quatientes numine cristas.’ ”

“Or as Anacreon:—

‘Ὁ μὲν θέλων μάχεσθαι
Παρέστω καὶ μαχέσθω.’”

“But what comes next?” enquired Basil, who had been watching his prey:—

“Ἑμοὶ κύπελλον ᾧ παῖ.”

“It is a battle of cups to which you invite; and remember—

‘Scyphis pugnare Thracum est.’”

“But I will allow your verse, if you will take mine:—

“Ὅταν θέλῃς δὲ φεύγῃς.”

Miles Prigge was silenced again. Sir Nathaniel was satisfied with the effect, without understanding the cause; and he and his nephews turned their steps to St. John's.

CHAPTER II.

THE BROTHERS.

AT supper, Sir Nathaniel Domville sat on the President's right at the high table, and Mew was next to him.

“I can gratulate you, Sir, on your nephews,” said Dr. Baylie: “they are the flower of our youth; both in peace, and one in war, *lucida sidera*.”

“I rejoice to hear your report, Sir,” replied the Knight: “the more, that my only daughter is espoused to Gervase.”

"Ah, poor youth! so soon pierced," exclaimed Gisbie.

"I understand, Sir," said the President, "that you are come hither to offer your sword to the King. When shall you obtain audience?"

"I have done nothing yet in the matter," replied the Knight."

"No! I marvel how you obtained admittance without making some communication with the Council; for this place is a garrison."

"I marvelled also; but no man questioned me, and I came straight to this college. I suppose the news from Roundway Down made everything else to be forgotten awhile."

"Well, Sir, the Council sits at the College of Oriel; and of highly honourable gentlemen it consists. You can make any proposition to them, and on their report, doubtless, you will obtain audience."

"There are my Lords Littleton, Seymour, and Leicester, and Northampton, and Bristol, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Southampton, Sir Edward Hyde, and Secretary Nicholas."

"I thank you, Sir; but some of these gentlemen disesteem me; and my matter is for the King's ear entirely."

"And how, Sir, will you gain it?"

"I trust, Sir, to myself. I am not a boy."

"No, Sir; nor are all they who fail of doing what they intend. I will be your guide, if you will. The King walks after dinner in the garden at Christ Church. I will bring you to him in that spot. He

is gracious to me for the regard which my imprisoned master did bear me. Probably, Sir Nathaniel, you have a distaste to him from the statements of his enemies."

"I thank you, Sir, for your offer, which I gladly embrace," replied the Knight, receiving the grace-cup and drinking heartily from it. He then passed it to Mew, who just touched it with his lips, and handed it on.

"You are silent, Sir," said the President, "about the Archbishop; but I cannot be. I doubt not he hath faults; but which of us hath not? but who hath such virtues? Pardon me, Sir, if I weary you when I recount the benefits which he has conferred on this University.

"Of the new buildings in the next quadrangle I will say nothing; you can see them yourself; they are fresh from the chisel: but of the University I will speak. Our late Chancellor then found us in miserable disorder. Few of the 'boys' wore their gowns; nay, even the Bachelors and Masters openly set at nought the wise customs of the place. The scholars did not even raise the cap to the Heads and the Masters. All these things he hath remedied. And further, he hath digested the statutes, obtained a corporation of privileges, in every way encouraged the progress of religion and learning. He reduced our fees, presented us four times with manuscripts, obtained for us a patent for printing, founded the Arabic Lecture, and divers fellowships; and has, in short, revived the discipline and learning of the whole University."

Sir Nathaniel could not reply, but would not assent;

and the President, annoyed at his silence, changed the subject.

But it is more strange that they who are removed by two centuries from the heat and distempers of those days, should be as blind as Sir Nathaniel Domville to the merits of the great Chancellor of Oxford; and it is a reproach, that whilst Cranmer, who stretched the royal prerogative much further in religious matters, and was a party to burning others, as well as to being burned in his own person, has his monument at Oxford; and even Cromwell has obtained a place amongst her eminent men in the new Houses of Parliament: yet William Laud, that most distinguished patron of learning, has no public memorial in the University, and no adequate monument over the spot to which his remains were removed after the Restoration, and where they still lie in his own college chapel.

"I promised you, Sir Nathaniel," began Mew, "to give you a history of the grand visit in those better days, which we knew not then how to value."

"We met his Majesty outside the city, and made our offerings, amongst which the Chancellor presented to the Prince Rupert Cæsar's Commentaries,—and we thought not then how much he would need them. In the evening there was a play at Christ Church, called 'The Passions calmed, or the Settling of the Floating Island.' It was writ by our orator, Mr. Strode, but it did not please; and next day, after service, the King went to the Convocation-house, where many Doctors were made, and other degrees conferred; and presently the Queen came to the library for the King,

and then they coached hither for dinner. My Lord the Archbishop shewed them the library, and Mr. Wright here made a speech; and then the dinner was served in the new library. Truly, Sir, it was a goodly sight. There were thirteen tables laid in the college, besides those in the library; and the baked meats were most curious, being in the form of Archbishops, Bishops, Doctors, Masters, and the like, in their proper order, wherein the King and courtiers took much content. Then a play was acted in this hall where we are now supping. It was 'Love's Hospital, or the Hospital of Lovers,' and was written by George Wilde, who sits there opposite; and Mr. Goad, whom you saw this morning, and others, acted. It was merry, and without offence, and gave great content. In the middle of the play there was a banquet for the King, the Queen, and lords. But I weary you."

And in truth, Sir Nathaniel was asleep; and Mr. Goad, in spite of the honourable mention just made of him, was nodding after the excitement and fatigues of the day. Grace was said, and the tables deserted.

"I lodge at the 'Catherine-wheel,' hard by," said Sir Nathaniel to his nephews; "and I hope you will breakfast with me to-morrow."

"Gladly, Sir," replied Basil: "but it must be after the chapel-service."

"I am content," replied the Knight.

"Come up with us," said Gervase, beckoning to an old serving-man who had kept behind hitherto.

"I will, Sir," replied James Blunt: "But my master will not brook it, if I tarry. It must be a short speech."

"How, then, is my father?" said Gervase.

"He is well, Sir."

"And at peace? or do they trouble him?"

"But tolerable, Sir. He refused the protestation, and now he hath declined the sacred vow and covenant, as they call it, which them rogues—saving my master's friends—them rogues in London have been laying on tender consciences. Thank God, my master seems working clear of 'em at last: and he hath hitherto protected the vicar, nor suffered him to be molested."

"And my mother?" said Basil.

"Well, Sir; surprising well. And she did desire me particularly to see how you were looking, and whether you was studying too much."

"Thanks, James. Say I am well, and for my brother, you may judge with your own eyes."

"I marvel, Sir," said the old man with a knowing smile, "that there is no enquiry about Mistress Lucy?"

"Hath she sent a message?" enquired Gervase, eagerly, breaking through his reserve.

"Nay, Sir; that is as it may be. Permit me first to ask if my master has favoured you again?"

"He has," replied Gervase: "he has put all right, as before."

"Then in such case, Mistress Lucy sends you this," replied the servant; and placing a packet in the hands of Gervase, he departed, knowing that his presence delayed the opening of it, and was therefore worse than needless.

"Why do you not open it?" enquired Basil, when they were alone.

"I cannot," replied Gervase; "my hand shakes. Will you?"

"I will try."

But Basil's hand shook almost as much as his brother's.

"What, are you unmanned also? I marvel at this," said Gervase.

"I have opened it," replied his brother: "here it is;" and he handed the packet into the quivering hand of his brother. The contents were very simple,—a lock of hair, and a letter.

Are lovers' letters sacred? At any rate, not more so than men's diaries; and no one now seems to scruple at revealing a friend's secrets when death has deprived him of the power of refusing consent.

The letter ran thus:—

"DEAREST COUSIN,—

"If this shall be delivered to you, it will be because my father has consented to our betrothal. I was thine before, and ever shall be; but I have respected my father's wishes even when they seemed cruel, and now we have no reason to repent. Ah! my dearest cousin, thou hast my heart. It beats for thee at morn, and noon, and eve, and shall continue to do so, until it beat not. May we meet soon. But we must not think of ourselves alone. 'All seek their own,' complains blessed Paul. We must weep for Jerusalem, which is well-nigh trodden down. Convey my love to my dear playmate and cousin Basil.

"Your dear heart, LUCY.

"*July 12, 1643.*"

Gervase read the note, and gave it to Basil, who also read it, and then returned it without speaking. Gervase perused it again, and folding it up, and the lock inside it, kissed it repeatedly, and then placed it next to his heart. Then he looked at Basil: the brothers' eyes met. There was one common feeling, one common action—they embraced.

"I rejoice with you," said Basil.

"I rejoice doubly, that you do," replied Gervase: "I am too happy,—too much blessed." Then he paused, and proceeded,—"I should not like to have all this joy, if you did not share it with me, Basil. We must share all our happiness, for it to be happiness."

"We do," said Basil softly, busily trimming the lamp which he had just lighted: "Lucy will be my sister."

"Would that there were two Lucy's," said Gervase, earnestly: "I should feel more satisfied."

"That cannot be. There are not two such," replied Basil, quickly: "And if there were, it would be nought to me," he added more slowly; "for I shall be a poor clerk all my days, and die a book-worm, when I have eaten my way through so many pages."

"You shall not, Basil," replied his brother: "you shall live near us; and when my father is taken away, you shall fill his place."

"What place will that be, Gervase? Look at England. Whither sets the current?"

"Oh! You are so gloomy. All looks well to-day. To think of talking so after Roundway Down, and

when even the Buckinghamshire men are beginning to change."

"I was wrong, Gervase," replied his brother: "But let us to bed, for I cannot study to-night, and you seem weary."

The brothers were "chamber-fellows," and lived as well as studied together—martial exercises only excepted. They were now of nearly two years' standing, and were to perform next term the exercise called "generals," by which they would become senior sophists. Meantime they studied logic, philosophy, and mathematics, which were more to the taste of Basil than of Gervase, who preferred classics.

Next morning, after service, the brothers joined Sir Nathaniel at the "Catherine-wheel," a poor inn, but famous for the sojourn of the Parliamentary Commissioners during the treaty for peace; and in 1648, for a royalist plot, in which Anthony à Wood's brother was concerned, and which failed. They broke their fast on meat and ale; for although Nathaniel Canopus, located at Oxford by Laud, after Cyril Lucar, his patriarch, was strangled, had introduced coffee, and Basil Norman had taken to it, yet it was not in general use; and neither Sir Nathaniel nor the landlord of the "Catherine-wheel" cared to see it on table. After breakfast, the three sallied out on their walks. They passed by the colleges of Trinity and Wadham, which looked new and white, being just thirty years old; walked through the Parks, and coasting the lines, turned by S. Giles', and followed the works westward as far as Gloucester or S. John Baptist's Hall, now the College of Worcester. At that time a long broken wall, with me-

diæval windows, once belonging to the old house of the monks of Gloucester, and afterwards to the see of Osney, ran on in a line from the face of the Hall. Thence the tourists came to New Inn.

"This is our mint, Sir," said Gervase.

"I should like to see it," replied the Knight.

"That is easy," said Basil, "for I know Master Baskell. When he came with his mint last year from Shrewsbury, I supped with him at Mr. Morrell's house. He is a cunning workman; but it was an evil day when Nicholas Briot was driven abroad. There is not a mill here: all is done with the hammer."

"And well done too," replied Gervase: "But let Master Baskell exhibit his skill."

They entered the gate, and found the master of the mint at his work. He had just drawn out a pattern for a new crown, which would evidently make a striking coin when completed.

On the face was the king on horseback, holding a drawn sword, and a city behind him. The legend was CAROLUS MAG. BRIT. FRAN. ET HIBER. REX. The reverse held three fleurs-de-lys, with V. underneath, and the following inscription: RELIG. PROB. LEG. ANG. LIBER. PARL., with the date, and OXON.; and round the whole, *Exurgat Deus dissipenter inimici*, — the prayer which Queen Elizabeth is reported to have used against the Spanish Armada. Her wish was fulfilled, but not that of Charles; at any rate, in his lifetime.

As they left the mint, another person entered it.

"Who was the last comer?" enquired the Knight: "know you him."

"It was John Taylor, Sir, the water-poet," replied Basil.

"Pshaw," said Sir Nathaniel; "that fellow! He was but a waterman, and always will be."

"And Virgilius a small farmer, Sir," replied Basil.

"And Shakespeare a poacher," added Gervase.

"True; but this man is neither Virgil nor Shakespeare: that makes the difference."

Basil smiled at the argument, but did not reply.

Gervase was less cautious.

"Methinks, Sir, he came out better than George Wither. The *Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo* of Wither is not so Christian as Taylor's *Et habeo, et careo, et curo*.

"The *Et habeo* is most admirable," added Basil: "I have it in my chamber, and greatly prize it."

"I will read it, Basil," said the Knight: "But I tell you that I condemn the man, and hold him to be one of the light knaves that hang about the court, to its discredit and dis-esteem through the land." Basil made no reply.

"I could shew you," began Gervase mischievously, "Dr. Bruno Ryves, who has the care of the *Mercurius Rusticus*; and Dr. Peter Heylin, who is the manager of the *Diurnal Mercurius Aulicus*. They are great divines, although they stoop to little things."

"No more of it," said Sir Nathaniel, angrily: "I like not the men, not their ways."

"A strange Royalist our uncle makes," whispered Gervase to his brother, when he saw Sir Nathaniel caught at Quatrevois, which they had reached during this conversation, by the obsequious Prigge.

“Passing strange,” replied Basil: “I know not how this turn will end. His heart is one way, and his plans another; that is certain.”

“I hope his Majesty will fix him,” replied Gervase. “If my uncle makes conditions, so should the King. I would insist on his riding into the lines at Thame and firing at the Earl of Essex, and then *revocare gradum*. I need not quote more, as Prigge is here.”

“See,” said Basil, “he hath left a paper in my uncle’s hand. I marvel what it is.”

“Here,” said the Knight, stepping back, and joining his nephews: “These seem fair lines of Master Prigge’s: for the sense, full of good doctrine; and for the verse, I leave it to you to judge.”

“Did he say he writ them?” enquired Basil.

“Yes; but even now.”

“Then he lied,” said Gervase; “he hath it not in him. *Sic vos non vobis*. Depend upon it, he filched them. I will shew the paper to some scholar, for I am as sick of this fellow as—”

“As I am,” interrupted Sir Nathaniel: “therefore do as you say. He deserves no quarter, if he is a plunderer.”

In a few minutes more the walkers had returned to St. John’s, and were in the chamber of the brothers. Then Basil read as follows to Sir Nathaniel, who scarcely listened at first, but grew more attentive:—

“I have,—

I have a Soule, though it be not good,

’Twas bought at a deere rate, my Saviour’s Blood:

And though the Devill continually doe crave it,

Yet He that bought it hath most right to have it.

*I (with my Soule) have power to understand,
And yet I have a law within me still,
That doth rebell against His Sacred Will.
But though (through meritt I have hell deserved),
Through mercy yet I have a Heaven reserved.
I have a reason which can difference make
’Twixt good and bad, to choose and to forsake :
I have a working, forward and free will,
Wherewith I have inclinèd to doe ill.
I have a conscience which doth tell me true,
And for my sinnes the wrath of God is due.
And to relieve that conscience terrifide,
I have a faith, in Jesus crucifide.”*

“ Good, good,” said the Knight; “ though there is a savour of Arminius, to which this place and the lords spiritual are too much inclined. But hark! is not that the call to dinner?”

“ It is,” said Gervase.

“ Then let us go, for I must by all means be in time at Christ Church.”

“ God guide him and us; for I know not what to think,” said Basil to his brother in a whisper, as they followed their guest down-stairs into the quadrangle, and thence into the hall.

CHAPTER III.

THE AUDIENCE.

DR. BAYLIE and Sir Nathaniel Domville proceeded after dinner to Christ Church. They went through the Turl, and passing the new college of Jesus, walked down Oriel-lane, intending to enter

Christ Church through Peckwater Quad, then a mediæval structure, and in keeping with the rest of the college.

As they walked, they conversed on the topics of the day, and the Doctor wondered more and more at the state of mind of a man who was preparing to offer his services to the King.

"Ah, Sir," said the President, "these are sad times in which we are living. God grant a good end to them!"

"There might have been one, Sir, long ere this," was the answer.

"Yes, surely, if our countrymen had been sons of peace, Christ's peace would have rested on them; but now it hath returned whence it came."

"There was good hope last spring, Sir. When the Commissioners came hither from London, they were coldly received, and the King would not forgive the Earl of Northumberland. Belike he will receive me to-day as he did him."

"You could hardly expect the King to concede the terms which were demanded,—that he should disband his troops, and leave all his friends to the tender mercies of their foes; and to deny pardon to the noble Earls Newcastle and Digby; to give the militia to Parliament, and other like matters; besides the changes which they desired to make in religion."

"Nor could you expect, Sir, that Parliament should agree to the King's terms,—that the liberty they have won should be recalled, if it was thought contrary to the King's right, and that all the forts and towns should be surrendered to him."

"I did not expect this, Sir: but then it was because I did not expect peace. I saw no real disposition to it in the leaders at London, however much the better few may desire it. But oh, Sir, if you had seen the calamities with your own eyes, you would beg your friends not to make them ready for battle, when we speak unto them of peace. I know, indeed, that there are some among us quite as culpable, who would neither give terms nor take them; but I pray you, Sir, believe that the wisest as well as the best do seek and pray for peace morning, noonday, and night.

"It was but this spring that Prince Rupert sent in his prisoners hither, when he beat the Earl of Stamford, and took Cirencester. I saw them brought in, and my heart bled for them. They were half-naked, and were driven like dogs. There was one in particular, a proper handsome man of a very white skin, where it could be seen for the blood of his wounds: he not being able to go, was set naked upon the bare back of an horse, his wounds gaping, and his body smeared with blood; yet he sat upright on the horse, with an undaunted countenance; and when he came near the King, who with the lords was watching the sad procession, a brawling woman cried out to him, 'Ah, you traitorly rogue, you are well enough served:' he answered with like speech, which I may not repeat, and instantly dropped dead from his horse, before our very eyes.—O sad, Sir; O sad!"

"Sad, indeed," said the Knight: "But you are repeating the cruelties of your own people, and hurt your own cause."

“And is it not the cause which you are purposing to adopt?” the Doctor said, somewhat sharply: “But think not that these cruelties are all on our side. Remember, Sir, the prisons, and the episcopal houses in London, all full of my persecuted brethren. Remember the death of Strafford, and the imprisonment of my revered patron, who now lies in the Tower, subject to all manner of slights, and hardships, and wrongs. Remember how Zouch Tate treated poor Mr. Jones, the vicar of Wellingborough,—making him ride on a bear, after murdering the barber who was the beast’s owner. No, Sir; we may not boast one against the other, but rather should weep together between the porch and the altar, and say, ‘Spare Thy people. Give not Thy heritage to confusion:’ for civil war changes men into fiends. But we are at our journey’s end. Now prepare to make your address; and God speed you!”

As the Doctor spoke they entered the gardens at Christ Church. The King was walking away from them, and was engaged in close conversation with some of his court. The Doctor therefore waited where he was until the King should return, and this delay gave the Knight space to see and observe those who were in attendance.

“Who is he on the King’s right?” enquired the Knight.

“It is the Lord Wilmot,” replied his guide: “and he on the left is the Prince Rupert.”

“I know him,” replied Sir Nathaniel, impatiently.

Dr. Baylie looked at his strange *protégé*, and was

silent. The King had now returned half-way towards the entrance, and was listening to Rupert, who with great animation, or rather impatience, was urging some point. The King paused to listen, and Sir Nathaniel had an opportunity which some would go a long journey to enjoy for half the time.

There stood Charles, in all his quiet dignity, and with his deep thoughtfulness of expression; evidently much impressed by the arguments of Rupert, as well as admiring the zeal and ability with which he was urging his point. In the intervals of the conversation Lord Wilmot spoke, and evidently opposed Rupert's views, who had no patience to listen to him, and once forgot his position so far as to turn on his heel in the King's presence. Charles did not suffer this for a moment, for he had not fallen so low as when he was insulted at Newark, at that most melancholy interview when the fiery nephew forgot the ties of blood, and the majesty of the King, and — which should have moved him still more — his weak and falling condition, and pressed his mutinous wishes, until he was driven from the King's presence with the greatest anger that Charles had yet manifested.

Sir Nathaniel stood quietly watching. Rupert was certainly the most brilliant character of the day. His abilities were as great as his courage, and his talents as varied as they were great. But there was that in him then, expressing itself in every movement of his majestic figure, and in every accent of voice, and in every glance and expression of countenance, which lost Marston and Naseby. Strangely enough, he was now urging Charles to allow him to attack Bristol, —

and which he captured so gloriously, and two years afterwards surrendered to his own discredit, until he was cleared by court-martial. Who would have thought that the fiery cavalier would have become so much softened and schooled, that in old age he kept clear from all the intrigues which prevailed in the factious reign of Charles the Second; and found happiness in inventing a screw for the quadrant, a pump, mezzotint, and an instrument for drawing perspective? And yet even then the old tastes betrayed themselves; for by one of his discoveries he raised the power of English gunpowder in the proportion of 21 to 2, and was ready, when called upon, to lead the fleet to battle in the open sea, or to surprise the Dutch with a crushing salute from the walls of Upnor Castle. A more remarkable exception to Aristotle's account of the passions and habits of the old could scarcely be found.

"Who is this?" enquired the Knight, as he saw another person approach the King, and whisper in his ear.

Dr. Bailly looked: a slight, elegant man stood by the King, with a handsome face, but weak and vain expression, index of the facility with which he passed from side to side, until his heart led his head to atone for its errors by falling on the scaffold, after an attempt for the King too late in time and too weak in conduct. His slashed doublet was of the costliest, and the point-lace collar which fell over his shoulders was of the rarest. His short yellow satin trowsers were deeply fringed, and the boots, which stopped short of them by some few inches, were studiously kept. The owner of these charms seemed self-assured, and yet

ill-assured ; desirous to go as far as he might, and uncertain how far he might go ; endeavouring by an assumption of intimacy to make up for something which a nervous manner, and quick roving glances of the eye declared was amiss. This desire to be or to seem intimate led to a most ridiculous action ; and the unhappy nobleman was continually seen to whisper into the royal ear, as if there were some great secret, to which he only was privy, when really there was nothing at all, and it was only done for effect.

“It is my Lord Holland,” replied the Doctor : “he is come from London to make his peace, and gets on but slowly. The Chancellor of the Exchequer persuades him to make an apology for the past ; but he is proud, and would have the King regard the present only, and place him on his old footing.”

“And he is right,” answered the Knight : “I am of the same mind.”

“It is not the wont of parents to receive prodigals in such wise,” replied the Doctor. “He beyond is the matchless Lord Falkland ; and hither comes the young Earl of Carnarvon. But the King is at hand. Come with me, Sir Nathaniel.”

“Pardon, your Majesty, pardon my boldness,” said the Doctor, bowing low : “I have taken upon me to present to your Majesty this Knight, Sir Nathaniel Domville, of Marklands, in the county of Bucks, who repents him of his former misdoings, and desires to serve your Majesty for the future.”

The King bowed to Sir Nathaniel, and smiled kindly, to give him the opportunity of speaking.

“May I speak with your Majesty in private ?” he

said: "I have somewhat which doth not admit any other ear than your Majesty's."

The King looked embarrassed, surveyed Sir Nathaniel a minute, and said, "Walk this way, Sir Nathaniel. I would be alone, Nephew."

With these words the King retired with the Knight to the other end of the garden, and then turning to him said, "We are out of earshot, Sir: you can speak."

"I have a design, Sir," commenced Sir Nathaniel, "which would both advantage your Majesty and myself; but it requireth caution. I have reason to think that some of my fellow-countrymen are weary of the war, and now that Mr. Hampden is dead, and they are no longer awed by him, would take a different course. If your Majesty will send two hundred horse and one hundred foot to my rendezvous, I will undertake to surprise Aylesbury, and to make it a garrison for your Majesty: and from it I think to hold the country all round for many miles, and to raise taxes for the support of the war."

"Good," replied the King: "We will consult our council."

"What needs your Majesty? The business is clear, and at your Majesty's word can be carried into effect."

"We must at least speak to some officer whose judgment we regard, as to the military arrangements which shall be required."

"As your Majesty will. And allow me to say, that I ask in return to be your Majesty's Governor at Aylesbury, and to be made Baron of Hambleden."

"You ask in return!" said the King: "These are

hardly the words for a subject when he first returns to allegiance. Remember your fault, and leave to us the reward which we shall think due to your prudence and valour."

"These are the only things I desire, your Majesty," replied the Knight, sullenly: "and these are my terms."

"Terms, Sir!" answered the King. "Remain here. We will summon thee presently."

"My business is secret, please your Majesty," said the Knight.

"It shall be so," said the King: "Those whom we shall consult are men of honour."

With these words Charles retired a few steps, and beckoning Hyde, Lord Falkland, and the Prince, laid the matter before them.

"Pshaw!" said Prince Rupert: "Why we could take an unwall'd town like Aylesbury now, if we wished; but we could not keep it without more harm than benefit. Those outlying posts are more trouble than profit, where the country is ill-disposed."

"Nevertheless," said Hyde, "he might dispose the neighbourhood favourably, and make that post to be tenable which otherwise is not."

"Your Majesty will please to remember," said Lord Falkland, "that Hambleton was the Earl of Sunderland's manor, and has now passed to his daughter. This will be taken amiss."

"Certainly, my Lord," replied Charles: "it reminds me of poor Strafford, who would be Baron of Raby, to do despite to the Vanes; and they never for-

gave him." A crimson flush spread over the King's face at the remembrance of his sacrificed friend. "And now another officer of ours has set his heart upon being Lord of Brandon, which belongeth to our most loyal and brave Sir Thomas Glemham. There is some enmity here : we must see to it."

Charles beckoned to the Knight, and said, when he drew near, "Sir Nathaniel Domville, we have considered your design, and praise your intentions ; but it does not appear wise to hazard anything at Aylesbury whilst the Earl of Essex is near, nor to make it a royal garrison at this present. Moreover, Hambleden is a manor of the Earl of Sunderland, and we marvel that you should have formed such a wish. Nevertheless, we receive you to favour, and if you will abide with us, we will provide you with honourable place and employment."

"Then your Majesty rejects me and my terms?" said the Knight.

"Terms, Sir, we said before, are none from thee to thy King. Thy person we allow, thy requests we decline."

"Nevertheless, your Majesty," said Hyde, in an interceding tone, "might not—?"

But Domville cut short the kind effort. "Thanks, Sir ; but I desire no intercession. The King does not value my services ; there are others who do. I make my bow to your Majesty."

"A bold knave this," said the Prince : "I would lay him by the heels. By the way, I have seen his heels, by Heaven I have,—at Chalgrove. The knave !

Make him Baron Chalgrove, your Majesty. Baron Chalgrove!" repeated Rupert, bowing towards the dishonoured and angry Knight.

Sir Nathaniel Domville made no reply, and scarcely bowing to the King, left the gardens without looking at his unfortunate guide.

"I would not let that fellow go free, were I King," said Rupert.

"I do not think you would, nephew," said Charles, turning towards the cathedral, the Evensong-bell of which was just ceasing.

Sir Nathaniel, however, did not feel sure of escaping thus easily. He went straight to the "Sun," and finding his servant within, he left Oxford by St. Giles', and was gone before his nephews had heard anything of him. They were anxiously awaiting his return, when the President made his appearance, and told them all that he knew. Before he left he said, "I have some good news, at any rate. There is a vacancy for a Founder's-kin Fellow, and we shall have the greatest pleasure in electing one of you."

"Let it be Basil, Sir, I pray you," said Gervase.

The President smiled, and made no reply.

A few days later Basil received the following letter:—

"SIR,

"As the Kinge has rejected my services, I intend to devote them to the cause of the Parliament, and to the defense of Religion and Liberty. I desire all communication to cease between this House and your brother. You will be good enough to convey my desires to him. My Daughter will obey her father's commands; and any

one who tempts her to transgress them, or comes here without my permission, will do so at his peril.

“If your Brother, however, and you will leave Oxford, and join with me, the case will be changed; and I shall rejoice to regard you as Nephews.

“NATHANIEL DOMVILLE.

“*Marklands'-Court, July 16.*

In the Yeare of the Lord, 1643.”

CHAPTER IV.

A DAUGHTER'S OBEDIENCE.

LUCY'S mother died whilst she was a child, and she was left to the care of old Nurse Kitty, who loved her like her own daughter, and spoiled her. Kitty taught the child to read and to sew, and, as she grew older, some of the mysteries of preserves and dried herbs. A great “scholar” in the village, namely, the clerk, came to the Court, and taught writing. This was Lucy's home education, and might have been all. That it was not all was due to the Vicarage. Mrs. Norman gave hints as to manners and grammar; and the Vicar introduced Lucy to Shakespeare, and made her acquainted with Spencer, and Herbert, and Sir Walter Rayleigh: he taught her also the science of music, which she reduced to practice with the boys by lute and by song.

Lucy's religion was learned with equal simplicity. She was catechised in the church, with the rest of the

parish, and had learned truths which it was now the business of men to deny, and duties which they proclaimed to be sins.

Lucy had no guide to her conscience. She knew what was right and wrong in her quiet path, and by invariably choosing the former, her road was always plain ; and she suffered none of those perplexities which are generally the produce of transgression. Conscience with her was an instinct, not standing over some reasoning process, as it were, and checking it here and there, but prompting the right course at once, which course was forthwith adopted, and there was an end of the matter.

As Lucy grew older, however, she was destined to find the path of duty less obvious ; and although her simple obedience to right impulse continued, and was sufficient in general, yet there were cases when reason must be called in, or would come in, and when conscience acted as a light to it, or sat as the assessor, adjudicating on the case, after hearing the arguments. Here Lucy's former obedience to conscience stood her in good stead ; for the light within was clear, and inclination had been accustomed to yield to principle ; so that there was no warping of the judgment towards the side of fancy when conscience held her assize.

The first case in which Lucy found difficulty was in deciding whether to leave off decking her mother's grave with garlands and flowers, upon her father beginning to take up the Puritan fancies. Conscience heard both pleas, and decided that a father's expressed wish was more forcible, in an indifferent matter, than honouring her deceased mother by a self-chosen me-

thod. The next question was one which was indicated in the love-letter which the reader so improperly read a little while back. She had been betrothed by her father's consent ; then when political differences arose, he said, " The thing is at an end. You must hold no more intercourse, and consider the engagement broken."

Fortunately Sir Nathaniel made no enquiry as to the manner or degree in which Lucy received this unjust and cruel decree. He had been so accustomed to receive obedience from her, that he never doubted her entire assent. Had he enquired, he might not have been pleased. Lucy resolved to obey, as to intercourse ; but conscience, after hearing the case, told her that she need not cease to love, and to hope : nor did she. She remained bound by a true heart to Gervase.

Gervase wrote : she did not reply. He wrote again : Lucy considered the matter. Should she tell Mrs. Norman to deliver a message for her—only one message—to say that she would remain true, but that she could not hold any intercourse. Was this an evasion ? Was this disobedience ? Conscience held her court : the question was argued, and the judge summed up the evidence. In the summing-up it was observed that the object of the intended message was the fulfilment of a father's desire—the cessation of intercourse ; that this could not take place abruptly without leaving Gervase to suppose her unfeeling ; that Sir Nathaniel had no right to inflict this pain upon him ; that Gervase had a right to know of the feeling which both she and he had a right to

retain. Conscience, therefore, decided to send the message ; and it was sent.

Before leaving, however, for Oxford, Sir Nathaniel called Lucy to him, and enquired whether she still cared for Gervase. Her face gave the answer. He then told her something of his plans ; and she wrote the letter, which was to be delivered on condition that her father sanctioned Gervase's suit.

Now this interview had opened the eyes of the Knight. He did not doubt that he had been obeyed as to correspondence and intercourse ; but he saw that he had not been obeyed in the heart. Unhappily, he did not conclude that this was a region to which his power did not extend, and into which his authority ought not to intrude, except under very different circumstances ; and when he rode home furious from Oxford, he determined, by the vehemence and decision of his announcement, to frighten Lucy into a more entire submission, and to cut off the least thread by which she might cling to a now hopeless affection.

Lucy was walking in the garden, under the shadow of a long yew hedge, and listening to the church-bells ushering in the first day of the week. She had just repeated to herself Herbert's lines,—

“ O day most calm, most bright !

The fruit of this, the next world's bud ;

The indorsement of supreme delight,

Writ by a friend, and with His blood.”

Suddenly she heard horses in the court-yard, and walking back towards the house, she met her father at the garden entrance. The daughter's heart sunk within her when she saw him. He had been to

Aylesbury before he returned home, to make all things straight, after his short defection ; and now, dusty, hungry, haggard, but, more than all, with an expression of anger and malice such as Lucy had never witnessed, he stood before his daughter, on that sweet Sunday morning, when the peal had ceased, and the single bell had begun to call the loiterers into church.

“ Art ill, father ? ” she said softly, offering to kiss him.

“ Well enough for that, Lucy, though I need breakfast ; but I came straight to you to tell you all. Best know the worst, eh ? ”

“ I know not, father, whether it be best or not ; but I will hear what you shall say. ”

“ A good daughter thou ever wast, ” said the Knight, “ and I am sorry for thee ; but thou shalt have a better sweetheart. It is all over, Lucy ; the King hath spurned me, and I him ; and I have chosen my side now finally, and with all my mind. ”

“ How came this about, father ? ” enquired Lucy, timidly.

“ It matters not. Only thou must bear it well, Lucy. Only a little rub. I had several when I was young : they wear off. ”

Lucy was silent. Her father remembered his intentions.

“ Look ye, girl, ” he said : “ you did not forget Gervase before, when I bade you, though doubtless you neither wrote to him nor saw him : but you must do more than this now. The matter is concluded. You must forget, Lucy ; love no more,—eh ? Give me your word ? ”

Lucy was silent.

“Speak, child!” said her father, angrily: “I must be obeyed. Wilt forget him, and renounce him?”

“No, father. That I never can; I have obeyed you, and will where I may: but this I cannot do.”

“But this you shall,” said the Knight, stamping. “I thought you were an obedient, loving child, and now you beard your father. It must not be, Lucy, and shall not,—hearest?”

Lucy was silent. Then seeing her father preparing to renew his question, she said, “No, father. I grieve to vex you, but I cannot promise what I cannot perform.”

“But you would if you could? Then you will by degrees.”

“No; I cannot, nor would I if I could. My heart is Gervase Norman’s: you allowed it, Sir, to become his; and his it is, and his it will be whilst it beats.”

“You shameless thing!” exclaimed her father, “to hold such words with me. We shall see who is master. If your heart goes not to a different man, your hand shall, at any rate.”

“Love will do more with me than force,” replied Lucy, reddening with anger: “I say it now, and once for all—if I am not the wife of Gervase Norman, I will be the wife of no man. Yet will I,” she continued, lowering her voice, and softening its tone,—“yet will I honour and obey my father, and love him also, whether he love me or no.”

The tears which were rising when Lucy changed her tone, now flowed freely; and her father seeing them, and unwilling either to quarrel farther with his only child, or to seem to yield what he had determined,

left her weeping in the garden ;—and the Vicar missed Lucy's voice in the psalm ; and after church the village children missed her smile and kindly word between the porch and lych-gate, and along the lane home.

Whilst Lucy was thus tried at Marklands, the same questions were harassing her lover at Oxford. What should he do, if Sir Nathaniel excluded him again ? And, as was seen, a very short space of time changed the hypothesis into a fact. He was excluded. What might and ought to be done ? and next, what could be done ?

“Surely, Basil,” said Gervase to his brother, as they were walking up and down in one of the straight formal walks of the then College-groves,—“surely, you do not think that Lucy and I are bound to submit altogether to Sir Nathaniel ?”

“No ; and I never said so.”

“But you said just now that you thought we should not write to each other.”

“Yes, I hold this ; for Lucy is not of age, and abides still in her father's house.”

“But he hath given his consent these two times : doth not that make a difference ?”

“It seems to do, and I am in two minds about it. When I think of you and of Lucy, I yield ; but I would not do it myself ; and why should I wish those whom I love to do that on which I would not venture myself ?”

“It seems to me that we may argue, and argue, and get no clearer, for ever : there is so much to be said on both sides.”

“And therefore, Gervase, I think that you should be on the safe side, and act against your desires, which our lecturer tells us is a sound rule in such matters; or else I would submit the matter as a case of conscience to some skilful casuist.”

“I had thought of it; but to whom?”

“I should desire Dr. Sanderson’s judgment. They say he is most judicious in matters of conscience, and open to every one.”

“I believe it: but do you think we could go to him without any letter from our Head, or one of the Fellows?”

“I feel confident of it. Thomas Braunston went to him the other day upon some matter before he communicated, and he told me both how kindly he was entertained, and that he had no knowledge of the Doctor before.”

“Will you go with me, Basil?”

“Yes, certainly.”

“And when?”

“When you will.”

“Now?”

“Yes, if you will. But stay, I will just get those verses that Prigge gave to my uncle, and ask whose they are. I am confident they are not his, and I cannot make them out of myself.”

The great Dr. Sanderson was at this time Regius Professor of Divinity, and the reader is aware that eminent men repaired to him continually for resolution of difficulties: nor is there any record of any man leaving him without obtaining full satisfaction. His literary remains, and especially his Prælections on

the Obligation of Conscience, make it easy to us to understand the readiness with which he solved difficulties, and the confidence which his decisions inspired.

The brothers found the Doctor at his lodgings at Christ Church, and were admitted immediately. As they entered the study, Dr. Jeremy Taylor, who had taken refuge at Oxford, was leaving it, and could scarcely break off an animated and even warm argument which he was holding with the Professor.

“Well, Sirs,” said the Doctor, kindly, “be seated, and tell me at your leisure the matters of which you would speak. No doubts, I hope, shot into your minds by the Roman archers, who make good use of our troubles?”

“No, Sir,” replied Basil; and he proceeded to state the case for his brother.

“As I understand you,” said the Doctor, whose clear eye had rested not only on the speaker, but on Gervase, throughout the whole statement, and whose attention never flagged for a second,—“as I understand you, a resolution of three points is required,—

“1. Whether the betrothal should be broken off, or may lawfully continue.

“2. Whether, if it continue, such correspondence may exist as that betrothal implieth.

“3. Whether ultimately the betrothed are at liberty to marry without the father’s consent.

“Now that which makes this case to differ from many others is, that the parent gave his consent unconditionally, two several times, and revoked it upon no just occasion, but rather because he willed to take a wrong course, whilst the betrothed adhered to the

right. This is a grave matter, and must receive its due weight.

“You will perceive, Sirs, however, that the whole question is very similar to one which these times have caused many to handle; namely, whether, when lawful authority exceeds its power, it may be lawfully resisted by active disobedience?”

“Now, mark me, I pray you. I am not asserting that our sovereign Lord hath exceeded his power, although the ship-money was an impost which I never approved; but I am stating the case as the enemy state it: and then you well know how they proceed to conclude.

“Now my judgment is, that the remedy for wrong is not further wrong; and one breach of law can ill heal another. ‘Who is he that can harm you,’ saith the Scripture, ‘if ye be followers of that which is good?’ We should hold our own virtue, and not be tempted to wrong by the wrong of our neighbours. Right action in us is the only remedy, if the matter admit one, for wrong action in others.

“Further, the parental power, like the kingly, of which it is the type and beginning, is not strictly defined: and the *φρόνιμος* of the philosopher, the *σοφὸς* and *ἐπιστήμων* of St. James, would avoid the limits or boundaries,—would not wet even his sandals in that Rubicon.

“I think, my sons, that a father neither can nor should endeavour to destroy the affection which he has once sanctioned without a grave cause, the contrary whereof exists in this present instance. And this carries with it the liberty of continuing a mutual bond of

affection, of preserving the troth, and of expressing each to other from time to time that this troth doth continue, so that each may rest assured of the other.

“But I think that a father’s authority extends over a daughter still abiding under his care to limit and define such communications, and that duty and affection will lead you to be content with the very smallest and most infrequent communication, and to avoid every occasion of giving offence.

“Then as to the ultimate marriage of a daughter betrothed by her father’s consent, I hold it *lawful* for her to marry when she shall be of full age; but I hold it *Christian* to wait, unless there be grave cause to the contrary, and to endeavour by submission and duty to obtain the consent of the parent.”

Gervase thanked the Doctor with a thick voice, and promised to follow his counsel.

“God bless thee, my son,” said the Doctor, with a tear in his eye, as he noticed the agitation which appeared in the face and manner of Gervase; and then looking at Basil, and observing nearly the same, he seemed puzzled, and looked from one to the other, uncertain what to think or to say.

Basil, however, soon recovered himself, and remembered his question. Taking out the copy of verses which Prigge had given to Sir Nathaniel, he said, “May I be bold to enquire, Sir, who wrote these lines? for I cannot find the author myself, and I do not think they are modern. The verses would be better now, but would have less matter in them, would they not, Sir? The line *Sanctificet doceat* seems, to my poor judgment, very admirable for its sense.”

The Doctor glanced his eye down the paper, and said, "The writing is that of Mr. Prigge, our servitor here; but the verses are those of another. How came you by them?"

Basil briefly informed him.

"This must be looked to," said the Doctor: "it is the second occasion which hath come before me. Sit down, Sirs: I will send for the youth."

Dr. Sanderson went out, and on returning took down a huge folio, opened it, turned over a few pages, and then sat down before it. By the time he had done so, there was a knock at the door: admittance was granted, and Prigge entered the room.

As he did so, he glanced round it, saw the Normans, and bowed to them; but his eye was restless, his manner nervous, and he evidently apprehended some mischief.

"The muses *prosper* thee, my son," said the Doctor: "Thou hast travelled of late in Aquitaine; and surely thou didst journey from Rome, being no other than Bathyllus, the very cuckoo that ousted Virgilius."

Prigge made no reply, but bowed, and seemed not to know where he was.

"Take this paper, I pray you," said the Doctor, "and compare it for me with this passage. I will read; do thou mark, and tell me if it faileth in a word or a point."

Prigge took his own paper, and kept his eye on it, whilst the Doctor was reading; but the culprit's eye did not travel according to the voice of the reader, but was stupidly fixed on the paper as a whole, without perceiving any portion of its contents.

The Doctor read from S. Prosper:—

“Tales à Domino, quales formamur, amamur;
Non quales nostris extitimus meritis.
Sanctificet, doceat, plantet, riget, excolat, ornet:
Et sibi perpetuo quod placeat, faciat.
Nam nihil est hominis, quod digne possit amari,
Perficiat proprium ni bonus autor opus.”

“Doth the copy resemble the original?” asked the Doctor, closing the book heavily, and clinking the clasps.

“Nay, Sir,” he said, when he had watched Prigge intently, and read him through and through with his eyes: “this is no matter for joke. Truth and falsehood are not indifferent to Him who is truth, and whose judgment will be according to truth. O be warned! I will not expose you; but this is the last time, the last trial.”

Dr. Sanderson paused, hoping for some expression of penitence, but none came. At last he said, “Go, Sir; and remember.”

Prigge left the room, after glancing at the Normans with all the anger and malice of which an exposed culprit is capable towards those who convict him.

There was silence. Dr. Sanderson broke it:—“The poor youth is impenitent; and moreover, there was that in his eyes which displeased me. Beware of him: he will do you a mischief.”

“We thank you, Sir, most heartily and gratefully,” said Basil, as they rose to depart.

“You will follow my counsel, then: and I suppose will write once more before entering on your probation of patience?”

"I must see my cousin, if possible,—unless you forbid it, Sir," said Gervase, with energy.

"Nay, my son, I forbid nothing. No, nor do I dissuade you. It is but natural that you should meet again; but be careful, or you may be laid by the heels in Aylesbury until the war be over,—and longer too, if things go amiss."

"I will take care, Sir. I will write to arrange a meeting,—one more, one more."

"Ah, poor youth!" said the Doctor, with mixed humour and kindness: "How grievous these chains! how piercing these arrows! I suppose all other weapons and bonds appear nothing to you in comparison. Well, be it so; but remember, all life is not here, and all love is not human. Let not thy purpose in life hang on thy hopes, but be a man and a Christian, come what will. *Ἐν γὰρ τῇ ἀναστάσει οὔτε γαμοῦσιν οὔτε ἐκγαμίζονται, ἀλλ' ὡς ἄγγελοι τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐν οὐρανῷ εἰσι.*

As the brothers descended the stairs, a figure passed through the door, and it was closed in their face.

"That was but ill manners," remarked Basil; but Gervase heeded it not: he was already at Marklands, and talking with Lucy.

CHAPTER V.

THE INTERVIEW.

“HO there, fellow, stop!”

With these words the leader of a small troop of horse, which had been out of Oxford for exercise and adventure, and was now on its return, accosted a stout, active man who was proceeding through Wheatley.

“I am for the King,” replied the man, doffing his hat: “It is a free road, I reckon, for such as serve him.”

“Belike it is,” replied Harry Lane: “But when I see a man turn suddenly out of the road because he sees the King’s troops, and only turn back because he sees some more in the inn-yard behind, I shall see what he’s made of. Ho! Richard, just stop this fellow, and see what despatches he carries.”

The corporal to whom these orders were given was not long in fulfilling them, and thrusting his hand into the man’s breast, he took out a letter, which he gave to his officer, and then proceeded quietly with his search. Lane turned the letter round twice, and was about to exclaim, when he checked himself. Then placing the letter in his doublet, he ordered the captive to be mounted behind a dragoon, and giving the word to mount, returned at a smart trot to Oxford. On arriving, he reported the affair to the Governor, and laid the letter before him, telling him all he knew

of Sir Nathaniel Domville, to whom the letter was addressed, and of the late escapade of loyalty, with its sudden renunciation. The Governor broke the seal of the letter and read:—

“SIR,

“I would fain shew that regard and duty to you which I have always endeavoured, and I think it will be an acceptable service to inform you that Master Gervase Norman purports to visit Marklands, and to see your daughter privately. I trust soon to join the good cause, but I cannot leave this place safely as yet.

“I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

“MILES PRIGGE.

“*Written at this College of Christ Church,*

“*July 20, 1643.*”

Before another hour passed Miles Prigge was safe in the Castle, and Harry Lane was on his way to his friend, to shew him the letter, and to offer his services as escort in the proposed expedition.

“But the Governor would not allow a troop to go forth that distance,” said Basil.

“My troop,—no! But I can go; and we can get another lad or too easily.”

“It is very kind of you, Lane,” said Gervase, turning round in his short walk up and down the room, which he was pacing like a bear in confinement.

“Kind! No. It’s just the thing I enjoy. My horse is quite fresh again after the ride to Devizes, which was rather a short one; and I long to be moving.”

“When will you that it should be?”

“Nay, it is not for me to fix a time for lovers; yet

if you are guided by me, t'will be presently, for the old Knight may be put on his guard by some Prigge or other."

"To-morrow then, if you will. I would ride gently all the afternoon, and rest within a few miles, and then push on at first dawn. Maybe we shall need to keep horse and man fresh."

"Nay," replied Lane, "but that is poor tactics. We should arrive at night."

"I should say so also," said Gervase, "if I could thus see her whom I go to see; but I cannot prepare her, and Sir Nathaniel's dogs will never let any one approach the house at night without letting him know."

"And how many will you take with you?"

"Two besides you. Four are plenty."

"Does not then your brother accompany us?"

"No. He is no great rider: it pains him in the side, if the ground be rough, or the pace great. If Wat Terling and Clifford Lyme would go with us, I should feel satisfied."

"Random rogues! No heads to their bodies."

"We have heads. But as to a horse I know not, unless I can borrow one. Hired nags will not do work like this."

"If Bob will suit you, take him. I shall ride upon Phoenix, or else you should."

"Thank you, indeed, Lane," exclaimed Gervase, grasping his friend's hand, and wringing it with pleasure and gratitude: "Now there is but one thing to determine,—the road."

"No need to do this. You know the way well;

and we can keep the high road, except when we have to quit it, and must leave the rest to the gods."

Everything, therefore, was arranged, and Gervase eagerly expected the hour of trysting. He paced up and down his room anxiously, and Basil could not get him to attend to any of the cautions which he was vainly trying to impress on his mind. Failing in this, he turned to another point on which he was anxious.

"You will see our father, Gervase?"

"If I can: but I must not run risks."

"No, certainly not. But a father's blessing, Gervase, will be a preservative. Who can say when we shall next see him, or where?"

"And you will not press Lucy? If she feels it right to yield to her father more than you do, give way to her. Her conscience is better than our judgment, Gervase, depend on't. Of course you are both pledged and will abide so; but I mean about correspondence and marriage. She has a tender spirit—do not press her, Gervase, beyond her own wishes."

"Basil," said Gervase, turning suddenly round, "you always seem to me to know more of Lucy than I do, and to be more tenderly careful of her. I seem so selfish in my love, and you so devoted and forgetful of self."

Basil could not look up; every tint of colour left his cheek, and then the whole flood of his life-blood seemed to rush over his face.

"Basil," said Gervase, approaching him gently, and taking his hand, "we are brothers—brothers of one birth, and no brothers ever loved so tenderly and so truly as we. By all our past love, and all our pre-

sent love, answer me this—Have not you once loved Lucy as I do?”

Basil looked up at Gervase, and pressed his hand, but did not reply.

“And does Lucy know it?”

“No; God forbid,” replied Basil, rousing himself; “God forbid.”

“Then you never spoke to her, nor shewed her your feeling? and you have kept it in your own breast? And all this for me, Basil?”

“For the sake of Lucy and you. You are suited to each other: you can make each other perfectly happy; but I am not fit for that course of life. I am appointed to another, where I hope to be happy in seeing you happy. I have struggled hard, Gervase, and prayed, and watched; but the fire still burns in my breast, and will burn its way out. But I love you and Lucy so dearly, so ardently, that I only desire to see you united. My better and my true self wishes this. Were Lucy offered to me at this moment, I would give her back to you, Gervase. She is yours. But take care of her, and of yourself, for her and for me.”

“Ah me, Basil,” said his brother, still watching Basil’s face with admiration and love; “I bethink me of words and deeds which have surprised me at times, and how you have made me give the flowers which you gathered, and sing your music to Lucy; and how you never would be alone with her, except that once when you told her so much about me that I do not deserve. But hark! Who is this?”

A heavy step sounded, the door opened without ceremony, and Harry Lane entered, fully armed.

“You cannot go in this guise,” exclaimed Basil.

"Alas! I cannot go at all," was the answer: "my troop is ordered to the West to join Prince Rupert, who has marched upon Bristol. I have one request to make. You will not deny me?"

"Nay, that I will not," replied Gervase.

"Accept my poor Phoenix, and keep him until I return: and if I return not, he is yours."

"But you will want him yourself?"

"Nay; Bob will serve me well until I help myself to some Roundhead charger: so take him. Be watchful on your ride. I wish I were with you. Farewell! Remember Hal Lane, and take care of Phoenix."

Lane was gone, and the Normans never saw him again: he fell in a charge, and was buried where he fell, and no man knows where.

The little party was now reduced to three, and Gervase had the only head in the trio, although his companions had hearts warm and brave. Lyme and Terling were Kentish men, and, like the Normans, were remaining at Oxford during vacation because of the disturbed state of the country, and many others did so likewise. The charm of the semi-military life which was open to University-men of this period, operated also to keep them up beyond the time needed.

The little party acted as Gervase had planned, and halted in a wood three miles from Marklands, in the grey dawn of the following morning. Before them lay a scene of deep peace. The wood in which they were concealed ended on the top of a grassy hill which sloped down to the level of a fertile valley. Tall elms clustered around a grey old tower, and cottages seemed to cling to the same spot as their centre and home, becoming

rarer the farther they were from it. A short distance beyond, another family of elms was grouped around a great pile of buildings, and the tall twisted chimneys and clock-turret of Marklands Court rose up amongst them. All along the vale a thin line of mist marked the course of the brook, and a broad pool received it at the end of the meadows.

Nature was awaking. One bird aroused itself and spoke, and another replied to it. A single ox lowed, and repeated his exclamation, and there was no response. Presently two or three answered together. Nature was awaking, and man would soon hear her call, and rise also.

"You will wait for me," said Gervase dismounting, and giving the reins to Terling, who replied, "Now be cautious, and speedy. Be a lover only a little this time."

"I will see my father first," said Gervase: "The greater the risk the better the deed. Basil is right."

At the Vicarage, the mastiff would have recognised Gervase's step. In order not to arouse the dog, his former master approached on the opposite side of the house. Quietly he stood under the holly in the garden, beneath which he and Basil had reposed as children during the long summer days, and looking up he threw a sod at the casement.

There was no answer. How still was everything! The same gables since the fourteenth century had overhung the same windows. Ever since Gervase could recollect, the swallow had built under the eaves in the very same place, and the starling twittered on the same chimney. It seemed like some magic spot sleeping under enchantment; and Gervase felt its

charm, and hesitated to throw again. He did so at last ; and still no reply. He was anxious ; and stealing gently round, he saw a lattice open, and the beloved grey head, but not the face, of his father. Raising himself softly into a tree, he looked in, and saw the Vicar praying alone. Early prayers those ; but the times needed them, and the Vicar lived by them,—they were his comfort.

Gervase now scrupled the more to interrupt ; but a sudden call of the cock startled him, and warned him to be moving. He coughed : his father looked round ; signs passed between them ; and in a few minutes Gervase was with his father in that little room, which had been used as an oratory since Gervase left. Time was short : a few words of explanation passed. Gervase knelt for his father's blessing, and received it ; kissed his mother, and left. Then the Vicar was on his knees again in his old place ; the mother was peering through the lattice after her son ; and Gervase was watching in the yew-hedge at Marklands until Lucy should come forth.

She came, book in hand : she opened the door, stood on the steps, and looked out, unconscious who was so near to her. She saw the first rays of the morning sun, after passing over the hill behind the house, rest on the western slope, and light up their dew-fresh hues. Something spangled in the woods as she gazed. It looked like steel. Surely, she thought, this is no new ride of Prince Rupert, like that in which he beat up Essex at Wycombe and at Thame, on the morn of the day on which Hampden fell. She looked again, saw nothing more, and descended into the garden.

There she stood, the very Lucy,—the very Lucy with whom Gervase the child had gambolled, the boy had romped, the youth had first mused, and read, and sung—then wooed, and then won. There was the Lucy, the ideal of beauty—the very Lucy he had loved, and so ardently desired to see—unchanged, but that her beauty had increased by becoming more full of goodness and of sweet thoughtfulness ; the very Lucy of Gervase’s imagination and love. “ Lucy ! ”—the word burst from his lips ; he could not restrain it : and from her hand the book fell, and from her cheeks the colour fled ; and she stood powerless to speak or to move.

Well was it for her, and well also for Gervase, that there was no one present to mark her emotion. No one could have doubted the cause, nor have been ignorant who was near.

“ Lucy ! Come. The time is very short. Be speedy, and speak not.”

She hesitated. “ Ought I ? ” she said. Conscience heard the question, and answered it :—“ You have no right to refuse to see your betrothed, when he thus comes in peril to speak with you.”

She drew near, and said, “ O Gervase ! Why this ? My father will hear us, and capture you ; and he will never forgive either of us, nor trust me again.”

“ Nay, Lucy, fear not. I am come but to hear from you that you will be mine, and then I can go through anything that shall happen.”

“ Thou knowest, Gervase, that I am thine, as thou also art mine. But let us remember that I am a daughter.”

"I will do what thou desirest, sweetest," said Gervase, "all but ceasing to hope—all but ceasing to be thine."

"Then let us not write; and let us wait, trusting wholly in God."

"How long?"

"Nay, ask not—fix not. Leave it to Him by Whom we hope to have our union blessed. Let us not say when we shall cease to be patient, but pray to Him to make us so."

"Lucy, I am unworthy of thee."

"It used not to be so, Gervase. Be thyself, my beloved one."

"I will. I will be as Lucy."

"Then leave me, dearest. Kitty will be following me hither directly; and yonder is old Michael: he will not betray us willingly; but it is dangerous work."

"Lucy, draw nearer. There, dearest: I have sealed my promise with love, and will keep it."

"God be with thee!" was the answer; and Lucy turned away to the further terrace, and began pacing it regularly.

By this time the bricklayers had arrived who were to repair the west garden-wall, which Gervase had climbed, and with song and whistling began to make the mortar, and with ringing trowels to clean down the old bricks, ready for use. Gervase's retreat was cut off, and he could do nothing but wait. Lucy saw this, and miserable as it made her, she thought suspense was better than increasing the danger by her presence; and she retired to her room. That room commanded the courtyard with one window, and

the garden with another. She could see who came and went : and to her horror she saw a lad come up in haste, and begin speaking to the servants. A consultation was held, and in a few minutes she could hear the lad conducted by one of the servants to the door of her father's room, and knock for admittance.

Sir Nathaniel was a man of prompt action. He gave orders which put the whole house in a stir. Horses were saddling, messengers were going hither and thither ; and in a few minutes he knocked impatiently at Lucy's door for admittance.

"So you are up early, eh?" he said, when he saw Lucy holding her hat in her hand, as she rose when her father entered the room.

"Not earlier than usual, Sir," replied Lucy : "I always walk in the garden at dawn."

"Indeed ! Then you will please to stay in your room until further orders." And the Knight left the apartment.

Lucy stood looking out first at one window and then at another. She could see a dark shade in the yew-hedge, betraying that her lover was still concealed in its foliage. At the wall the bricklayers were still working merrily, not noticing the stir at the house.

Lucy's eye wandered over the meadow, and rested on the wood where she first saw the flash of steel in the thicket. It was gone ; but half-a-mile on the left she saw the heads of two horsemen disappearing under the hill ; and in a few minutes she thought she discerned them entering another and larger wood along the same ridge.

She now repaired to the other window, and saw

James Blunt receiving orders from her father, and then starting off at full gallop on the Thame road. Then she saw her father mounting at the head of some twenty men whom he had collected: the little troop filed out of the courtyard, and Marklands was silent.

Lucy returned to the other window, where the Thame road was visible for a few hundred yards, before a hill shut it out; and in the midst of her anxiety she could not but smile to observe that James Blunt had already reduced his pace to a trot, and was evidently in no haste to deliver his message. In a few minutes she saw her father with five men approaching the wood, where she first noticed the strangers, and then six more appeared cautiously approaching it on the other side of the hill. Three horsemen appeared watching under the trees by the churchyard, and the rest were doubtless sent round to the other side of the wood to cut off a retreat.

Lucy was anxious, but calm. Suddenly a passage of Scripture shot into her mind, like a ray from the sun, as is often the case with those who make Holy Scripture their study. To such it comes of itself naturally, and without effort, in times when they most need it, and have not leisure nor strength of mind to recall it. The passage which thrilled through Lucy's heart was the following:—"Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." Scarcely had she thought of it, when there was a knock at the door, and Mr. Norman came in.

"Where is Gervase?" he said.

"There," replied Lucy, pointing to the dark shade in the hedge.

“All well,” he replied: “fear not.”

In a few moments she saw Gervase and his father walk quietly towards the garden-door, as if nothing was wrong. Gervase looked up: their eyes met. Lucy shaded hers with her hand, and feeling for a chair, sank into it.

In two minutes Sir Nathaniel's pony was ambling out of the courtyard—a poor steed, it may be thought, for a fugitive; and any indifferent person must have been intensely amused to see the Knight watching the wood like a tiger, whilst the fugitive was first in his own house, and then was cantering away on Sir Nathaniel's own pony.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PURSUIT.

OXFORD had been sadly deranged by the war, and by becoming its very centre of operations. Not, indeed, that it had suffered as yet so much as Cambridge, its equally loyal sister; for that place, lying in the midst of the Parliamentary quarters, was no abode for orthodoxy and loyalty; and next year the Cambridge Doctors fled to Oxford for refuge, for the visitation of the Earl of Manchester was more than two years prior to that of the Earl of Pembroke.

As a set-off, however, against this advantage, the interruption of her studies by the din of arms, and the corruption of morals by the presence of troops, was a serious evil. If Laud had been obliged to

admonish the Fellows of All Souls to dress soberly, how readily would they, and those like them, run back to secular habits when restraint was removed. Efforts were made, indeed, to check the evils produced by these circumstances. The King ordered that no drink should be sold after nine in the evening; but what with drilling, and working at fortifications, and the constant excitement of troops arriving and marching out, after victory or defeat, and the presence of a number of ill-disciplined soldiers,—it was impossible to maintain proper order, and to preserve a spirit of study and discipline. With Christ Church as a palace, Merton as the Queen's residence, Oriel for a Downing-street, and the Schools for magazines, what could be expected?

Still Dr. Baylie and the Fellows of St. John's were surprised when they saw Basil Norman, the model student, preparing to go forth on a foray; and still more surprised would they have been, had they gone with him to enlist the little force with which he set out.

What will not love do! Nay, sweet Lucy and chivalrous Gervase, your love is true; but there is true love and intense besides yours. The love of parents and children, the love of sisters, and sometimes of brothers, is as ardent, more free from selfishness, and often more enduring, than that of lovers, so-called. Basil loved Gervase as fervently as Gervase loved Lucy, or Lucy loved Gervase.

From the moment Gervase had gone, Basil could find no rest in his spirit: an undefined sense of danger oppressed him—a hundred imaginations dis-

turbed him. True, Gervase was not invading Marklands with a troop, and there ought to be no fighting at all ; but he could not trust Sir Nathaniel's temper ; nor even that of Gervase, if Lucy should be ill-used by her father. He had heard and read of too many cases in which swords were drawn in a moment of anger by persons who ordinarily would not injure each other for the world. Then, again, whatever Sir Nathaniel might intend, and might order, who could say what his followers might do in the excitement of a chase ? And even if there were no bloodshed, how wretched it would be if Gervase were immured at Aylesbury, or sent up to London, to rot with the political prisoners !

But what could be done ? It was hopeless to apply to the Governor ; and Oxford was for the time peculiarly empty of troops. He must do himself whatever was done : he must collect his auxiliaries, if aid was to be rendered. But how ? Basil had little money, and no friends of the kind who would be fit for the work. He thought over every plan, and in despair went to consult Mr. Gisbie, who had shewn him uniform kindness.

Gisbie heard his tale, and tried to dispel his fears ; but as he did so Basil's reasoning told on himself, and the more he argued, the more he felt that there was risk sufficient to make Basil anxious ; and at last he gave up his attempt to dissuade, and even joined in the consultation as to what could be done.

After a few minutes' thought, he said, " There is a youth, a cousin of mine own, who hath run wild of late, yet hath much good in him. He was often in

trouble in former days for disturbing the King's game in the forest at Shotover, and knoweth the race of deer-stealers too well. He is a good rider, and there is not a lane nor a path but he can travel it by day or by night. I marvel he has not given up study, and turned trooper; but he hangs on, so long as the Vice-Chancellor suffer him."

"Where shall I find him?" enquired Basil.

"He is of the College of Exeter; but I shall marvel if you find him in his chamber. If you cannot, try the 'Star,' or the 'Mermaid.'—Enquire there, at the least."

"And shall I say, Sir, that you sent me to him?"

"Yes; and that he owes me a payment for all the anxiety he has given me, and if he now serves you, he serves me. But I have not told you his name: it is Boteler,—William Boteler, of the county of Lancaster, of a good family, and right loyal; but his father being dead, there is none to govern the sons."

Basil lost no time. He repaired first to Exeter; and failing there, to the 'Star,' where he found his man drinking sack and canary with a noisy set of young men. Boteler had just been called on for a song, and Basil knew that it would not do to vex the boisterous crew, and so took his seat until the ditty was ended.

Will Boteler sang, and the last four lines were taken up in chorus, as they came round, with such deafening zeal, that Basil was bewildered with the noise and the fumes of the place, and scarcely knew where he was, or what had become of the gentle scholar, and now Founder's-kin Fellow, of the College of St. John Baptist at Oxford.

“ Eh, Sirs, what queer ways
 We have in these days !
 If justice hold scales still,
 She weighs out her wares ill :
 The King is all wrong,
 And the Parliament right.

Come what will, come what will,
 Here's the only true measure ;
 This tankard's a treasure.
 Fill,—O Cavaliers, fill !

“ Prerogative's gone,
 The King's right is none ;
 But privilege groweth,—
 Who is there but knoweth
 Digby, Lunsford, and we
 Black traitors must be ?

Come what will, come what will, &c.

“ A calendar new,
 So strict and so true !
 St. Pym and St. Harry !
 St. Martin ! Aye, marry,
 For saints of this leaven
 Let's have a new heaven.

Come what will, come what will, &c.

“ Nay, Sirs, give fair play ;
 Not all your own way.
 If white surplice and cope
 Smack too much of the Pope,
 Why black,—pray be civil,—
 Is the suit of the devil.

Come what will, come what will, &c.

As soon as the song was over, and before the clattering of tankards, thumping of tables, and stamping of feet had well ceased, Basil opened his mission, and obtained the ready ear of his auditor.

“I’m your man!” he said: “We will put the business in order at once. Let me see: how many would you take?”

“How many can we get?” replied Basil: “I told you that my purse is near empty, and there are no spoils to be had.”

“No; but there is sport, a merry ride, and a good work. Let me take two gentlemen and four knaves, and we shall be a match for as many as we are likely to meet.”

Saying this, he beckoned to two comrades, and went with them into a private room, where he told them, in Basil’s presence, the plan. Basil watched their features, and was greatly pained to see the flushed cheek and down-conscience manner of a youth who could only just have matriculated. Whilst he was noticing this, Boteler turned to him and said, “Let me make you known, Mr. Norman, to these worthy gentlemen. This gentleman, pointing to the younger, is Ralph Bassett of Christ Church, and of the county of Cornwall; and this gentleman is Jerubbaal Fiennes, a relative of my Lord Saye, but not of his sort. They meant him for a Puritan, as his name doth import; but he hath turned out o’ the other kind: perhaps rather too much—eh, Fiennes?” said Boteler, looking at the red face of his friend:—“And now, gentlemen, I propose to take some of my friends that know the country.—You understand me?” he added, winking to Fiennes:—“And if you will be pleased to go and see what you can find in the way of horses, and meet me here in an hour, we shall have made our arrangements. You will come with me, if

you please," he added to Basil; and Basil followed him out.

On leaving the "Star," Boteler went through the Corn-market, past Penniless Bench, the beggars' seat, by the wall of Carfax, or St. Martin's, and crossing the street, they dived into the closely-inhabited region beyond. Threading some lanes, into which Basil had never entered, and into which he was somewhat ashamed to follow his guide, he suddenly turned up a courtyard, opened a door, went down a long passage, up which the sounds of merriment rang louder and louder as they approached its conclusion; and then the two entered a huge bar, or tap-room.

Here was enacting a scene of lower life than that which Basil had witnessed at the "Star." Drunkenness was quarrelsome, as well as noisy, or else insensible instead of heavy. A song, too, was being sung; but it was one to which Basil could not listen. The gentlemen revellers at the "Star" might have seen their principles carried out to the full,—might have seen themselves coarsely drawn, perhaps, but faithfully, even to the life, or rather to the death of all that is pure and noble in man—of all that distinguishes a man from a beast, a Christian from a disciple of devils.

Here, again, Boteler but lifted his finger, and was immediately followed by four men, who came into the courtyard, rolling and stumbling as they walked. Basil led them into the stable, and told them what he wanted.

"And what will the gentleman pay?" hiccupped a tall fellow, who seemed to take the lead of the rest.

"What I choose to fix," replied Boteler: "Now mark. This is my job, and you knaves will be all under me. If you owe me a good turn, follow me; if not, stay behind, and I will get better men."

"We will go," said the fellow; "we will follow you anywhere, Sir. But I hope the gentleman will treat us to a tankard, for luck's sake."

"Not a drop, not a drop. When we get back, if you will; but you've had too much, all of you. Go to the pump, and get sober. But how stand you for horses? Who will mount you?"

"His Majesty," said the man, grinning.

"What?"

"The grooms and I are good friends, and I often get mounted, just to exercise a horse or two for his Majesty's guard."

"Well; but look to it that we do not get stopped at the gate for horse-stealers."

"No fear o' that, Sir," said the man who stood next the tall spokesman: "If Dick han't got hung afore for that work, he won't be to-day."

"A choice crew, eh, Mr. Norman?" said Boteler, as they emerged before Christ Church.

"Bad, indeed. Can we trust them?"

"Trust them! yes to be sure. I could get them all hanged, if I liked to set one on the scent of another. They have eaten the King's venison ever since they could pick the meat from the bone."

"Where shall we meet?"

"By the bridge, in an hour. Bring your arms."

"I have none," replied Basil.

"Well-a-day; I will supply you. Hast a horse?"

"No; but I know where to borrow one."

"Farewell, then. One hour,—and the bridge."

The little party met punctually, and rode with a pass which Boteler had procured; and not a word was spoken until they came out on the common at Cowley, where they halted to decide on their course.

"Now, Mr. Norman, whither ride we?" said Boteler, reining in.

"I scarcely know which way is the best," replied Basil; "but I have been thinking over what is most likely to happen, and will tell you my mind."

"If my brother should come off unmolested, he will return as he went, through Stadhampton, and Cuxham, and Watlington. And supposing that he is pursued, I do not opine that he will choose a very different course. He will not venture towards Wycombe, for the Hampden estate lieth near, and the rebels are often coming and going by that road to Thame, where they still have a force. Then neither would he ride too near Henley, because of White-lock's tenants at Fawley Court. Higher up lieth Stonor, where he hath friends, for we are well known to William Stonor, who is now in the garrison at Basing-house. It seems to me, then, that my brother will try to make his way back through the woods near Stonor, and if we spread ourselves out before we come down to the valley, we might make pretty certain."

"I holds that good sense," said Dick, the tall man before mentioned: "The young gentleman might be made for a general."

"No one asked thy advice, Sir," replied Boteler:

"If thou hadst waited thy time, thine opinion would have been better received."

"Begs pardon, Sir," replied Dick: "I'll do my part for the young gentleman, or be hung."

"In all likelihood thou wilt, Dick, one of these days," replied Boteler: "But now let us push on."

They did so, and few remarks were exchanged until they paused on the edge of the chalk range, just as the red east shewed above the long line of beech-woods which covered it. Here they broke their fast, rested their horses, and arranged themselves as they meant to advance.

Basil, Ralph Bassett, and Long Dick were on the right wing, and were to advance through Haycrop-wood towards Longwood; Fiennes in the centre, with one man, was to make straight for Stonor; and Boteler, with two others, rode on the left, through Shotridge-wood and Blackmoor. The rendezvous was the most eastern point of Kildridge-wood, under Stonor.

Basil's road was nearly straight towards Kildridge, and he advanced very leisurely. The country was lovely. The beech-trees twined their roots in and out like coils of huge serpents, and the black and green moss upon them gave them almost a living appearance, whenever an opening in the woods admitted light enough to perceive it. Game sprang up on all sides, and the woods echoed with the voices of birds. Suddenly Basil entered on a new region. The trees were no longer short and twisted, and intermixed with brushwood; but as if the ground were richer, or as though the trees had been able to dive down with

their roots into the inmost cavities, where perpetually dwelt moisture, feeding their sweet lives in dry March and faint August: however this might be, upon this favoured spot the beeches rose up tall and clear, and of huge girth, gigantic in every way. No boughs spread out from them until near their tops, where branch met with branch, and only a spangle of light here and there was discernible through the dense roof of foliage. It was like some cathedral, along the line of whose stately piers the eye roves unwearied, and then rising beholds the vaulted roof borne up by its columns, standing silent and motionless, as if an hundred Atlases, instead of one, had been bidden to uphold a world. Beneath Basil's feet lay the red beech-leaves of the preceding autumn, and strewn the floor of the sanctuary for a procession of worshippers.

Basil was silent for a time; then turning to his companion, he rejoiced to see that he too was awed by the solemnity of the scene.

"An awful grove, sacred, not to a creature, but to the Creator!" exclaimed Basil: "Who would not worship in such a grove as this, where religion breathes and moves, and fills all who enter it?"

"Behold, behold!" he continued, as they drew on, and the light of the morning sun burst in, and streamed forwards to meet them, illuminating the ground up to their horses' feet: "Is it not like the great dedication, when the glory filled the temple? O that it might fill my soul! O Sun of righteousness, enter, enter, and abide!"

Ralph Bassett looked at his companion, who had

become quite unconscious of the presence of any other but that One whom he longed for. His arms were stretched out, as if to embrace or grasp some object; his eyes were intently fixed on the light before him, like some worshipper of fire,—which indeed he was, but of the true Light, and Light of Light. Suddenly a shout broke in upon the stillness: a shot was fired, and then another.

Basil pushed forward, and at the edge of the wood surveyed the whole valley beneath his feet, and what was passing in it. Three horsemen were flying up the hill, two on jaded horses, losing ground at every step. The third was on a noble charger, who was reined in by the rider, in order to keep company with his brother-fugitives. Basil exclaimed with pleasure: it was Gervase on his friend's beloved Phoenix. A few hundred yards behind followed two horsemen, the foremost of them Sir Nathaniel, and behind him a dozen more; two of whom had evidently been firing, for they were still handling their carbines when Basil saw them; and Sir Nathaniel looked round, and shook his head at them, to prevent their firing again.

There was a sound also on the left: Bassett looked round, and recognised his comrades, who had caught sight of the chase earlier, and were hastening to the spot. It was clear that the fugitives would pass close to them: the eight drew up in two equal parties, leaving a space for Gervase and his friends to pass between them.

Scarcely, however, had they made this arrangement, when they heard a shout behind them; and turning,

saw one of the Stonor keepers pointing northwards, and beckoning them eagerly towards himself. Before they could speak with him, Gervase had dashed through, smiling to Basil; and his weary comrades followed in the rear.

"Follow!" cried Boteler: "quick, double quick;" and the whole party galloped after the keeper as fast as they were able.

Gervase and Basil both recognised the man, and trusting him, they rode rapidly down a steep bank, turned short into the very wood which they had left, at a lower point, then pulled up; and at the signal of the keeper, kept perfect silence, whilst he listened, and going forwards a little, peered through the thicket.

"This way, Sirs," he said, "and softly."

So saying, he led them under a long beech-wood, and then through it on to the open down of Swincombe.

"Now, Sirs, ride," he said: "ride for Wallingford. The Thame troopers are between you and Oxford. They will not expect you here, and if they do, will hardly come up with you."

Having said this, he touched his cap, and without waiting even for thanks, was gone. The fugitives now slackened their speed, for no foe appeared; and Basil was pressing his hand to his side in a manner which made Gervase slacken his pace. Moreover, the two companions of Gervase were not sorry to cease driving on their exhausted horses with whip and spur, beyond the poor creatures' strength.

As they slackened their speed, conversation began, and Gervase said in a voice full of emotion, "Basil,

I knew your love, but I did not expect this of you. I hope you will not catch a fever."

"No fear, Gervase," replied his brother, speaking with difficulty.

"But tell me how you fared, and how Sir Nathaniel's men came to fire at you. I did not think they would have done it."

"They were not Marklands' folk. Two troopers joined the pursuit,—I know not whence; and when they fired at me, I suppose they were afraid we should escape, if we once got into the woods, as we have done."

"Did you see Lucy?"

"I did: she is well, and O Basil——! But I saw my father first, and that saved me: for he was on the alert, and warned my comrades, and changed the rendezvous; then he came and guided me, and so I rejoined them, which I never had done, but for him. You told me, Basil, that a father's blessing would not harm my cause; and so it has proved."

As he spoke, the little troop passed Ewelme on the right; then crossing Crowmarsh, they were about to enter the village which bears that name, when they looked back, and saw the Thame horse in pursuit. Secure of Wallingford, they turned their horses, and quietly watched their pursuers, who paused when they perceived this, wheeled round, and rode off as they came. A laugh greeted their retreat, and the Oxford party crossed the bridge, and rode up to Wallingford Castle.

That ancient pile had won the admiration of the youthful Camden in his University days: and what

marvel? Moat within moat, it stood as it had stood century after century in its strength. It was simply impregnable in those days, and its historical recollections dated, at the latest, from the compact between Stephen and Henry II.

The fugitives were readily admitted within the walls of the fortress, and those who desired it, were sent to Oxford next day under escort. But these were not many, for the Governor persuaded Boteler and his friends to enlist under him; and gave them an honourable position, which rescued them from unauthorized depredations and dishonourable perils.

CHAPTER VII.

PERSECUTION.

OXFORD was full of divines. The seventeenth century is the bright as well as dark epoch of the Church of England, during her existence between the Reformation and the present times: bright with the revival of ecclesiastical learning and of Catholic doctrines; but dark with the hostile errors and passions which the Church seemed more able to convict by argument, than to mitigate or remove by her influence. There was a want of adaptation in her—not to the times, which is cowardice; but to the wants of the times, which is wisdom and charity. This is apparent enough in the cumbrous and unpopular style of the orthodox sermons, strangely contrasting as it does with the easy and amusing shallowness of many

modern discourses. Certainly, judging from their remains, it would seem that the orthodox clergy were not calculated to cope with a popular movement, nor to influence the middle classes amongst whom it prevailed. They cared too much for their matter, and too little for their auditors; and being somewhat dry and hard in their teaching, they played into the hands of the more popular Puritan or Independent. Analyse a seventeenth century sermon, and you are delighted with its ingenuity, instructed by its accuracy, and informed by its abundance of matter: but listen to it, and you are asleep in two minutes. *E contr.*, listen to many popular preachers, and you will neither grow weary nor sleep; but analyse what they have said, and nothing is left. All is liquid. You may put in your test, but you precipitate nothing.

Of these old solid divines, who mastered their subject, and treated it as scholars and divines; who made the clergy of England *stupor mundi*; who were competent to conduct a controversy with Rome or Geneva, and to come off with honour instead of disgrace—there was a goodly gathering at Oxford at the time of our tale.

It was Sunday, and Jeremy Taylor, now Fellow of All Souls, having migrated from Cambridge, was to preach at St. Mary's. Amongst the Doctors were to be seen the illustrious Sanderson. There was Richard Sherlock, afterwards the saintly Rector of Winwick, and the spiritual father of the good Bishop Wilson. There was Brian Duppa, the Bishop of Salisbury, whose dying blessing Charles the II. besought on his knees, and who is thought to have composed the

“Holy Dying,” appended to the “Holy Living” of Jeremy Taylor.

Besides these, there were Heylin, and Morley, and Pocock; and during the month of August, which our tale has now reached, the learned and pious Hammond arrived, a fugitive from Penshurst at his old College of Magdalene.

But important events had taken place between our last account of political affairs and this Sunday of August the sixth. The Earl of Essex had received another blow at Thame from a body of cavalry under Sir Charles Lucas, afterwards murdered by Fairfax at Colchester; and had fallen back upon Uxbridge. Prince Rupert at the head of the Cornish army had taken Bristol, and completed the King’s ascendancy in the West. The brave Slanning, and Trevanion, and Lunsford had fallen, and the admirable Lord Grandison had died of his wounds; but the importance of the conquest eclipsed these losses, and that of a great number of men, and hearty were the rejoicings at Oxford upon the day of public thanksgiving which was promptly appointed. Immediately afterwards the King had to repair in person to Bristol, to allay one of those unhappy jealousies which continually embarrassed his movements, and to satisfy his nephew, Prince Rupert, by making him Governor of Bristol. The next point was to decide on the campaign now open before him; and he unhappily determined on sending Prince Maurice with one division into Dorsetshire, whilst with the main army the King sat down in a useless siege before Gloucester four days after the eventful day which we are about to review.

At Oxford on Sunday, August 6, all was joyous. Hopes were rife; the churches were filled; wise men were quietly thankful, and fools were presumptuously boasting what they would do,—and how they would pour their contempt upon the Puritan city of London, which had fomented the rebellion, and upon the House of Commons in particular, with the few Lords who called themselves The Peers.

But the course of events did not turn upon the feelings and sermons of those who resided at Oxford, but upon the desires of a very different body of men, and upon very different preaching.

The revolutionary party had not been blind to their losses any more than the Royalists had to their gains. Waller's army was completely destroyed; that of Essex disorganized; Newcastle ruled in the North; Bristol had fallen, and London itself was in imminent danger. In fact, if the forces of the Marquis of Newcastle, after his victory over Fairfax at Atherton Moor, had advanced, as the King wished, on one side, whilst he attacked the city on the other, it is difficult to see what could have prevented the triumph of Charles over his terrified and disheartened antagonists.

In this state of things the Lords—that is to say, the few nobles who arrogated this title—sent to the Commons desiring a treaty, and a sharp debate was the consequence. A division ensued, and the propositions were carried by 94 votes to 65. This was on the Saturday; and the next day being Sunday, was occupied by pulpit thunders against peace, from those who claimed to be ambassadors from the Prince of it; thunders only too effectual, for next day a mob ac-

accompanied Alderman Atkins, who carried a petition against peace, and overawed the better part of the House, and the vote was reversed.

Thus at Oxford men of peace wished for peace, and young and rash men wished for triumph; and in London grave preachers and long-headed politicians laboured against peace, and excited the passions of the mob to coerce the better part of the Parliament. So through the city the black Genevans shouted, and thumped, and turned the hour-glass, to frighten away the dove with her sweet olive-branch, when she would fain have entered, once more, after a long weary flight over dark stormy seas.

Meantime, at Marklands the merry bells rang, as of old time; and the people gathered at the lych-gate, or at the entrance of the porch, before service. They were fewer indeed than they had been, for ever since the visit of Gervase, the Knight had never spoken to the Vicar; and on the Sunday previous, as well as on this, he had ridden into another parish, where a Puritan incumbent preached. Hence those who consulted their interests, or felt free to gratify any grudge against the Vicar, now absented themselves.

Lucy came as before, with her old nurse, and Mary her maid, and the faithful James Blunt. She was pale and sad, but had a smile for every one whom she met, and a kind word with it too. At the porch she found the Vicar, and shook hands with him. "God bless thee, my daughter!" he said,—and she remembered his words all her life.

The service commenced, and had proceeded as far as

the Litany, when shouts were heard at some little distance, and wild sounds which grew more distinct and loud every minute. Some of the congregation rose, and rushed towards the door. Others, more calm and devout, proceeded with their prayers as the Priest did with his office: but it was hard to attend, nay, almost impossible.

The sounds outside grew louder, wilder, and more tumultuous. A sound like that of a rushing crowd was heard outside, and instantly a wild rabble filled the church. All was confusion. Lucy was hurried out by James Blunt, and dragging Mrs. Norman along with her, they hastened to the Hall, whence she despatched James back to help the Vicar, and sent another servant to her father to tell him what was passing, and to entreat his assistance.

"Stop that mummary, thou priest of Baal!" cried one of the rabble to the Vicar, who continued reading unmoved.

"Here's that'll stop thee," shouted a trooper, pushing his horse through the crowd, and holding a pistol to Mr. Norman's head. The Vicar was about to proceed, in spite of the threat, when he saw that his people were gone, or huddled into corners by the mob, and that it would be worse than useless to continue the service. He closed his book, therefore, took off his surplice, and leaving his place, sought the door. Failing, however, to make his way through the crowd, he went into the tower, and barred the door which opened into the church. But this did not exclude the sad sounds which echoed through the sacred aisles so dear to their priest. He heard the work of sacri-

lege proceeding, and all the blasphemies which accompanied the task of destruction. The Aylesbury troopers fired through the fair east window; the altar was broken up, the dorsal hangings torn into a thousand pieces. Surplice and Prayer-books were treated in like manner. The font was overthrown; the effigy of the founder hacked and hewn; brasses torn up; poppyheads knocked off; niches defaced; and every manner of defilement was perpetrated.

Nor was this enough. The bad passions of the mob seemed rather to have been stimulated than satisfied with what they had done. It seemed a poor thing to have taken vengeance only on inanimate things; they looked around, and a ready suggestion was, as ever, at hand.

"Where is the priest? Have him out. Hath he escaped? To the tower, to the tower!" was the cry; and a general rush was made against the door, which yielded to the pressure, and the whole mob entered, rushing, and crushing, and tumbling one over another.

"He is got up aloft," cried the same voice which had first stirred and directed this new outburst of fury.

"I'll unearth the old fox," said a sturdy smith; and he began to ascend the narrow stone stairs, followed by his companions.

At the next stage, however, he was encountered by another small door, which was easily forced; but those who first entered perceived the Vicar escaping up a ladder to the next platform. They rushed forward and seized the ladder, but not before Mr. Norman

had left it, and had raised it some little distance from the ground, intending to draw it up after him, and so to secure himself against his pursuers.

A struggle ensued. Mr. Norman with all his strength endeavoured to pull the ladder up, and the smith pulled against him. Suddenly the Vicar dropped the ladder, and whilst the man who held it fell back amongst his comrades, he ran up another ladder which led out upon the top of the tower, and reached the summit before his pursuers had gained the second stage. This gave him the advantage, and by the time that the mob were up, Mr. Norman had drawn the other ladder a good way up through the trap-door which opened to the leads. Unfortunately, he had not done so completely. A nail had been idly driven into the ladder years before, and forgotten; and when Mr. Norman tried to pull it through the door at the top, the ladder stuck at that point, and he could get it no further. The smith saw his advantage, and hoisted a lad on his shoulder to lay hold of the ladder: a struggle ensued, which ended by the lad receiving a severe blow from the ladder, and falling back on his comrades with a wound in the face, which he did not fail to make known by loud cries. Mr. Norman saw this, and regretted it: it was no part of his intentions to defend himself by violence, but only to escape his pursuers; but the mischief was done, and all that was left was to draw up the ladder as speedily as was possible, now that the obstruction was gone. He began to do so accordingly, but the cries of the mob were now furious.

“Shoot him! Pistol the old villain! Put a ball into

the old rascal!" and other like shouts filled the building. A carabine and a pistol were handed forwards over the heads of the mob, were received by the smith and another man who stood under the trap-door, and fired at the Vicar just as he finally drew up the ladder and cut off the approach of his enemies.

Lucy Domville and Mrs. Norman had been watching the church from the higher window of a staircase-turret which ran up in an angle of the courtyard. But Mrs. Norman's agitation became so violent that she could not look any more, nor even stand, and the servants placed her on a bench, whilst Lucy continued to watch, and reported to her what she saw.

"Mr. Norman is on the top of the tower," she said.

"Doth any one follow him?" enquired his wife, with trembling eagerness.

"No; but he seems to be pushing back those who would. No; I see what it is: he is drawing up the ladder. There, now—No: there is some hindrance, and he cannot succeed."

"O my God! my God!" said the poor wife, "save Thy servant; stretch forth Thine hand!"

"He has drawn it up," said Lucy.

"Hark!" exclaimed Mrs. Norman: "Was not that the sound of fire-arms?"

"I fear me it was," replied Lucy.

"Where is my husband now? Can you see him?"

"No, I cannot. I hope my eyes deceived me—but he seemed to fall. Yes, I can see his head now, leaning against the battlements of the tower."

"O my God! my God! they have killed him," exclaimed Mrs. Norman.

"Nay, say not so. Perchance he is but wounded, for he seems to lean back, as though he were faint."

"And is there no one to help him? no one to give him a drop of cold water? and all those ravening wolves panting for his blood! Ah me! ah me! May you never know the pangs of this hour!"

"The tower!" replied Lucy, who had been watching too anxiously to hear these remarks, "is covered with people: I suppose they have got them a ladder."

"Can you see my husband?"

"No, I cannot. They seem shouting in triumph, and now they are firing guns and pistols out of mere wantonness in the air."

"O that Gervase had been there, or Basil! they would have died for their father, or with him."

"Yes, surely they would. But it is well that your sons should be in safety; for what could they have done against such a crowd?"

"We could have all died together. And I would we all had, but for thy sake, sweet Lucy."

"Then I would die too," replied Lucy, earnestly: "But be not too downcast, Mrs. Norman: they are leaving the tower, and as soon as they are gone James Blunt will go up, you may be sure, and will do all that can be done for the Vicar."

"Is he there, then?"

"Yes; he went back immediately after he had placed us in safety."

"God bless him, and you too!"

Lucy now came down from her post, and took her seat beside her aged friend, whom she had long loved and respected almost as a mother.

"O that Sir Nathaniel had been here! he would never have suffered this," said Mrs. Norman, bitterly.

Lucy was silent. She believed, indeed, that her father would not have wished any violence to be done to the person of the Vicar; but she knew also that it was only by his protection that the Vicar had been secured so long in the peaceable exercise of his office, and that her father had openly disclaimed that protection, by word and by deed, since the pursuit of his son. The hounds had not needed a signal; they only waited to be left to themselves,—and had been left.

The two women sat silently. Mrs. Norman's suspense was extreme; and Lucy could not relieve it. But it did not endure long. James Blunt soon appeared at the door, very grave; and when asked what account he could give, he was unable to speak.

"He is dead, then?" said Mrs. Norman: "they have killed him?"

James Blunt bowed, and said nothing.

"And where does he lie?" asked the widow.

"On the tower, Madam, where he fell; and his head leans on the battlement, as if he were sleeping."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MOURNERS.

A FEW days after this terrible scene Gervase and Basil were standing by the death-bed of their mother, at a lodging in St. Giles'.

Lucy Domville had obtained her father's consent to send the poor woman to her sons; and softened, for the time, by the violence which he had passively caused, and the misery which, to say the least, he had not prevented, he paid a good sum of money to the widow in lieu of her furniture, and promising to take care of the late Vicar's books until she applied for them, on behalf of her sons, he permitted James Blunt to conduct her, by gentle stages, to Oxford. There she told her sons the sad news, embraced them most tenderly, and blessed God that she had such a home of love yet left to repair to. She spoke almost cheerfully; talked of the termination of the war, and of Gervase's marriage with Lucy; and Gervase was surprised at the way in which she bore up.

Basil, however, said little, but was tenderly anxious; and each word and movement expressed his solicitude. He was right: all this cheerfulness was the result of unnatural effort, and a huge strain upon a spirit and frame overtaxed by the terror and grief which they had recently suffered. The reaction was speedy in its arrival, and crushing in its effects. Without any apparent disease, Mrs. Norman sank rapidly, and be-

tween her beloved sons, who each held a hand and watched over her, whilst Mr. Gisbie read the Commendation of the Dying, she closed her eyes, breathed a soft sigh, and passed away from her sorrows.

Meanwhile Charles was wasting time, money, and men before Gloucester, which was bravely defended by Massey. Prince Maurice was alienating the affections of Dorsetshire. London was being fortified by the voluntary labours of its citizens, their wives and daughters assisting. The Earl of Manchester was raising troops in the associated counties, and Vane was gone to Scotland, to invite the Scots to assist their tottering friends. It was these two last measures which ruined Charles's cause in the North, and which were the beginning of his great tide of misfortune. More singularly than creditably, these levies, which were raised to supply Manchester and Waller with troops, were compulsory, although Parliament itself had previously procured Charles's consent to an act making impressment unlawful. Now, however, for their purposes, they assessed townships with men, arms, and money, and got them.

This, indeed, is a cause of the success of the Rebellion which is not remembered sufficiently. Charles was driven into the acts which provoked the war by want of money; and all the war through was in need of it. His garrisons and leaders might plunder and make exactions, as Sir Richard Granville and Goring did, to the King's grievous harm; but Charles himself was generally contented with loans and with customs, and never levied money or men as the Parliament did.

Laud was now drawing nearer and nearer his end. On the tenth of the month Pryn had brought out "Rome's Masterpiece," in which he worked up the papers which he had seized from the captive, cooking them to his own fancy. Then the Diurnal drew attention to the prisoner, and a charge was being prepared.

Ten days after this, Kern, the Vicar of Low-Leighton, preached before Laud in the Tower in a buff-coat and scarf, with a gown on the top, saying that the people were all blessed who died in the cause of the Parliament; placing them thus on a footing with Crusaders or Moslems,—parallelisms which they would certainly have disclaimed, and in the former case justly.

Hammond was now come to Oxford, with his friend Dr. Oliver, who had been elected President of Magdalen on Dr. Frewen's promotion to the see of Lichfield. He immediately began the course of usefulness which he never relaxed whilst he lived there. Dr. Potter, the Provost of Queen's, was a friend of his. Indeed, Hammond's famous sermon on Almsgiving, preached at Paul's Cross, A.D. 1640, called "The Poor Man's Tithing," had influenced Dr. Potter so much, that he resolved to act upon it, and guided himself thenceforth by its principles; telling Hammond in after-times how he had been led to be charitable, and how God had blessed his charities even in this life.

To this worthy man Hammond had shewn his Practical Catechism, drawn up from the catechetical matter which he had used in his parish, and Dr. Potter was endeavouring to overpower his modesty,

and to induce him to publish it,—which he eventually did, but anonymously.

The calamities of their family had sunk deep into the hearts of the brothers, but with different effect. The playful smile on Basil's face had departed. His countenance no longer lighted up when he was talking with his companions. It was sweet, — perhaps sweeter than ever,—but profoundly sad.

The effect of sorrow upon Gervase was different; it steeled him. His open countenance, ever relaxing before into a laugh, had become fixed. His jokes were gone; a sharp and rather fierce expression was visible; and Basil knew — what the world did not know—that his brother had lost his interest in books, and all desire to pursue his collegiate course.

Every day Basil feared that he would have to listen to some announcement of a change of pursuit; but Gervase shrank from making it, as much as his brother did from receiving it. At length the time came. The brothers were alone together. Gervase rose, and began pacing the chamber. He could not find courage to begin, yet wished the thing said. At last, with an effort, he brought out the words,—

“Basil, I must leave you; I must go to the wars. I cannot read now; I have no heart and no head for it. The king wants soldiers rather than scholars: I must be one.”

“I knew it, Gervase,” replied his brother; “I expected it. Do not distress yourself. If it be best for you, God forbid I should hinder it; although ——”

His voice trembled, and suddenly failed.

“Ah, my brother, my more than brother!” said

Gervase, falling on his neck; "I am always so selfish, and you only think of me. I must not leave thee, Basil: I know not what to do—how to go, or how to stay."

"Yes, Gervase," said Basil, after giving way for a few moments to feeling, "thou shalt go. Thou art made for a hero; I have always thought this. I shall remain here to pray for thee, and to watch for thy return. I shall hear of thee from others, and take pride in thy glory; but—but what will Lucy say, when she hears of it?"

"She will not marvel, Basil; she will not blame."

"Well, then, if she be satisfied, much more should I. And how will you carry your plan out?"

"Very easily, Basil. I shall offer myself as a trooper,—and if I get a command, all the better; if not, I will fight my way up."

"Could you not get quartered near here?"

"I will try. I thought of that before: but you know the King wants men so often, that this place is almost deserted,—full one day, and empty another. Nevertheless, I will try."

"One matter more, Gervase, and yet I hardly like to speak of it."

"Speak, Basil, speak: thou canst not say to me what I shall not be willing to hear."

"No, Gervase, I will not."

"O yes, Basil; say, I pray thee, what was in thy mind. I am sure I shall need counsel and prayer, if I go to the war."

"It was even this, Gervase. But you are better than I am, and it is not for me to advise you; but I

feared for a moment, as it were, lest you should be led away by the Prince's wild troopers. But I ought not to have thought it of thee, my dear brother; and I should rather fear for myself."

"For thee, Basil!"

"Not lest I should drink and swear," replied Basil, with a faint smile; "but lest I should grow proud and cold, and become an ambitious conqueror in my studies, instead of a loyal subject. I would have said patriot, but that word savoureth ill in these days."

"It will not be so, Basil; but I shall need all thy prayers. I desire to be a Christian soldier, and there are those to follow as well as avoid. If I could be like Sir William Compton, or Lisle, I should be happy indeed."

It so happened that Sir William Boteler, of Teston-house, or Barham-court, in Kent,—the same whose house was so shamefully violated by the notorious Colonel Sandys,—was passing through Oxford two or three days after this conversation. He had lain in prison seven weeks in the Fleet for signing, in 1642, a loyal petition in common with 20 baronets and knights, 300 gentlemen and esquires, and 800 freeholders and subsidy-men, and with nineteen other counties or corporations. He had escaped, joined the King, and was now serving in company with his fellow-countryman, Sir William Clarke, each at the head of his own regiment, which each had raised, and each maintained by himself. It was not what Gervase intended, nor what Basil wished, for Boteler was passing on to join the King before Gloucester; nevertheless, the noble bearing of these gentlemen, and

the admirable order and character of their troops, were such, that all former designs yielded to the temptation, and Gervase was warmly received by Sir William.

Basil acted the part of the lady-love, and girded Gervase for the war. Mounted on Phœnix, he appeared to the brother and scholar an Achilles for beauty and courage, and a Bayard for courtesy and religion. The parting was trying even to Gervase, busied as he was with preparations, and full of young ardour. He could only just command himself when he waved his hand the last time to Basil, and rode down by the Castle with his troop, and vanished from sight.

But Basil could not control himself. He returned as rapidly as he could to his chamber, repeating the words of Andromache,—

Δαιμόνιε φθίσει σε τὸ σὸν μένος
 ἔμοι δέ κε κέρδιον εἶη
 Σεῦ ἀφαρμούσῃ χθόνα δύμεναι.

When he reached his room, he closed the door and burst into tears. O how desolate was the world to him! how wide, and how homeless! A few months past, and he had a happy and most holy home, to which he hoped to return whenever the war should quit that region for a time; the most worthy of fathers, and the most tender of mothers. When parted from these, he had always been with Gervase, his more than brother, who pursued the same studies with the same zest; who loved with one love, and was actuated by the same sacred principles. But now, not one, but

all these were gone; father and mother and home gone for ever; and Gervase parted from him, to fall, perhaps, at the very first action. None remained,—none to care for, none to love, none by whom to be loved. Oh how desolate was the world become to the lonely scholar! how wide, and how homeless!

Long and passionately he wept; and his tears brought no relief,—only the weariness of the body became in some sort a narcotic to the pains of the soul. He looked up; his book was lying on the table, in which he had been reading the sorrows and the virtuous firmness of *Prometheus Vincit*. His eye ran down the passage, πρὸς ταύτ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ ῥιπτέσθω μὲν, until it came to the conclusion, πάντως ἐμέ γ' οὐ θανατώσει. Full of justice, and the indignation and courage of virtue, was the speech; but it was no speech for man. Could the captive fulfil his boast, and brave the spite of the powers of evil? Or if he could, is there happiness in this iron temper of soul; this rigid effort; this spiritual clenching of lips, and grinding of teeth? Such were the scholar's thoughts; and then the sweet contrast of Job's words occurred to him: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Here, he thought, is the true strength, the strength of yielding, of bowing, of bearing, of loving: not He *will* not, or *shall* not, slay me; but, let Him slay me, if He will; for *His* slaughter is quickening, and *His* death is life.

It was almost four in the afternoon. Laud had kept the college chapels to their old hours. The bell was well-nigh down. The choir recently founded by an old St. John's man was filing into the chapel.

Basil wiped away his tears, obeyed the summons, and hid himself in the secret place of the tabernacle, until the tyranny of his grief overpassed.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BOWER, THE STUDY, AND THE CAMP.

THE war seemed no nearer its conclusion: only the King, by growing poorer, was the worse off the longer it lasted, and the middle classes were learning their strength. On the other hand, some men had grown weary of rebellion,—men like the Earls of Bedford, and Northumberland, and Clare; and many sighed for peace when they saw the consequences of war.

Charles had weakened himself by the fruitless siege of Gloucester, and had lost *prestige* by being driven to abandon it. Still Essex was not a match for the King in cavalry, and was fortunate in escaping attack before he reached Cirencester, where he surprised a body of royal troops. On this the King pursued him; and Rupert with 5,000 horse pushed forward, and gained an advantage before Charles came up. Next day, Essex marched from Hungerford to Newbury, and found Charles in possession. Thus, on the evening of September 19, the two armies lay over against each other, and Gervase Norman expected to behold his maiden field of battle. But let us look first at those whom he loved.

Basil was in his chamber. He ought to have been studying for his disputation called *Generals*, which was to conclude his second year; but although Aristotle's *Rhetoric* was before him, his thoughts were far away. His head reposed between his hands, his arms upon his book, and his eyes upon the ridge of the college hall, where a line of swallows rested after a day's practising for their long flight. Two large tears formed slowly, and then dropped upon his book. Was it that he was reminded of the short estate of this our pilgrimage? or that the summer of life had closed to him so early and so suddenly? Or was it that, as a true bird of passage, he discerned the appointed day to cross the sea, and to fly to that land which the storms of winter reach not? Or, to end our surmises, were Basil's thoughts with Lucy, still loved, although resigned? or in the camp with Gervase?

Lucy thought of Gervase alone. She sat in her little room looking out upon the western woods, where the friends of her lover had been secreted, and upon the old yew-hedge beneath which she had last conversed with him. Darker shadows than any which dwelt among its deep cavities, or than were cast by it upon the damp grass, now rested on her life: yet, as on the tops of the wood, and the swelling upland continuing from them, bright evening hues reposed, so Lucy still had hopes; earthly hopes, like the woods and the lawn, but lighted, like them, with heavenly hues of faith and hope.

Spencer lay before her, and much-worn passages suggested that they were dear from some peculiar recollections. The lute was at hand, but it was dusty,

and out of tune. Lucy had not the heart to use it apart from Gervase, now that the separation was so complete; and, but for faith, so hopeless.

Lucy was far from Marklands, if, as an ancient father says, we are where our thoughts are. Were those thoughts with Gervase? Let the reader judge.

A step was heard: it was her father's. He knocked, and entered. His manner was kind, but awkward. After a few days' coldness, he had seemed to forget his fruitless chase, and generally avoided all mention of the Normans. He had now ascertained more of his daughter's character than he knew before, and learned to act accordingly.

"Lucy," he began, "I trust that you have now perceived that it is hopeless to remember Gervase Norman. He and I have embarked in different ships, and the daughter saileth with the father, I suppose? You have forgotten him, or will forget him?"

"Never, Sir," was the reply.

"Never is a long word, Lucy. I give you credit for sense and duty. If you could by any patience, or by any prudence, change Master Gervase, it might be otherwise; but now it is but folly to hope for that which never can be."

Lucy was silent.

"Times change. Life is short: I may die; and then in these troublous days, you may become a prey to some rogue, for the sake of these fair lands. I have been a loving and indulgent father to thee, Lucy; and for my sake and thine I desire some return."

"I will render all I can rightly render, Sir," replied Lucy, quietly.

“Good : that is all I seek. Render then this.—An honourable gentleman cometh here to-morrow, whom I would see my son-in-law : I speak of Captain Purefoy. Receive him kindly ; hear him fully ; and treat him as your father’s guest, and I trust something more.”

“I will receive him, Sir, as a daughter should receive her father’s friend : but my heart is another’s ; and my hand and heart must go together.”

“Foolish girl !” replied the Knight, impatiently. “Do what I say : you know not what depends upon it. I am a kind father, but a firm one, Lucy.”

“And I,” said Lucy to herself, when he was gone, “would be a good daughter, and yet a true woman to Gervase Norman. God grant me to do my duty whole, and to fail in nothing of His will !”

Gervase Norman had stabled his steed, and seen to his comfort with his own eyes : then he wandered out, and passing groups of officers clustered here and there through the town, he exchanged a word with some, and a bow with others ; and on he went until he came to the church, where no evensong was ascending, for Twisse, the rector, was a Calvinist, and Prolocutor of the Assembly itself. There he found the sexton talking with a noble-looking gentleman. He drew near, and found that it was Lord Falkland ; and that he had repaired to the church for the same purpose as his own,—namely, to reconnoitre the enemy and the country from the tower. Thence he saw the army of the Earl of Essex, in great strength, on the other side of the river, and observed dispositions for engaging, which made his young heart beat with expectation. But his eye roved on, and looking towards

Reading, he thought of her who lived beyond it, only some twenty miles from where he stood. On the issue of the approaching fight how much depended, as well to him personally, as to his cause! By the time the sun next lighted up those hills, next sank behind that horizon, he might be where marriage is not,—where the warrior and the shepherd are together. And what, then, would Lucy feel?—and what Basil? Yes, Gervase thought of Basil.

“You are thinking, Mr. Norman, of something further than this array,” said Lord Falkland.

“I was, my Lord. I thought of those I love, and of to-morrow, and of what to-morrow may bring me.”

“You would fain live?”

“Yes, my Lord, please God.”

“And why?”

Gervase coloured.

“I see,” said Lord Falkland: “you have bright hopes in this world. I have not; and therefore wish to die.”

“But, my Lord, you will not expose yourself to danger purposely?”

“Nay; I hold the words of Plato to be true, that we are here as upon guard, and may not quit our post: but if my King would withdraw me hence, I should be grateful to Him for that, as for so many other mercies; for I am weary of the times, and see naught but misery before us, and I hope and believe to be out of all by this time to-morrow.”

“God forbid!” said Gervase.

“God grant it, rather,” replied Lord Falkland; and the two descended.

On the morrow Lucy played her part at Marklands, as Gervase did at Newbury. Captain Purefoy arrived at breakfast, and after it he followed Lucy into the garden, to which she had retired, hoping to escape from notice. She was not destined, however, to succeed. Her suitor followed her, and opened his case.

This abrupt introduction of so delicate an affair was not so unseemly or so unwise as may appear at first sight. The Captain was an open, plain man, and if he had waited as long as Penelope's suitors, he would still have put the question abruptly. But no such period of courtship was possible: he was engaged with his relative, the famous Colonel Purefoy, in the wars, and must make or mar, whilst he could. His chances rested on Sir Nathaniel's favour, the daughter's obedience, and his own well-known character. And, besides, the Puritan humour was for treating love-matters coldly, and for contracting marriages after sacred examples, by authority, or moral considerations, and not by fancy of eye or ear.

"Your father, Mistress Lucy," said the Captain, "has permitted me to speak to you on the subject of marriage; nay, rather he has been good enough to sanction my suit, and to say that you will please him as well as make me happy, if you will kindly listen to my proposals. I fear," he continued promptly, in order to prevent what he thought might be an immediate refusal,—“I fear that I have no opportunity of shewing that respect and regard which I could wish to have done, before thus addressing you: but you have known me many years, and I trust that my name is unblemished, and will ever be so. I know

not what more to say, except that God's blessing would rest upon a daughter's obedience, and that a faithful husband's love and care would, I trust, cause you never to repent, should you grant a favourable reply to my suit."

"My father, then, Captain Purefoy," replied Lucy, "said nothing to you of my being contracted to Mr. Gervase Norman."

"Yes, so far he said, that you and he once were betrothed; but that Mr. Norman's malignancy had cut off all intercourse, and that there was now no obstacle from that source."

"Malignancy!" said Lucy, with bitterness; "and what shall I say of Captain Purefoy's rebellion?"

"What you will, sweet Mistress," replied the Captain, charmed with Lucy's spirit, and admiring her more and more every turn they took along the terraced walk in the garden,— "what you will. But I will be no rebel to you,—only your dutiful subject."

"I wish no vassal-husband, Sir," answered Lucy; "nor would I venture to trust a man whom his Sovereign cannot."

"You are severe," said the Captain.

"Not more than you make me. Captain Purefoy, I have always respected and liked you."

"Can you not do more? 'Like' is a cold word."

"Too warm, Captain, now. I was about to say that I liked you until you took up arms against your King. This alone is sufficient with me. But do not mistake me. My father has not done justice to you nor to me in what he has said. My heart and my word are Mr. Norman's; and will be so whilst I live."

“I am sorry to hear you say that,” replied Captain Purefoy, “not only for my sake, but for your own. The Royal side is a losing side. We gain strength and experience every day: the King gains neither. O think, I beseech you, how much sorrow awaits you. Sir Nathaniel will never consent to your marrying Mr. Norman. Nothing but sorrow awaits you, if you persist in this decision.”

“I accept it, Sir. Sorrow is sweet, if it is innocent; and peace outside the conscience is no peace at all. My principles are on the side of the King, and my regards are with Mr. Norman. I grieve to cross my father’s wishes; but he at first consented, and I do but retain that which he himself gave to me.”

Captain Purefoy sighed, and although he continued to walk beside Lucy, it was in silence. Presently he resumed the conversation, and said,—

“Mistress Lucy, I have put my request amiss—coldly and suddenly, and not as ladies love to receive suits. This is not my fault; but the fault of the times. I have a heart, believe me; and although I have never said so, that heart has long been yours. I have known you from childhood, and always felt to you as I never felt to any other, and never can feel. I have tried to dismiss the thought, and laughed it off to myself; but I could not. Lucy Domville would appear in my dreams: with Lucy I compared all the maidens I met, and the comparison made them all of ill-favour. If there be such a thing as love, I have felt it, and feel it; and the longer I have conversed with you this morning, the more I have loved—the more you have rejected, the more I have sought. Bethink you, I pray,

what it is to send a man back to the wars with a load on his breast—with no object in life, and nothing to lose.”

“Captain Purefoy,” replied Lucy, in a different voice, “you surprise me : I never thought that you cared for me ; and I would that you did not. I thank you for your good-will ; but I cannot unsay what I have said. My heart is Gervase Norman’s ; and if my hand never can be, that at least shall be his. You will find others, Sir, more worthy than I am ; and if you will serve your King, you will not want an object in life. Let us speak no more of this matter. I wish you happiness, Sir ; but that happiness cannot come from me.”

“I will speak no more, as you bid me,” replied the Captain, slowly and sadly ; “nay, contrariwise, I will tell Sir Nathaniel that I shall vex you no more, and will entreat him not to trouble you again on such matters.”

“Thank you, Sir. I only ask peace : I hope no more at present ; and leave the future to Him who directeth our paths.”

“You deserve peace, and I trust will receive it. Farewell ! Jesse Purefoy will molest you no longer : but if ever you should need his assistance, you have but to ask it.”

“And my poor prayers shall be yours—that you may become as loyal as you already are courteous and brave.”

So they parted.

At daybreak on the morning of September the 20th the two armies at Newbury were preparing for battle. The yellow flag floated over the lines of the Parliament ; the harquebussiers, in buff-coat, back and breast-

piece, were drawn up, with the harquebuss hung on their belts, with swivel, flask, and touch-box, ready for action. The musketeer sat on horseback, with his burning match, and bridle in his left hand. Footmen, with pikes, and firelocks of recent invention, stood in dense bodies.

The King's right rested on the Kennet, and his whole line crowned a rising-ground called the Wash. The ordnance was on the left, and commanded Enbourne Common, by which the enemy had to approach. Thick hedges lay between the Royal right and the Parliamentary left, and kept them asunder.

Before the action commenced, the young Earl of Sunderland fell by a cannon-ball. He had only been elevated in June from the Barony of Wormleighton; the old gateway of which, and the family tombs at Yarnton, still remind us of the honour of the Spencers, who are now lost sight of in their elder branch, the Marlborough title, and in their younger are represented by Earl Spencer of Althorp. The gallant Earl was acting as a volunteer; and at the early age of twenty-three sacrificed his life for his King, and left a gap hard to fill, and a name hard to rival for gallantry and for honour.

Lord Falkland, charging with Lord Byron's regiment, was struck by a ball from the musketeers who lined the opposite hedges, and died as he wished. He was missed, but none saw him fall, nor was his fate known until next day, when his body was found, clad in the white linen which he had put on for the death he expected.

Prince Rupert, after a charge, was talking with a

group of officers in the front of the line, when Sir Philip Stapleton, who had drawn up opposite to him, grew impatient, and riding forward came up to the Prince, pistol in hand, and fired at him deliberately. Rupert's armour protected him ; and Sir Philip, turning his horse, cantered back unscathed, amid a shower of bullets.

In a few minutes a general charge took place along the whole line. Stapleton was driven back, and further on, the Earl of Carnarvon's and Sir William Boteler's regiments carried all before them, and threw back the broken and flying horse of the Parliament upon their phalanx of foot.

Gervase had nothing to do but to govern his horse. His long sword was ready for use, but was bright as when it came from the scabbard ; for the mere weight of the charge had made it successful. At the word of his Colonel the pursuit stopped ; and Sir William Boteler's regiment was moving in good order to its former position, when Gervase observed the Earl of Carnarvon. He had noticed him before, charging at the head of his troop, guiding his noble charger with graceful ease, and by voice and eye adding fire and spirit to the whole action of his regiment ; and now he was carelessly riding back amongst friends and foes, who, in twos and threes, were scattered over the field, laughing and looking hither and thither. His bright yellow hair was streaming in ringlets over his shoulders ; and he rode with the boyish carelessness and confidence which had prompted him in the morning to measure the gateway with his sword, in derision of Essex, to see, as it were, if it was large enough to

admit the head of one who was ridiculed for his two unfortunate marriages, and whom the young Earl hoped to capture. Suddenly four or five of the enemy's troopers wheeled round, observed him, and one of them spurring forward before the Earl was aware of his danger, ran him through with his sword, and laid the Cavalier in the dust.

Gervase did not wait for command: he galloped forward, and made straight for the man, who rode as hard as he could towards his own party, in company with his fellows. Gervase did not regard this,—on he galloped: a dozen troopers were drawn up to enclose him, and when he approached they opened, and let their comrade pass through. No thought of danger, however, no memory of Lucy, flashed through the mind of the pursuer: nor was it any noble feeling which inspired him to run such a risk; but, although he did not know it, it was simply revenge. So deceptive is the ardour of battle! The Parliamentary dragoons, who were stationary, could not resist the impetus with which Gervase, at full gallop, dashed through them: they wheeled round and pursued him, just in time to see him cut down their comrade, and with one blow roll his head from his shoulders. They shouted and fired their pistols, but without any effect: a whole volley from the line was directed at the solitary horseman, but passed—as is so often the case when men are excited—far over his head. He turned his horse round that of his fallen foe, and galloping between the dragoons and the infantry, escaped, and rejoined his own troop.

As he did so, he witnessed a strange scene, of a

somewhat similar nature, proceeding near his own regiment. Sir Philip Stapleton's groom had caught the spirit of adventurous bravery from his master. His horse was shot under him, and he followed his troop on foot when they retired under cover. There he began to deplore his loss bitterly, and although his master promised to repair it, he would not be consoled, but proceeded alone across the open space between the armies until he came to the dead mare, from which he was carefully removing the saddle and bridle, when Gervase perceived him. A shower of bullets neither deterred him nor wounded him : like Gervase, he retreated unhurt. Both had perilled their lives, without thought, for an object quite unworthy the risk.

The battle still raged. Charge after charge the Royal cavalry made, but they could not break in upon the sturdy pikemen of the train-bands of London, who preserved the day for their party. Night came, and the victory hung still in the balance, and at the close of the fight Charles's line stood in order prepared to renew it.

During the rest of the engagement Gervase fought to more purpose, and with as conspicuous valour ; and when at last he dismounted—so stiff that he could scarcely get his feet out of the stirrups, and thrust his sword back into the scabbard, he felt that he was now a soldier indeed : and so it was thought, for on the following morning his Colonel greeted him as Captain Norman ; and his eyes sparkled when he thought of what Lucy would hear, and of what he could soon tell to Basil himself. And yet it was not without a shudder that Gervase wiped his sword before he returned it to its sheath,—not without a shudder he re-

membered that he had slain a fellow-creature, a fellow-countryman, a fellow-Christian, rebel though he were.

Charles ordered the wounded of the enemy, as well as his own, to be brought in and tenderly treated. The dead were buried in the mounds still remaining. Lucas, Lisle and Gerrard were amongst the wounded on the Royal side; and sadly they took up the young Earl of Carnarvon, to bury him in the College of Jesus, leaving not only his young wife to mourn him, but all loyal hearts, and even his father-in-law, Pembroke, who was on the opposite side. The body of the Marquis de Vieuville, to the discredit of Essex, had to be ransomed at £500, which was distributed as prize-money to the troops; a most unworthy proceeding, which, as far as is known, was neither repeated nor copied. Thus ended the fruitless battle of Newbury.

The next day Essex marched towards London, by Reading, harassed by Rupert's attacks on his rear; and Charles returned to Oxford, having first garrisoned Reading under Sir Jacob Ashley, and Donnington Castle, once the house of Geoffrey Chaucer, under Colonel Boys, who proved himself well worthy the trust.

CHAPTER X.

THE STEPMOTHER.

ON the return of the king to Oxford, discontents prevailed in court and in camp. The Scotch covenant was taken by the House. The repentant Earls, Holland, Bedford, and Clare, not being so well received as they hoped, left Oxford and returned to the Parlia-

ment. To occupy the discontented, the King despatched Rupert to co-operate with Sir Lewis Dives in Bedfordshire, who designed to fortify Newport-Pagnel, as a post from which to cut off the communication between London and the northern associated counties. Sir William Boteler's regiment accompanied this expedition, and Gervase bade farewell again to his brother. Sir Lewis Dives, however, alarmed at the meditated approach of Essex, abandoned the plan. The enemy immediately fortified the place for the Parliament; and nothing seemed left to Prince Rupert but some act of reprisal: as such, he chose to fortify Towcester. Whilst the foot was thus occupied, the cavalry remained to protect it from Essex, who lay at St. Alban's; and want of shelter and constant forays destroyed many horses, and weakened the force very considerably. Gervase was engaged in all this, and was not well pleased. Mere plundering and ravaging had no charms for him, and the only comfort he had was the society of his admirable Colonel, and his affection to Phoenix, who returned his regard with wonderful sense and docility.

Basil was working at college. He prepared his disputations for "Generals." They were real disputations, or arguments, upon three logical questions submitted to the Master of the Schools a week previously, and approved by him. This exercise was to be performed after two years' standing, and three times before supplication for the degree of a Bachelor. Having finished his disputation to the satisfaction of the moderating master named by the Proctors, Basil was made General, or Senior Sophist; and the master made

his due speech to him in favour of Aristotle's Logic, and exhorted him to the study of good letters. Next he placed Aristotle's Logic in Basil's hands, who put on the Sophist's hood, and the ceremony concluded. After this, Basil was bound to perform his Juraments, which were those exercises which he would have to swear that he had performed, before he obtained a degree. These Juraments were terminal disputations, in which the Sophist had to answer once, and oppose once, from one to three in the afternoon. After so doing, the Sophist was properly escorted from St. Mary's to the Schools by one of the beadles: but this was now impossible, as we have seen, owing to the occupation of the Schools as dépôts.

At the same period, Harcourt, the new French Ambassador, came to Oxford, and great hopes were entertained from his arrival; but he had no more power to promise the money and men which Charles asked, than he had to influence Parliament, to whom he next repaired, to treat for peace.

The fortifications at Oxford were now strengthened considerably; but as a drawback to the security of the garrison, the *morbus campestris* broke out in the town; and two writers, Dudley Digges and William Cartwright, were victims to it, with many others.

Oxford had now obtained a new Chancellor, for the Earl of Pembroke, who coveted the Chancellorship whilst Laud held it, and had received it on the resignation of the Archbishop, had now proved himself a hopeless rebel, and had been removed by the King, his place being filled by the loyal Marquis of Hertford.

Meantime, Sir Nathaniel Domville opened a cam-

paign, laid siege, and took possession with marvellous ease. In such cases, the fighting and storming sometimes come afterwards, when all has apparently been settled.

The campaign was as follows. As soon as Sir Nathaniel learned from Captain Purefoy, not only his daughter's reply, but the determination evinced in it—determination so marked as to induce the Captain to request that Lucy might be molested no farther,—the Knight made up his mind to carry out a plan at which he had darkly hinted, when he prepared Lucy for the Captain's proposals.

He was determined that, at any rate, Gervase Norman should not be his heir. Marklands should never descend to the offspring of a marriage which he opposed. The estates were entailed: a male heir would secure the accomplishment of Sir Nathaniel's intentions, and the way to this was a marriage.

Accordingly, the next day after Captain Purefoy left, the Knight mounted his horse, and taking James with him, rode to London, where he remained for a week. On his return, he spoke little and coldly to Lucy, and although he saw her tears, took no notice of them. Some changes were made in the furniture of two or three of the rooms, which surprised her, but failed to excite her curiosity; so that she was altogether unprepared for the announcement which her father made two days after his return.

It was at supper that the father broke the news to his only child, that a stranger was coming to take possession of the house, and to rule it.

"I ride to London," he said, "to-morrow, and shall

return on Saturday with a lady who will then be Lady Domville; and I trust that you will know how to welcome her, and how to respect and obey her as the head of my house."

"Father," exclaimed Lucy, dropping the silver cup which she had raised to her lips, "are you serious? do you really wish me to believe that —?"

"I wish you to believe exactly what I say," replied her father, impatiently: "I have been permitted to find a helpmeet in a most godly woman, who will be an example as well as a mistress to this house. She was driven from her country by those hellish rebels in Ireland whom the King encourageth; her husband, a worthy Protestant, was murdered before her eyes, and she hardly escaped, by the Lord's mercy. She will be as salt in the house, and will bring a blessing upon it."

"I will pay her all respect," said Lucy, who had recovered herself sufficiently; "and will regard her as my father's wife."

"That is as I hoped, Lucy. If you would but have dismissed that one foolish fancy, you might have been all I desire, and this step might —" have been saved, he was about to add; but he checked himself, and left the room suddenly.

At the time appointed the third Lady Domville appeared. But she was by no means what Lucy had expected. From her father's account, she had looked for a middle-aged, if not an elderly woman, sobered and softened by trouble, and one whom it would have been easy to respect, and thence by degrees to love.

Lady Domville, however, was not thirty; whilst the

Knight was never likely to see sixty again; and although there was stiffness enough about her to pass with some for sobriety, and talk enough to stand for religion of the sort to which she pretended, yet there was something also which caught the quick eye of woman, and aroused suspicions;—in short, Lucy could not help doubting the genuineness of the character which her stepmother assumed.

It is said that little things shew disposition more than great. The reason is, because persons cannot be always on their guard; the insincere cannot support the effort of perpetual simulation, and relax it only where it does not seem requisite. Thus Lucy soon saw that her stepmother's eye had a natural turn for the mirror; at another time she caught her admiring her ankles, which by no means deserved such singular regard; and more than all, even during the hem! or cough which greeted, according to the Puritan customs, the most savoury passages of the new pastor's sermon, Lady Domville's eye was to be seen wandering down her own dress, or to that of her neighbours, and back again on a voyage of comparison.

Then, again, the temper was not always proof against the trials of life; and when the high-frilled collar was not stiffened sufficiently, or the dogs rubbed up against a new dress, strong expressions of anger were indulged in. Once indeed, when old Kitty accidentally trode on my lady's foot, an exclamation escaped her which made Kitty stare, and which struck her so forcibly, that she went and told Lucy that she could not be sure, and therefore would not speak of it to any one else, but she could not help thinking that Lady Domville had

sworn; and she mentioned one of the Elizabethan oaths, which seem so extraordinary to us, as well as so blasphemous, as that which she feared her new mistress had made use of.

These symptoms did not tend to produce happy relations between Lucy and her stepmother. It was hard enough, in itself, to like a person who came to take the management of the house out of her hands; hard enough to be put under a stranger, and to be brought into intercourse—constant and close intercourse—with a rigid Puritan and stiff Parliamentary; but all this Lucy had resolved to bear, and was prepared to endure,—nay, she had intended to try and love her father's new wife, and to prove her affection and dutifulness to her father by thus fulfilling his wishes: but such intentions presupposed that she would be able to respect Lady Domville; and unhappily, the more she saw of her, the less she could do this; the more she feared that her keen-sighted father had somehow or other been deceived at last, and that in a matter where it is of singular importance not to be so.

Lady Domville's manner to Lucy was offensive in the extreme. She seemed to desire to mortify her, if she could. At one time she found fault with the former management of the household; and when Lucy took no notice of her remarks, she began rating the servants, especially the faithful Kitty, Mary, and James, whom she saw were much trusted and valued, both by Lucy and her father. Then when she perceived that she really had vexed Lucy, and that the colour had mounted to her cheeks, she said sharply, "that it was

natural enough for young people to be vexed when their foolish ways were discovered, and when the power was taken out of their hands which they were not fit to exercise,"—as if Lucy had been vexed on her own account.

At another time she insisted on altering the garden, which she knew was Lucy's especial delight, and cut down some shrubs in mere wantonness of power.

All this Lucy bore; but at last came a provocation which was beyond her powers of endurance. One Sunday, on returning from church, Lady Domville began praising the sermon, and saying all that she could in favour of the new vicar, or pastor, as he called himself. Lucy was silent. Her tormentor therefore proceeded to try her further.

"A great blessing," she said, "I consider Mr. Trist to this place. He is a mercy from the Lord—a faithful pastor. Ah! how blind they must have been before. 'To them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.'"

Lucy was still silent.

"I am informed," proceeded the stepmother, "that there used to be great ringing of bells in the late Vicar's time, and observing of days and seasons, and all manner of Papistry."

"The fasts and feasts were observed when Mr. Norman was vicar," replied Lucy.

"Aye, Mr. Norman it was, who would not preach the comfortable Gospel to the poor starving souls, but must needs catechize. I'll be bound he fed the body, though. Those dumb dogs always have an eye to the flesh."

"Mr. Norman fed the bodies of the poor," replied Lucy; "but for himself he was sparing."

"I dare say. He was one of the Pharisees then, who fasted to be seen of men; and they have their reward."

"I trust the good man has his reward," said Lucy, indignantly: "a reward in a world where persecutors cannot follow, and where the truth is made manifest, and men appear what they are."

"What mean you?" said Lady Domville, reddening: "Do you mean to say that I am a hypocrite?"

"I only said that Mr. Norman was not. I said no more,—I know no more."

"Sir Nathaniel shall hear of this," replied Lady Domville: "I am not going to be treated in this way. I shall inform him of your rebellion, and of your disrespect to the wife of your father."

"You will say what you think fit," replied Lucy; and the two parted in anger. Nothing, however, was said, and only an increased stiffness and coldness indicated that there had been a dispute.

Sir Nathaniel was not a sharer in Lucy's suspicions. He was away from home constantly, and was more and more involved in political business. When at home, Lady Domville was studiously correct and attentive; and after some wary but ineffectual attempts to prejudice her husband against some of his old and trustworthy servants, she accepted things as she found them, and spared no pains to secure a continuance of Sir Nathaniel's regard.

A few days before Christmas, whilst the Knight was at dinner, no less a visitor was announced than Mr. Miles Prigge the younger.

“Pshaw! Shew him into the library,” said Sir Nathaniel: “Yet, stay. Say to him that we are even now sitting down to dine, and request him to join us.”

In a few moments Mr. Prigge entered. His long thin face, which had grown longer and thinner in the Castle at Oxford, was beaming with satisfaction at an honour so far beyond what he expected.”

“Thanks, Sir Nathaniel,” he said: “It would have been honour and pleasure enough for me to see you again, without sharing your bounty, as the poet saith,—

‘Obstupui; miroque incensum pectus amore.’

But ah, Sir, how much have I suffered since I beheld you!—

‘Eripui, fateor, leto me, et vincula rupi.’

And now these dainties, such as I have not seen for many a month, who have fed on the bread of affliction and the water of affliction.”

“Have you been in durance, then?” asked the host.

“Even so, Sir, like the prophet, for seeking to leave the guilty city.”

“Then you know little of the movements outside?”

“Yes, indeed, I know much; and I am come hither to inform you, Sir Nathaniel, of what it seems fit for the good of the country and religion that you should be made acquainted with:—

‘Fas mihi Graiorum sacrata resolvere jura,
Fas odisse viros, atque omnia ferre sub auras
Siqua tegunt.’”

“Stay, Mr. Prigge, I pray you,” said the Knight:

“I am not much of a scholar, and like not these perpetual citations, which appear to me somewhat like badly-chopped stuffing in a Michaelmas — ah, that may offend! — I chance, however, to remember the passage which you have just cited, for I was made by the preceptoral ferule to learn it, and repeat it, with divers other long pieces of Virgil, when I was a schoolboy at Reading. If I mistake not it is Sinon who speaks; and I hope you are none of his sort. *Teneor patriæ nec legibus ullis*. That savours not well, Sir.—Now mark me. I will hear your information in private, when dinner is ended; and I will do what I can to be of service to you, if I find you of service to me: but as for these Latin and Greek stuffings—no more of them.”

“’Twere fitter, Sir,” said Lady Domville, “for the young man to choose a godly text, than to be always mentioning these profane and heathenish writings, which a godly woman cannot comprehend; and if she could, would not be the better for.”

“As you will, Lady Domville,” replied her husband: “For myself, I like not the practice of quoting Scripture continually; but I suppose I am wrong, for it prevails amongst our patriots and godly ministers yet more and more.”

“There is a text for everything, Sir,” said Lucy to her father, emboldened by his last remark to say something.

Sir Nathaniel made no reply. Miles Prigge looked keenly round the table, guessed Lucy’s position, and remembering Gervase, began his revenge.

“Things grew worse and worse with us scholars,

Sir Nathaniel, after you left. No study, no exercises : all war and arms, drinking and swearing like true Cavaliers."

"I suppose so," replied the Knight.

"Yes ; even those whom you once regarded and I respected are not what they were."

"What mean you ?" enquired the Knight.

"I hope I shall not offend Mistress Lucy," he replied ; "but I speak of the Normans."

"And what of them ? Speak out, and say what thou knowest."

"They say that Mr. Basil Norman is much suspected of Popery and hath a hand with the Jesuits."

"Well ?"

"And Mr. Gervase has left Oxford, and become a trooper of the Prince Rupert's, and plunders the country, and swears and drinks like the best of them."

"He doth not lie," remarked Lucy.

"Eh ! eh ! I appeal to you, Sir Nathaniel,—is that a saying which should fall from the lips of a lady to a guest to whom her father is so kind as you have been, Sir, to me ?"

Sir Nathaniel was silent.

"I am surprised," exclaimed Lady Domville, "and entirely amazed, to hear such words at this table." She looked at her husband, to see whether she might proceed, and reading in his looks that he enjoyed Lucy's mortification, although he would not go so far as to be a party to it himself, she went on to say—"I have heard, Sir Nathaniel, of what passed at divers times between this light and ungodly youth

and your daughter; and in particular of that stolen interview in the garden, after that you had strictly forbidden it,—and I marvel that a maiden does not blush to hear the name mentioned; but at the boldness of her words, and her charging this honourable youth with falsehood, I am wholly astounded. Truly, as my Lord Napier of Marchistoun holdeth, ‘The end must draw near, when not only men, but daughters, are despisers of parents, heady, high-minded.’”

“Traitors!” added Lucy to herself; but she repressed the word, and answered as calmly as possible—

“I am sorry if I have spoken hastily; but a charge has been made against two most honourable gentlemen, and there was no one to defend them.”

“And are you to do battle for men, Lucy?” said the Knight, sternly: “Even with the world it is not so; but men were used to defend the reputation of women.”

“There was no other defender, Sir: I would there had been. Once you would not have suffered such a slander to pass in your presence. O Sir, if you—”

But Lucy could not finish her sentence, but burst into tears, and left the table abruptly.

Lady Domville began—“The shameless, the brazen-faced—”

But Sir Nathaniel had been touched by his daughter’s indignant sorrow; and, ashamed and vexed with himself, he turned sharply on his wife, and executed his penitence upon her, as is not infrequent with husbands.

“No more of it, Lady Domville,” he said: “Lucy was my daughter before you were my wife. She has

been sorely tried, and we must shew mercy.—No more of this kind,” he added, turning to Prigge.

CHAPTER XI.

A GLOOMY SPRING.

SIR Edward Walker, Garter-King-of-Arms and Secretary of War, entitles the history of 1644 as “His Majesty’s happy Progress,”—but it began mournfully enough.

At Oxford, indeed, there was a great stir. Charles had summoned a Parliament thither, and it assembled January 22nd; but what his son could do, he could not; and the majority remained still at Westminster—the Parliament which success affirmed it to be. The Oxford Parliament endeavoured to treat, through the Earl of Essex, with his employers, but he would not transmit the letter; and in Clarendon’s judgment, his career of misfortune began from this time. Even if these measures at Oxford had been tending to any happier result, there was enough outside its walls to cause great anxiety.

The Scots had entered England, and the Irish army, from which so much had been hoped, was utterly broken under the walls of Nantwich. As the year advanced, however, things improved slightly, until the great complication, which we shall hereafter describe. First, the Earl of Newcastle saved the place from which he drew his title from the Scots, baffled

them in a siege, then offered them battle, and they dared not accept it. But for Fairfax, who defeated Colonel Bellasis, and threatened Newcastle's rear, that invasion might have been defeated, and the Scotch rebels crushed; but his advance compelled the Earl to fall back, and thus set the Scotch free.

Lent began on the sixth of March, and Basil's Jurements were at hand. He was scarcely equal to them, for a cough had begun with the cold spring winds, and had increased, in spite of all the directions of the Herbal, and of Fernelius, in which he had been dabbling, on the recommendation of George Herbert. Averroes the Saracen's Commentary on Aristotle, however, which lay open upon his table, shewed more thumbing than the Herbal. He had worked at rhetoric and logic as much as his health permitted, and as he was able to do, in the face of that constant interruption which he so dearly loved, when Gervase, now quartered in Oxford, tramped up the stairs in his heavy boots, and jingled with spurs and sword into the room. He would bring his arms when they wanted, or when he thought they wanted furbishing, and would sit chatting and polishing, until even Basil was sometimes half-vexed because of the loss of time thus incurred. Whenever he felt annoyed, however, he immediately checked himself with the thought of how soon he might lose his loved brother, and with some line from Homer about the shining arms of the old heroes, he would smilingly toss the oily rags which Gervase left about everywhere into the fire, and sweep up the sand.

Basil had obtained a new chamber-fellow, Henry

Bilson, a relation of the famous Bishop. He was but a boy ; although the period at which youths matriculated had been growing later before Basil's time—a tendency which war had probably forwarded.

Laud indeed, when Chancellor, declined the offices of one Crofts, who had started a riding-school in Oxford in 1637, saying that “the gentlemen there are most part too young, and not strong enough :” and again the Undergraduates are called boys in the following year ; but the age had been gradually increasing for a considerable period.

Henry Bilson, however, was but fifteen ; and very fortunate he was, considering the then state of Oxford, in having found such a friend and exemplar as Basil, whose abilities and character created respect, whilst his gentleness and affection produced a regard half filial and half brotherly in the boy whom he had taken in as his fellow.

It was raining heavily from the north-east, with that cold, persevering, heartless rain which comes to us from that dreary quarter, at that most trying season, alternating with long periods of dry, withering wind. Basil was cold, and was trying to warm himself by swinging a ponderous folio backwards and forwards—the very act by which Laud had strained himself for life. Every now and then he was checked by his cough, and then went on, lost in thought all the while.

As Basil was thus engaged, a well-known step was heard upon the stairs : Gervase entered the room, his face all radiant with joy, and presenting a marked contrast to that of his brother.

When he came in, he tossed his trooper's cap upon the table, took up Averroes, and threw it up and down as a ball, without speaking.

"What ails you, Gervase?" enquired Basil, in astonishment.

"And why," replied Gervase, "shouldn't I play at books as well as you, Basil?"

"O, you are free to do so; but it is not customary to see warriors either with books, or with balls, such as these."

"I wish some of my comrades played at games as innocent," replied Gervase. "But I know you are dying to know why I came, and why I am in such joy. *Concidi pæne*, as Master Prigge would say, for I met old Blunt in Northgate-street."

"James Blunt in Oxford?"

"Yes, and no other, if I am in my senses."

"That may be questioned.—Well?"

"Well indeed. Why he informed me how that he had come to see a relation who is dying, and had obtained admission in my name; and he brought word from Lucy that she is well, and faithful, and ever will be. And what more do you think?"

"Truly I know not. I should have thought that enough for one time."

"Nay, but it is not. Sir Nathaniel has married, and has also taken Miles Prigge into his house as a sort of secretary; for he writes many letters, and does much work of sequestration, and levying of imposts for Parliament.

"Poor Lucy!"

"No fear. I enquired; and James says she is well:

and although the new Lady Domville loves her not, yet she is afraid to shew it much; and Lucy spends her time as before.—But how ill you look, Basil! you have been fasting over-much.”

“No one less, Gervase. I cannot do it this Lent, as I used; and I feel quite ashamed when in hall the dinner is Lenten, as indeed it should be, and I cannot keep my Lent as I should.

“I am right glad to hear it, Basil. No one will suspect you of doing wrong, and the fellows would as much desire you to eat, as they would be unwilling to feast themselves at this season. And when do you answer at Juraments?”

“To-morrow. I told you so yesterday; but your head is so full of horses and swords, and your heart so full of Lucy. Wilt come and see me?”

“I cannot. I have to ride forth to Brill to-morrow upon some service: I know not what. So now good-bye.”

“May God keep thee, Gervase! Come and tell me thou art safe, when thou comest back.”

“I will: but I may be out for several days. Take care of thyself, Basil;—it needs even more.”

Scarcely had Gervase left the room when a knock was heard, and Dr. Baylie, the President, entered. Basil coloured with pleasure.

“I am come to see thee, my son,” said the good Doctor. “They tell me thou art overtasked, and underfed, and altogether ailing. How is it?”

“Well enough, Sir, I thank you,” replied Basil, “but for a cough; and this weather tries me.”

"And Juraments are at hand?"

"To-morrow, Sir."

"Aye, so I said. Fear not, you will do well enough. And now I come to bid you to supper on Sunday night, to meet one whom you will love to see."

"I thank you, Sir, most heartily. And who is to be your guest?"

"Dr. Henry Hammond."

"O, Sir, I shall indeed rejoice."

"I knew you would; and now let me enquire of your affairs. I know your worthy father is no more, and I much fear that you must be straitened for money. If so, suffer me to do a father's part, and to help a painstaking scholar, which has ever been the privilege of divines holding preferment in the Church, as you have read and heard before this."

"I thank you, Sir, most heartily; and I would not scruple to accept your bounty, if I had need: but my mother left some little money, and my kind brother has given me some which he obtained in the war as booty, and I want nothing at present."

"Well then, when you do, tell me, and it will be a happiness to me to supply you."

Scarcely had the worthy President left Basil's room, when another knock sounded. It was James Blunt, and it would have been hard for any bystander to decide which was most pleased to meet the other, he or Basil.

"Sit down, James," said Basil, "and I will send for some of our college ale: I know it is just the sort to please you."

"I thank you, Sir," replied James, seating himself; "but I have had some ale already, and would rather not take any more."

"Well, then, tell me at once all the news."

"O Sir," said James, "how Mr. Gervase is changed! He is all the soldier now; and yet not changed in no wise, but as gentle, Sir, and cheerful with one as ever."

"He is indeed," replied Basil, "I am proud and thankful to say, as good as ever. He has learned the soldier, and not unlearned the Christian."

"Ah! could Mistress Lucy but see him, Sir, she would fall in love all over again, I'm a-thinking."

"How is she, James?"

"Marvellous well. She took on very much after your father's murder, Sir, and once or twice at some matters with my master; but she is so peaceful and so good, that she makes rough weather clear up."

"And this Master Prigge, James? What does he? and how does he conduct himself to Mistress Lucy?"

"He is always about the accounts, Sir, with Sir Nathaniel; about the sequestrations and compositions of the loyal gentlemen, and the twentieths and the like of their new taxes as wouldn't pay tax to the King. As for his behaviour, he's rather friends with my Lady against Mistress Lucy. They hunts in couples; but she dont mind 'em, Sir, no more than I do, —only in a different way."

"What dost mean?"

"I means just this, Sir. I don't mind this Prigge, 'cause I despises him, but it vexes me to see him with

his airs; but Mistress Lucy don't mind him, because she's so good, Sir; so right straight in all she does, that she fears no evil, and is so happy here, Sir."—James placed his hand on his breast.

"I believe it, James. And tell her how rejoiced I am to hear of her, and that I think of her as well as my brother; and bid her fear nothing, for all will be right if we do right."

"I'm sure of't, Sir," said James with much energy; "a deal on't here in this world, and the whole on't in the next. But—I don't know, Sir, whether I should say it, but I must—so out it comes. I don't believe, Sir, that my master knows what my lady is. I believe there's something very strange, as 'll come out some day, and he'll repent on't."

"What makes you think so?"

"I hardly know, Sir. There's been a number o' little things; and just the same way as any sensible man could see with one look that Mistress Lucy's an angel, I can see that my lady's the contrary. I can't explain it, Sir; and if I was in a court, Sir, I couldn't depose nothing worth listenin' to; but yet I am wholly persuaded she'll turn out amiss, or there's no yew-trees at Beaconsfield."

"Is Sir Nathaniel dissatisfied?"

"Not as I knows, Sir: he's hardly ever at home now; and when he is, it's all about these Parliament affairs from morning to night. There's the beagles, Sir, never been out I don't know how long; and the other dogs, they 'll quite forget their own master. He's wholly changed, Sir, in that way."

"How about the new Vicar, James?"

"O he, Sir, he! he's just like a great big raven a top o' Wallingford Castle,—croak, croak, croak. My faith, Sir, but we're all going the wrong way, unless we agree with those rebels in Scotland. And then there's the Pope, Sir, Sunday after Sunday, and prelates, and deans, and chancellors, as if the Church was a hell. Old Michael, Sir, he was always a bit of a wag, and he says, if the bad place is to be made of ministers, he'd sooner have the scarlet ones than the black;—that's these black cloaks that they wears."

"Then he preaches in a cloak?"

"Lor, yes, Sir, a cloak just fit for a funeral. But he's better than many of 'em, and means very well; and he always speaks with great wrath of the murderers of your godly father, Sir. Mistress Lucy and he are always at one; and he uses the service, or most on't, pretty reg'lar."

"You are Sir Nathaniel's servant, James," said Basil, when he had heard the honest man out; "and I must not ask you to say or do anything underhand; and you wouldn't do it James, if I did: but this I charge you—if Sir Nathaniel's away at any time, and Lady Domville or this Master Prigge should trouble Mistress Lucy; if it's more than she can put up with, and she wants help, let me hear from you."

"I will, Sir: but I'd like to see Mr. Prigge say a word to vex Mistress Lucy, if James Blunt is by."

"We must not be hasty, James. Patience, patience, as you said yourself, and all will be well at the last."

"Aye, Sir, I believe it: and that's just what

Michael says o' the sermons now that goes over the hour."

"He means that the end comes at last."

"Just so, Sir," said James, grinning, as he took up his hat; and then repenting, as it seemed, of leaving one whom he respected so highly with a joke on his lips, he said, "We all hope, Sir, that you'll be our Vicar some day; and be pleased, Sir, to remember us now in your prayers, for we stand in much need. I don't feel as if I was the same man since your father died, Sir; and some of us are run wholly wild."

"I will, James: But God is the same, and we should be the same also in Him, not in men. Tell them James, if they loved my father, to observe his advice, and to cleave to the right way. Let us follow my father, James. He is at peace, although war rages here."

"Aye, Sir, I will try: and I would God I were worthy to be with him, and then that I might close my eyes presently, for I see nothing but evil."

"Mistress Lucy, James?"

"In truth, Sir, I should not have said it."

"She is supported, James, by her faith, and is kept peaceful and ever happy, and so also may we."

James looked intently at Basil, and seemed to cling to his words and looks, and to prolong the interview for the mere pleasure of seeing and hearing him. At last, however, he made up his mind to depart, and left Basil alone to his thoughts, for Bilson was out.

CHAPTER XII.

SWEET CONVERSE.

CHARLES had intended to do great things in the spring of 1644, but instead of this, he had to struggle for very existence. His first misfortune was the loss of a regiment drafted from Wallingford, to support Lord Hopton in Hampshire; and then the drawn battle of Alresford, which weakened that leader. But this was the least evil, for Rupert, who had been sent to strengthen Newark, was summoned by the Earl of Derby, then besieged at Latham; and immense levies were in process of being raised under the Earl of Manchester. Meanwhile, the Earl of Newcastle was besieged in York by the Scots and by Fairfax; and although he did not fear them, yet he was unable to carry on any offensive operations, and a danger was approaching which he did not suspect; namely, the approach of Manchester to unite with the Scots. This, however, is to anticipate the course of events.

Oxford was all in a bustle. Not only the studies, but the devotions of the place were broken up. In order to set some of the garrison free, the scholars were formed into two auxiliary regiments, under the Earl of Dover. They were not to be sent out of Oxford; but the drilling and exercises broke in upon the Holy Week, when thoughtful persons would desire to be in deep quiet and retirement.

Basil, although better, was not strong enough for this work, and so escaped ; and on Easter Monday, April 22, Gervase forced him to fulfil a promise which he had long plagued him to make, namely, to ride out with him for exercise.

Basil had not been on horseback since his first and last warlike expedition, when he went to succour his brother : and he insisted on riding very quietly,—to which Gervase consented.

The difference between the two horsemen was almost as great as that between male and female equestrians. Gervase was on his great war-horse, which pranced, and curvetted, snorted, foamed, and backed and sidled, and seemed longing for action. The picture of health and strength, and youthful ardour, the rider ruled his steed by power as well as by management, and seemed to rejoice with him in feeling like a charged cannon, all ready to go off—so much power in suspense. Basil, on the other hand, pale and thin, rode on a light palfrey, which Gervase had borrowed, governing it altogether by hand, and evidently not wishing it to come to a question of strength, for which he felt himself unequal.

Thus they rode forth past Christ Church to the bridge anciently called Grandpont, where they pulled up a moment to watch a barge which had come up from Reading,—and which was in some sort a novelty, for barges had ascended as high as Oxford for the first time in 1634.

Very different was the scene from that which now meets the eye. No gigs, nor skiffs, nor fours, nor eights lay alongside the banks ; nor was the river

speckled as far as the eye could reach with boats of one kind or another. All still and solemn, it glided through its sedges, like the "sail-less sea" of the poet.

The bridge itself was a relic of the middle ages. The end was protected by a gate-tower, old enough for the room above it to claim with reason the name of Friar Bacon's study. Through this gateway they passed, and rode gently towards Kennington, keeping the hill on the right. The woods were in their spring joys, clothing themselves daily more and more with Nature's bridal mantle of green. The grey old oaks rose above the budding thorn and the brushwood, themselves leafless, and only shewing by their swelling twigs that they designed to join in the festivities before long. They were like aged men who are led into the sports of youth to please those below them, and who lag somewhat behind. The ground was white in places, as if the snow had just fallen to check this joyous forwardness; but it was the wood anemone which glistened. Here and there the nightingale ventured her song, not with that fulness and continuance with which she pipes when the leaves are more dense and the air is more soft.

Instinctively the brothers turned their horses, and rode amongst the trees of the woods belonging to the College of St. John's. As they did so, they paused continually to listen to the nightingale, surprising them from some brake or bush. They were silent, and on looking at each other, each perceived that the other was sad.

"I was thinking of Marklands," said Gervase, in reply to Basil's enquiring eye.

"Of our happy boyhood," replied Basil; "never to return,—and of our blessed parents."

"Even so, Basil. We may conquer, we may prosper, but we can never see those scenes again. If I am ever Lucy's husband, they cannot witness my joy."

"Do they not behold that which is better? It is for ourselves that we grieve; and but for thee, Gervase, full gladly would I join them in those peaceful regions, if I might but behold that blessed vision, which is the joy and life of the saints."

"Sometimes I fear thou wilt do so, Basil, and wilt leave me here alone: thou art too good to live."

"O say not so,—say not so. He only knows how evil I am, Whose mercy is equal to His knowledge. And thou hast Lucy, Gervase."

"Yes; I have her love, and trust that she will yet be my wife: but without thee, Basil, I cannot bear to think of it."

"I also fear, Gervase, at each expedition of the regiment,—lest Phoenix should come back without a rider. Many, many sleepless nights have I had, and shall have, if this war continues."

"Yet I have not a fear of this kind; nay, scarce a thought of death. Sometimes I am afraid lest I may be too gay and thoughtless. I know not how it is; but when I am serious, it is either in prayer, or when I think of Marklands and my father, or when I ride back after battle, and see the dead and the wounded; but before the charge I am all impatience, just as we

used to be when we were at school, and it was time to go home. I am not brave, Basil, but thoughtless; a foolish boy, that is all."

Basil was not listening to his brother: a nightingale in the next thorn-bush had just burst forth in song, and trembled out her deep, clear notes with almost painful effort.

"How that bird praises God with all her strength," remarked Basil.

"A sermon to us, instead of a chant," replied Gervase.

"Dost remember my father's saying about the nightingale?"

"No; he spoke of such matters more to you than to me, Basil. I was all for play and sport."

"No, you were not. I think my father said the thought was not his own; but whether of Herbert, or of Francis, or John Quarles, all of whom he knew well, I know not."

"And what was the saying?"

"That the nightingale was the bird angelic by excellence; that the thrush sings Matins, the black-bird sings Vespers, but the nightingale alone sings Compline and Nocturns."

"At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto Thee," said Gervase, thoughtfully.

"Yes, but these sweet birds," replied Basil, "like the angels, rise not; for they sleep not. They remind us of those who rest not day nor night crying, 'Holy, holy, holy!'"

"Did not the Abingdon monks build hereabouts first?" enquired Gervase.

“I have been told so,” said Basil : “ somewhere touching upon the wood of Bagley.”

“ And they, too, are silent.”

“ What in the next life, Gervase ! Do they not sing, think you, still ?”

“ I erred, Basil. Surely the departed sleep in the body, but not in the soul,—sleep not from praise.”

The speakers fell into silence ; they rode side by side through the wood, and keeping on the top of the hill, when they reached it, they skirted Oxford on the west, rode over Boar’s-hill, Stone’s Copse, Cumnor-hurst, and Chawley-hurst, down to North Hinksey, in order to enter Oxford by the Castle. As they rode down the hill-side, and were drawing near Hinksey, Gervase said—

“ Basil.”

“ Yes,” he replied.

But Gervase said no more. At last, with evident effort, he resumed—

“ Basil, I must say it ; but I do not know whether I ought, or whether you will listen to me. We may march any day towards London to meet Essex, and may fight again at Newbury, or at Reading. It will be a struggle for life and death. If I fall, Basil, wilt thou take my place ? Wilt thou be to Lucy what I have been ? I know thou lovest her, and she loveth thee next to me ; and she would find none to comfort her equally.”

Basil was silent, and Gervase, gathering hope, proceeded—

“ Consider, Basil, how Lucy is left alone in life, if

I fall. That woman whom Sir Nathaniel has made his Lady will always be jealous of her, and will excite her father to displeasure about every little thing. And if there be a child to this strange marriage, then Lucy will be disinherited; and if I mistake not, it is for this very end that Sir Nathaniel hath married, that Marklands might never be mine."

"Gervase, you mistake my silence," replied his brother: "Thou knowest how I love thee; and none can know how I have loved Lucy, yea, and do still love her, or what it hath cost me to conquer my own heart; which of myself I could not have done. But now the sorrow is past, and the struggle is over: Lucy is my sister, as thy betrothed, and can be nothing more. I could not bear to feel towards her—your betrothed one—as if she could ever be mine. Would you wish it, Gervase, yourself? Would you that I should feel to Lucy as to one whom I might yet court and wed?"

Gervase was silent.

"I know you would not," answered Basil: "it would be most dangerous, and most miserable that I should regard Lucy Domville otherwise than as my brother's wife: and this I ever shall do. And if thou shouldst fall, Gervase, what a brother can do for those whom thou lovest, that will Basil do for thy sake, as well as for Lucy's. Perchance thou wilt say, 'What can this be? what can one do who has no bond of blood nor marriage to enable him to interfere, or to maintain any intercourse?' And truly I know not: but I would have thee leave this to Him to

whom we should leave all our cares. He who afflicts can also console ; He who leads us into the maze can also guide through it."

"You are right, Basil," replied his brother ; "right in every way, and always. I repent that I pained you."

"Say not so : all is love between us, Gervase. Never were two happier brothers,—never one so favoured as I."

"Thou mightest be a lover, Basil," replied Gervase, smiling.

"Nay," answered Basil, "I trust that Lucy speaks not so freely, and admires you not so openly, eh?"

Gervase laughed.

"What Lucy says I must not repeat. But she has not seen me in this gear, and mounted on Phoenix ; or who can answer for what she would say?"

"I could," replied his brother : "She loves Gervase Norman on horse or on foot, harnessed or unharnessed ; and will love him old or young, poor or rich."

"Scarred and maimed?—with and without a nose?—with but one arm?—a mere trunk?"

"Yes ; and you know it yourself. Lucy will love Gervase as long as his heart and his honour remain ; and that will they ever do."

They had now reached the town, and Gervase shouted to the guard for admittance.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NET.

THE merry month of May was anything but merry with the King or his friends. Upon the advance of Essex, he was obliged to fall back, and to dismantle Reading, expecting daily the siege of Oxford itself.

Lucy was also in trouble. Her father had been growing kinder of late, when one day Colonel Hawkins, from Greenland-house, a strong place below Henley, on the Buckinghamshire side, which had been recently garrisoned for the King, appeared at the head of fifty men, and cleared out the stables and fields of Marklands as completely as a Highlander could have done in a raid on the Lowlands. This made the Knight furious; and he went to Essex himself, and urged the reduction of the place with all speed. Major Skippon, however, who went from Henley to make observations, had his horse shot under him in so doing, and brought back such a report to Essex, that the order for storming the place was given up, and a siege determined on. For this purpose troops were drawn from the neighbourhood, and a brigade under Major-General Browne was to join them from London. The command of this force was offered to Whitelocke, probably in regard to the contiguity of his own place, Fawley-court; but, as he says, he "knew the height of the Major-General," and declined the honour proposed to him.

Essex pressed forwards to Oxford on the Berkshire side of the river. It had been decided to defend Abingdon if the enemy advanced from the east, on which side there were some fortifications and the river to guard it; but although Essex did advance upon that very point, Wilmot withdrew his forces, and before the King's messenger, Sir Charles Blount, could arrive to forbid this rash step, the place was evacuated, and Abingdon fell into the hands of Parliament, to become thenceforth a sort of Decelea to Oxford—a perpetual discomfort and injury.

By this means the whole of Berkshire, except some castles, fell into the hands of the enemy, and Charles was driven to the other side of the Isis. No sooner was this done, than Essex summoned Waller to come up with his army, and to enclose the King within Oxford. No help was at hand. Prince Rupert was in Lancashire; his brother Maurice was wasting his time in a fruitless siege of Lyme; and Charles was obliged to despatch one of his most trustworthy officers, Hopton, to secure Bristol against Waller, who had friends in that city.

On Monday, May 27, Waller's forces tried to cross the Isis at Newbridge; but were repulsed. Next day Essex crossed at Sandford, and marched to Bullingdon, where he drew up his army in sight of Oxford, and parties of horse rode almost up to the gates, and skirmished with the King's horse. Charles surveyed this scene from the top of Magdalen tower, and watched with anxiety the force and boldness of his enemies.

Next day Essex tried to cross the Cherwell at Gos-

worth Bridge, but was repulsed. He was now separated from Waller by the Isis, which he had crossed on the Tuesday ; and the King thought it worth while to try and recover Abingdon from Waller whilst he was thus separated from his colleague. Accordingly, the foot were drawn off and marched at night towards Abingdon, and the Earl of Cleveland, at the head of 150 horse, advanced into the town.

Gervase longed to be in this daring troop ; but he was quartered on the north side : and perhaps it was well for him that he was not there ; for although the Earl took some prisoners, and slew the Parliamentary commander, yet he was compelled to retreat, with the loss of Captains de Lyne and Trist, and his prisoners escaped. The attempt, in short, was a failure.

On Friday there was another struggle at Gosworth. Sir Jacob Astley commanded in person, and, by help of some earth-works, repulsed the enemy. Meanwhile Waller's men were occupied at Abingdon in destroying a beautiful cross which stood in the Market-place.

On the first of June a series of struggles took place along the Cherwell at Enslow, Tackley, and the Mills, and many men fell on both sides ; but the Royal positions were maintained. This, however, was not the case at Newbridge : Waller forced the passage, and turned the King's rear.

Next day, June 2nd, the King was at Woodstock, and his horse lay at Yarnton. Whilst there, he learned that Waller's vanguard was quartered at Ensham, and that the guard having been withdrawn from Gosworth Bridge, Essex had crossed the Cherwell, and was at Blechindon. A council was held at Woodstock,

when the danger seemed so imminent, that some of the King's friends advised him privately to surrender himself to Essex. Charles replied, that "possibly he might be found in the hands of the Earl of Essex, but he would be dead first." He then determined on a course of action, and fell back on Oxford.

Basil was in his place in chapel on Sunday evening: the Psalms were being cast from side to side, in holy emulation, by the choir:—

"Help me, Lord, for there is not one godly man left: for the faithful are minished from among the children of men."

Basil heard a clanging noise in the ante-chapel: he looked round, and saw Gervase, who had just entered. It was not like him to be unpunctual at service, and Basil feared there was something amiss. As he thought of it, the opposite side of the choir responded—

"Now for the comfortless troubles' sake of the needy: and because of the deep sighing of the poor."

And Basil reproaching himself, took up his part:—

"I will up, saith the Lord: I will help every one that swelleth against him, and will set him at rest."

After the service was over, the brothers went to Basil's room, and Gervase began—

"I came to take leave, Basil. The horse are all under orders, and we know not what is to be done; but we expect to have to cut our way through the enemy."

"God keep thee, my brother," said Basil, with the tears in his eyes.

"He will, Basil,—He will; unless it be His will I should fall in a glorious cause."

Basil could not reply: the brothers embraced, and Gervase was gone.

Next day the foot was marched through the town in the direction of Abingdon, to make a feint, and to draw Waller back over Newbridge. Then they were led back, and arrangements were made for the great sally.

Sir Jacob Astley was placed at the head of 2,000 picked musketeers, to join the horse at the rendezvous. Sir Arthur Aston was left in command, and with him the Duke of York, as a kind of surety or consolation to the nobles and residents during a siege, which the King promised to relieve as soon as he could. With him remained Sir Thomas Lunsford and Colonel Gage, with other experienced officers.

Every arrangement being made, the King and the Prince left Oxford at nine at night on Monday, June 3, on the north side, and passing through Woolvercot, Yarnton, and Handborough, reached Burford, where they halted and supped. After supper, with his little army of about 7,000, Charles pushed forward again, and crossing the Cotswold reached Burton, where he rested for a time.

Meantime the blind had been continued at Oxford. The foot marched on Tuesday morning again towards Abingdon, and Essex, who had sent some horse close to Oxford, to observe what was done, saw the colours standing as before, and felt assured that the royal bird was still in the net. Waller was the first to be undeceived on this head, and some of his horse fell on the stragglers of the King's force at Burford. Essex followed by Chipping-Norton; but Charles had gained

two days upon his foes, and at Burford, after conference, Waller was sent after the King, and Essex marched towards the West.

Thus the net was broken; the King had eluded his powerful foes: Essex had commenced the expedition which broke up his army and blasted his fame; and Waller followed vainly, whilst Charles baffled him by skilful movements, until the time came to turn upon the pursuers,—and Cropready Bridge was to Waller what Lostwithiel was to his rival, the proud Earl of Essex.

Whilst the King was absent, the garrison of Oxford was not idle. All the inhabitants were ordered to victual themselves for nine months, or to leave the place. Boarstall-house, which had been abandoned by the King when he was contracting his forces in the spring, had been occupied by the Parliament forces from Aylesbury, and was doing much hurt to Oxford by intercepting its supplies. This place the gallant Colonel Gage took at once, and garrisoned it again for the King.

The fear of a siege, however, daily diminished: Essex removed further and further off, and on June 20, within seventeen days after his leaving in such haste and peril, Charles summoned the foot from Oxford to meet him at Whitney, and Basil knew that the little army in which his brother was had returned without fighting. The brothers, however, did not meet; for the King marched upon Buckingham, where he waited for Waller: there he intercepted the waggons of the enemy, and would have been in good heart, had it not been for factions in his own army, and intrigues

by Wilmot, against Lord Digby and Sir John Colepepper.

From Buckingham the King's horse scoured the country. They had to be on their guard against the garrison of Aylesbury, but by vigilance they escaped from surprise. On one of their expeditions, Gervase and his troop rode within ten miles of Marklands, and he became nervous lest he should meet Sir Nathaniel, or be in any way accessory to increasing the breach, and adding to the discomforts of Lucy.

Unknown to Gervase, Lady Domville had presented her husband with a boy; and the exultation of the lady was somewhat more than maternal. For the first few days she managed to repress her triumph, out of shame; for Lucy had shewn her every kindness, and had watched over her, receiving little or no thanks in return. At last, however, she could contain her triumph no longer,—out it must come.

“Will not Sir Nathaniel rejoice,” she said, “when he returns from London, to see his little heir?”

“I doubt it not,” replied Lucy.

“And why do not you rejoice?”

“I have shewn no cause for you to doubt that I do.”

“O, I can see very well. If you had been pleased, you would have shewn it before this time.”

“I am pleased with that which pleases my father.”

“Aye, I dare say; very fine speaking! But I do not marvel that you are disturbed. It is very natural, quite natural;” and Lady Domville made the last word as emphatic as she possibly could.

"I do not know what you mean," replied Lucy: "you surprise me."

"Surprise, indeed! Why, of a certainty you must know why you are displeased; and if you will not speak yourself, I can speak for you. It's because you are no longer heiress of Marklands, and your fine Captain Norman will never be master here, come what will. Of course you are vexed: but it was all your own doing. Sir Nathaniel married for this very reason, because he would not have that malignant youth for his heir."

If it had not been for this last announcement, so singularly made, considering who was the speaker, Lucy would have replied, or left the room: but the whole idea was so new to her, that she stood amazed; and her adversary continued to triumph over her, as she thought, not seeing how she laid herself bare all the time, if Lucy had been in the mind to attack her.

"Yes, that was it," proceeded the lady; "Sir Nathaniel has said so himself fifty times. He could not turn you from your disobedient courses, and therefore he was compelled to protect himself as he could. He desired to have a godly heir to his house, and the Lord hath heard his request. Doubtless you thought I should be childless; but I can sing with the holy woman of old, 'My mouth is enlarged over mine enemies:' I see that you are speechless, and cannot answer. I foresaw how it would be, and Sir Nathaniel will know how to act if mine adversary continue to provoke me so sore."

"Lady Domville," replied Lucy, who had now recovered herself, as well as obtained a moment's quiet

space for reply,—“Lady Domville, you misjudge me: what has seemed strange to you in my manner whilst you were speaking, arose from my surprise at what you have said concerning the motive of my father’s marriage with you. I should have been loth to reveal it, had I been in your place; but I doubt not I have heard the truth from your lips. As for house and land, I care little for them: if I cannot have my father’s blessing in holding them, I am quite willing that they should pass to another. But whether you believe it or not, the matter is settled by God. I am no longer heir to these lands; therefore I trust you will henceforth regard me without any dislike: I shall not be in your way.”

“Dislike, forsooth! I shall inform Sir Nathaniel of your jealousy and your heat.”

“Heat there is none,” replied Lucy, colouring as she spoke, and feeling that she had unconsciously said more than was true: “But consider whether you have anything to accuse me of, I pray you, before you excite my father’s anger against me. I have striven to oblige you ever since you came hither, and to treat you with the respect and regard which is due to the wife of my father. During your illness I have served you with my own hands: you have all to your mind; your child hath this house and the land. Be it so; but let me have my father’s affection, and do not poison his mind against the daughter of a wife whom he once duly loved. I have not too much comfort remaining; leave me this, I beseech you,—leave me my father’s regard.”

Lucy was about to leave the room, for she could

not command herself, when she heard a step, and her father suddenly entered, hot and dusty from a long journey. She went up and kissed him eagerly, and then retired to her chamber.

She had not been there long before she heard her father's step at the door, and his hand on the latch. He came in, and sat down.* She expected to see him angry, but he was not: his manner was kinder than she had known it for a very long time, and approached even to tenderness.

"Lucy," he said, "Lady Domville has been telling me what passed between you. Perhaps you were wrong, and spoke with heat, although I scarcely believe it: but she doth you injustice. I know that you care not for house and land, unless it were for the sake of another. Lucy, Lady Domville has told you the truth. I married again because I would not that one of that party to which the Normans are affected should sit in my seat. God hath heard my desire: henceforth you are free. I cannot forward your marriage, nor will I suffer Gervase Norman to come hither during the war: and you, Lucy, would not think of going to him. What I mean, then, is this. I no longer forbid your marriage, when proper time and circumstance shall arrive, if ever they do; and if you would write to Captain Norman, as they now call him, I shall not forbid you; supposing you do not compromise me by sending or receiving letters to and from the enemy's quarters."

"I thank you," cried Lucy; "my father, my own father,—the same as you used to be," said Lucy, burying her face in his bosom, and hiding her tears.

“The same as I used to be, Lucy!” said the Knight: “that savours of blame; but perhaps I deserve it,—so say no more, say no more;” and kissing his daughter several times, he quitted the room abruptly, as was his way when his feelings and opinions moved him in contrary directions.

Lucy wept until she grew calmer; then she reflected on her altered position with more and more thankfulness, and recognised the reward of obedience, and the fruits of her filial piety.

On the very day that these conversations took place, and Lucy was released from her grievous restriction, Gervase was assisting in breaking the last meshes of the strategic net, and was hewing for himself a path of glory and preferment through the ranks of the enemy.

Waller had been reinforced, as well as Charles, since the seventeen days' chase; and he and Charles equally desired an engagement: they met at Banbury, and lay a night over against each other, parted only by the Cherwell,—Waller on Crouch Hill, and Charles' foot under Grimsbury Hill. On the morrow, June 29, the rival forces were moving in a parallel direction on the opposite sides of the river. The soft slopes gleamed with ripe grain, or as pastures blended their rich green with the still richer hues of the river-meadows below, which were shining like emeralds after fresh rains. Whilst the two armies were thus watching each other, and moving forwards in slow march, news was brought to the King that some horse were about two miles in advance, on their way to join Waller, and that by prompt action they might be cut off. Orders

were given in consequence for the van and centre to push forward, and the rear was consequently cut off from the rest of the army. Nor was this all. Between the centre and rear lay Cropready Bridge, which was guarded by some of the Royal dragoons. But no sooner did Waller perceive the mistake which had been made, than he sent forward Colonel Middleton, who forced the bridge with a body of 1,500 horse, 1,000 foot, and 11 pieces of cannon; and he himself prepared to cross the river at a ford lower down, so as completely to cut off the unfortunate rear.

This body consisted of 1,000 foot, commanded by Colonel Thelwell, and of the Earl of Northampton's and the Earl of Cleveland's brigades of horse. In the latter was Colonel Boteler's regiment, and therefore Gervase Norman.

At first Colonel Middleton carried all before him on his advance, and drove back the dragoons, and some infantry. The Earl of Cleveland, however, acted with vigour and ability. He drew up his men on rising ground, and faced a large body of horse, which was preparing to fall on his rear. These he charged, and pursued: but that pursuit placed him in imminent danger; for another body of horse was preparing to attack him before he had formed, and would have done so, had not Lord Berners Stewart, who had been despatched to his aid by the King, fallen suddenly on them, and put them to flight. This timely relief enabled the Earl to recover his order; and he drew up by an ash, underneath which the King had just dined.

"Hot work this, Captain Norman," said the Colonel,

raising his helmet, to ease his forehead: "but I think they have had enough."

"I hope so," replied Gervase; "but they seemed full of spirit."

"Like their master, a little too sprightly," said the Colonel: "Well, I hope they will fight, for your sake. You desire to do some great deed, I dare say. For myself, I am content, come what will. I would rather be at Barham's Court, with my dear wife and sweet little Oliver,—but that may not be; and so would some of my knaves here. Ho! Philip, don't you wish we were by the Medway, instead of this little ditch here?"

"That I do, Sir," replied Philip: "But I don't expect to see it again."

"Nor I," replied Sir William Boteler, in a low voice—so low that Gervase only just heard what he said. He was about to reply, when he saw the Earl riding rapidly along the line, and making observations as he went. Gervase looked: a large body of horse was advancing rapidly on them, and were lining the hedges: already they were within shot, and there was no time to spare. Word was given to charge: over ditch, and through hedge—on they dashed, into the very arms of the enemy, carrying all before them by the impetus of their charge. The peaceful scene before described was soon changed. In a few minutes the ground was stained and trampled: broken swords, lances, pistols, flasks, pipes, muskets, calivers, casques, smouldering matches, harquebusses, torn and trampled colours, lay scattered about. Horses lay plunging and screaming by their dead riders: wild shouts and cries

of men were drowned by volleys of musketry, and by the sharp ringing sound of the brass cannon, which had crossed the bridge, and of the other guns which were playing upon the King's troops from the opposite side of the river. Smoke was drifting away here, and hanging heavily there, over the scene of death. Horses were galloping away riderless: some were wildly flying, others fiercely pursuing,—all bent on destruction; cutting, hacking, shooting—slaying in every manner—God's noblest earthly creature, yea, the very image of God, under that God's bright sun, and blue, loving, embracing vault over them. Yet so it was; and the best man there had no time to lament, nor even to reflect, on the spectacle. Gervase kept side by side with his Colonel and half-a-dozen of his best troopers, pushing the advantage, and pursuing the fugitives, who dispersed rapidly everywhere, and made for the bridge. As they dashed onwards through another hedge, they found themselves suddenly in face of the guns commanded by Weemes, Waller's General of Ordnance, and once master-gunner of England for the King, on a salary of £300 a-year. Colonel Boteler rode straight at the man, who, with his own hand, pointed a leathern gun, charged with case-shot, and fired it on the little body as they approached. A man fell right and left of Gervase; and his right-hand companion was the Colonel himself. Gervase checked Phoenix, leaped down, and laid Sir William's head on his knee,—but the life was gone from him. He had left house and home, as he said, finally, and never saw the sweet glades of Kent again, nor the halls of his ancestors, nor his wife, nor his

only child, the little Oliver of whom he had spoken so shortly before his lips were sealed by that shot.

The battle raged round Gervase, but he did not regard it, until an almost stunning blow on the head roused him : it was a spent shot, which struck on his casque. He looked up : Phoenix was standing by him, and a few hundred yards further on he saw a dense body of fugitives, and the King's horse cutting at them behind. Gervase remembered his first achievement at Newbury, and the thought flashed across his mind that he might avenge his friend in like manner. He leaped on his horse, and dashed forwards : proceeding a few yards, he saw some of his men mounting Colonel Middleton, who had been taken, on a horse, and bidding him follow the enemy. He shouted to them that they had mistaken their man, but they did not hear ; and Gervase was too intent on his own object to stop : so the Colonel escaped—to the great amusement of his own friends, when he joined them.

Meantime with eagle-eye Gervase scanned the ranks of the fugitives, seeking his man. He perceived him ; but no longer under the same circumstances as when he first saw him. The fugitives had now reached the bridge, where a strong body of friends were stationed to receive them, and they began to rally in front. Gervase was not deterred : he swept on, cut down a man on each side, and raised his sword over Weemes' head, who lost his presence of mind, and did not even lift an arm to defend himself. A sudden thought darted into Gervase's mind, and changed it : he could not strike the defenceless ; and seizing Weemes with

his left hand, he cleft a path with his right, and actually galloped out of the crowd, dragging him off as prisoner, amid a shower of bullets, and not stopping until he placed him under guard of some of his men. The cannon which crossed the bridge remained in his hands, and amongst them the leathern guns, which sound so strange to our ears. They were first used at the siege of Leipsic, and were invented by Robert Scott, who died A.D. 1631, and lies buried at Lambeth Church.

The force which had crossed below, at the ford, broke before the Earl of Northampton, and re-crossed the river precipitately, so that the western bank was now entirely clear,—the King had won the day. When, however, Charles endeavoured to improve his advantage, he failed. He could not force the bridge, to attack Waller, as he desired ; and the two armies faced each other idly for the rest of the day from the opposite hill-sides.

Near Sir William Boteler fell his countryman, Sir William Clerke of Ford, who, like himself, had raised and supported his regiment. Like brethren they fought, and like brethren died ; only he left fewer to weep for him, and no orphan to need him. Charles felt that he had obtained an advantage,—although Waller, in his letter to Parliament, claimed it,—and sent Sir Edward Walker with the trumpet to offer pardon and favour to all who would lay down their arms. Events proved Charles right, for Waller's army dwindled down, after the defeat, to about half its number, and he ceased to be an object of anxiety. Indeed, if Charles had followed him up, he might have crushed

him entirely ; but he was too doubtful of Wilmot, and of the temper of his own troops, to venture on this.

Two days after the fight at Cropready, Gervase was summoned into the Royal presence. Charles was surrounded by his officers in council ; and Gervase stood unnoticed after he was introduced, and heard the King conclude the deliberations.

“ We are of the same mind, gentlemen, as before. The Queen must not be suffered to be alarmed by the forces of the Earl of Essex, and to hear his guns playing against the walls of Exeter. Moreover, the Prince Maurice, who was not strong enough to resist that army, has forces which will greatly strengthen our own : with them we may give battle to the Earl, and dissolve this confederacy, by God’s help. Our Council at Oxford shall be duly informed, and word shall be sent to the Queen, and into the West : and this gentleman shall bear our message to Oxford. Approach, Captain Norman.”

Gervase drew near.

“ Your name, Captain Norman,” resumed the King, “ is much in the mouths of my loyal officers and men ; first for a gallant action at Newbury, and now for a deed as brave and more serviceable, of capturing the traitor Weemes, who, in return for singular benefits, hath done us singular mischief. We are informed, Captain Norman, that you were much trusted and beloved by our lamented officers, Colonels Boteler and Clerke, and that their men love you, and would follow you anywhere : they shall be formed into one regiment, and you are their Colonel. Kneel, Captain

Norman,—rise Sir Gervase Norman ; and prepare to bear our instructions to Oxford.”

Gervase scarcely felt the Royal sword, and could scarcely believe the words which accompanied it. He murmured out something in his confusion, at which Charles good-naturedly smiled and bowed ; and Gervase left the presence, to be congratulated on all hands. But this did not please him. He escaped from the throng, went straight to his horse, and began conversing with him, stroking his sleek neck, and rubbing his ears. Then he thought of Basil's delight, and hastened off, walking at a prodigious pace, to the quarters of the King, for his papers, which in a few moments he recollected were not yet prepared. His friends gathered round him again ; and for awhile his head was turned, and he felt as if a career of glory and prosperity had opened before him. Alas ! he knew not to what a falling cause he adhered, and that at that very hour, and on that very day, July 1, the King's army having just won the field of Marston, was losing it,—that Newcastle's division was breaking, and the King's power in the North was crumbling into dust under the hoofs of Cromwell and Fairfax ; whose cavalry, unlike that of the Cavaliers, did not exhaust itself in one desperate charge, but kept together, rallied, and charged again, until their work was completed.

CHAPTER XIV.

MYSTERY.

BASIL was walking in the Groves when one of the college-servants came to him, and said that his brother had fallen from his horse in St. Giles', and had been carried to the "Catharine Wheel." He ran thither in much alarm, but found that Gervase had only dislocated his shoulder, and was no otherwise hurt. The truth must be told. Gervase was somewhat over-elated at his fortune, and with the thoughts of surprising Basil, and his Oxford acquaintance; and riding carelessly into the town, he did not attend to his horse, whose only fault was that he shied. The consequence was, that a quarrel between two dogs under the nose of Phoenix caused the new Knight to fall ingloriously into the dusty road, and to put out his shoulder.

Basil, at any rate, had no cause to regret the accident, for the effect of it was to detain his brother at Oxford when the King marched into the West: and Gervase could scarcely complain of want of service or promotion for the time during which he had left the college for the camp.

It is as difficult, however, to stand still in reputation as it is in fortune; and this Gervase found. Greenland-house was now suffering severely: it was pounded by guns from both sides of the river, and the

walls were crumbling away. It was proposed to relieve it by a united effort from Oxford and Wallingford, and Sir Arthur Aston offered to Gervase the conduct of the Oxford force, as a compliment. Gervase could not, and did not, decline it point-blank; but from unwillingness to be brought into personal conflict with Sir Nathaniel, whom he knew to be active in the siege, he appeared so backward, that the Governor with evident surprise withdrew his offer, and the command passed into the hands of another. Greenland-house was relieved, and the women who were in it brought off; but it was not defensible, and shortly after surrendered to Major-General Brown on good terms, and the Major was then sent by the House to command at Abingdon. In consequence of this circumstance a kind of cloud hung over Gervase, which he did not endure very patiently, but chafed and fretted, in spite of all that Basil could say by way of counsel or comfort.

In August a vigorous attempt was made upon Abingdon. A very large body of men attacked it from Oxford: but the plan failed; and Gervase, who was present, foolishly exposed himself to danger in order to recover his credit with the Governor,—and did not succeed.

Banbury Castle was now closely besieged; and it was not thought safe to risk anything for its relief. Bostal, or Boarstall, however, maintained itself; and was a terror to its enemies for a considerable distance.

September brought cooler airs, and with them the happy news of the dispersion of the great army of Essex at Lostwithiel. But it was too exclusively in the West

that the Royal cause prospered : it had been lost in the North, and had never held up its head at all in the East. In that direction, Basing-house must be considered Charles' advanced post, and he could not support it. The noble Marquis of Winchester, its owner, had now been besieged for some months, and the wants of the garrison were urgent. The Marchioness, who was at Oxford with her sister, the Marchioness of Hertford, pressed their claim, and the Council at Oxford were anxious to help, but the Governor opposed the design, as being too perilous. Nor was his opposition unreasonable. Basing-house was forty miles distant from Oxford, and the enemy had forces lying at Abingdon, Reading, and Newbury. At last, however, a message came from the Marquis that he could not hold out more than ten days, unless he were relieved, and a fresh council was held on the matter. At this council, Colonel Gage, who had retaken and fortified Bostal, and who had been left behind by the King to assist in the defence of Oxford, as a man of singular valour and skill, offered to undertake the relief of the Marquis. This offer was accepted, and the Colonel proceeded to form his party for the expedition in hand. He did so by taking Colonel Hawkins' regiment, which had recently evacuated Greenland-house ; and including the servants of the nobles at Oxford, mounted on the steeds of their masters, and some volunteers, amongst whom was Gervase, Gage sallied forth at the head of 400 foot and 250 horse, as it began to grow dark.

Next morning they reached a wood near Wallingford, where they halted to rest ; and the Colonel sent a message to the Governor of Winchester, to co-operate

with him according to a former engagement, by attacking the enemy at the same time in an opposite quarter.

Gervase rode next to Colonel Gage, who had long been one of his heroes, and with whom he was proud to be acting. The Colonel, however, would have been better without him, for a worse mistake of the head man never made than poor Gervase. It was this. In the morning after their rest in the wood, the whole party pushed forwards towards Aldermaston. Gervase, however, and some fifty horse were sent on as an advance guard, and arrived there before the main body. Before leaving Oxford, the orange scarfs and ribbons had been assumed as a blind; and so far, if any one had seen them, he could not have doubted that they were a Parliamentary body of troops: but when Gervase and his troopers were entering Aldermaston, he observed some rebel horse, and forgetting the disguise, and the importance of secrecy, he charged them at once, killed some and took others, and never thought of the consequences until Colonel Gage arrived on the spot, nor dreamed that already a messenger had been despatched to warn the besiegers.

When the Colonel came up and found what had been done, he bit his lip, and looked exceedingly vexed, but said nothing in public. Gervase felt this kindness the more, because some of the volunteers abused him in no measured terms; and he was so vexed with himself at the thought of the harm which his folly might entail, and of the annoyance which he had caused to the Colonel, that he did not think of the further trouble which awaited him when Sir Arthur Aston, who had opposed the whole expedition, and

who had never forgotten the former unpleasantness, should hear of this boyish and unsoldierlike action.

The little force of Colonel Gage rested at Aldermaston, and then pushed forward, the cavalry alighting from time to time in order to rest the foot, until they arrived within a mile of Basing, between four or five on the second morning after their departure from Oxford. There they heard from Winchester that they could have no aid from thence, and Colonel Gage was obliged to give up his plan of attacking the besiegers in several places at once. Before advancing any further, he made his men bind something white round their right arm, gave them their instructions, and the word "St. George." Then in three divisions, but together, they approached the lines of the enemy. The Colonel was in the centre, and Gervase was with him.

They had not gone far, however, when they discerned a body of horse drawn up to oppose them; and perceived that two hedges well lined with musketeers lay between them and the foe. Through these they charged, receiving the enemies' fire, and then fell upon Colonel Norton's horse, and after a sharp struggle, drove them from the ground. The first, however, disputed the passage hedge by hedge, and not until after two hours' fighting did the relieving party find their road clear to the house. Gervase was astonished at the size and strength of the Castle, especially at the broad, deep moats which encompassed it. He had seen no private house to compare with it: and it seemed likely to resist its besiegers indefinitely, if only supplied with ammunition and food. Of the former, Colonel Gage could only bring twelve barrels of

powder, and 12 cwt. of match; but he proceeded at once to provide concerning the second. Leaving a hundred foot to go to Basing, he proceeded to Basingstoke, where he found provision in abundance, and spent all the day in transporting it: the besiegers not venturing to interrupt his proceedings. Powder and muskets and live stock were added.

Meantime the foot had taken Basing, captured two officers, and driven the rest of the enemy within their defences.

Next day Colonel Gage spent in like manner, and having brought in two months' provision in all, he began to think of retiring. But this was no easy matter. Colonel Norton had strengthened himself, and Aldermaston, and two other villages which lay in their march, were already occupied by the enemy: a ruse, therefore, was necessary. Colonel Gage ordered the neighbouring villages to send in corn by Friday at noon, but he himself left quietly on the previous night, and fording the Kennet where it was unguarded, and the Thames at another point, he reached Wallingford Castle, where he rested his men, and next day came to Oxford,—having lost but eleven men in the whole expedition, and having gained a reputation for skill and for courage which had not been surpassed in the war.

If Gervase had been vexed, Lucy also was greatly perplexed and dismayed during the period which we have reviewed. Miles Prigge had returned to Marklands after a long absence on Sir Nathaniel's business, closed by a sojourn in London. When he did so, Lucy was astonished at the difference of man-

ner which she observed in his treatment of the new Lady Domville. At first, Miles Prigge had been very subservient, and had assisted her in persecuting Lucy, whenever she was disposed so to do. Now, however, the tables were turned. Towards Lady Domville he had a familiar, half-intimate, half-imperious manner, which was very offensive; whilst to Lucy he was respectful, and would have been attentive, had she permitted it: but her dislike and latent contempt seemed to check rather than to extinguish a desire to please.

More than this. Several times Lucy had seen Lady Domville conversing privately with Prigge with great earnestness, and had observed several gestures of familiarity, which left a most uncomfortable impression behind them. Only against any suspicions which might have arisen, there was not only Lucy's natural unwillingness to entertain them, but an expression of dislike which she perceived in Lady Domville whenever she was with Miles Prigge.

At first, Lucy thought that it was best to dismiss all thoughts on the subject, and she endeavoured to do so; and had nearly succeeded, when a circumstance took place which not only alarmed her, but perplexed her about her own course of action.

Marklands Court was a quadrangle. The long gallery occupied the centre, stretching eighty feet across the building, and the two gables which ended that face of the house were occupied respectively by Lady Domville and Lucy. Starting from the gable which Lucy occupied, a passage ran along the west side of the house, into which various chambers opened, and amongst them that of Miles Prigge, so that Lucy

frequently met him when she came out of her own room, or was going to it; but except as mistress of the whole, Lady Domville had no concern with that side of the house.

Miles Prigge was away: he was gone to Thame on some business; and Lucy knew this. She had therefore no scruple in following her favourite ring-dove, which had escaped from its cage, first down the gallery, and then, when it flew thither, into Prigge's room. To her astonishment, she found Lady Domville there before her, intently occupied in turning over Prigge's papers, which she had taken out of a black ebony cabinet, the doors of which stood open right and left before her. She did not even perceive Lucy, who secured her bird, and left the apartment as silently as she entered.

This was sufficiently strange; but next day the mystery deepened. Lucy was walking inside the yew-hedge, in which Gervase had concealed himself in his memorable ride, when she heard steps and voices more and more plainly. They were those of Lady Domville and Prigge, and the tones were sharp and high, especially considering the subject which was in dispute.

"I protest I know nothing concerning it," said the lady.

"I protest that there is not a fool in Buckinghamshire who would believe you," was the civil reply.

"Not even Mr. Miles Prigge?" said the lady.

"No, nor Mrs. O'Bryan."

"Hush! some one will hear."

"Hear! and what should they hear, but that which

is true? I am true to those who are true; but those who open cabinets, open secrets withal."

"I opened none, I say."

"You did: the key shews it; the key is in the lock even now, and will not come forth. It is yours."

"It is not."

Lucy could not hear the reply, but the tone was sharper and higher even than those which preceded. Indeed, she doubted whether she ought to have listened so long; but she had been chained to the spot by surprise, and when she came to deliberate, she could not condemn herself; for what ought her father's wife to say to one in Miles Prigge's position, from hearing which his daughter was bound to withdraw herself?

Conscience, then, soon acquitted Lucy on this head; but when she came to consider whether she ought to inform her father, or not, of what she had heard and seen, she was doubtful at first; but at last came to a decision, and the reader will judge whether rightly or wrongly. She considered that she had seen what amounted to great indiscretion, and what her father would either disbelieve, if informed of it, or would be unable to investigate satisfactorily. She decided, therefore, to keep her eyes open and her lips closed, until she could speak with some hope of being of use to her father.

CHAPTER XV.

FALLING REPUTATION.

THE King now returning from the West, desired to rescue Donnington Castle, near Newbury, as well as Basing and Banbury. By the time, however, that he reached Donnington, Colonel Horton, its governor, had beaten off the Earl of Manchester, and the only task which remained for the King was that of knight-ing the Colonel.

Meantime Oxford was suffering severely. On the 6th of October, a soldier who was employed in roast-ing a pig managed to occasion a fire, which consumed St. Ebbe's and all the south-west side of the city. The day after this, Brown from Abingdon fired Botley Mill, and ravaged all the country round with impu-nity. The irritation inside the town was as great as at Athens when the Spartans came to Acharnæ, and part of it fell upon Gervase.

Lucy had been free for some time to write to her lover, and she had done so once, but her letter never arrived. Receiving no answer, she began to grow un-easy, and at last resolved to send a special messenger of her own with a letter. Accordingly she wrote, and looked out for a Mercury. Her choice was dis-creet; but unfortunately, the day before he left, John Blunt, the nephew of old James, fell ill; and he per-suaded Lucy with some difficulty to let him substitute a cousin of his in a neighbouring village, of whom

Lucy knew nothing but what John Blunt told her, which amounted to no more than that he was an honest youth, and had brains enough for the job.

All this did not take place without coming to the ears of Miles Prigge, who made it his business to know everything that everybody was doing. He thought over the matter, and considered whether he could derive any advantage from the affair. If he could get rid of Gervase Norman, he would certainly have his revenge, and possibly might advance another design which his vanity did not allow him to see was wholly impossible. After deliberation, Prigge formed his plans, met the messenger on his way, and by the present of a crown persuaded him to undertake a little more business.

It was on the morning of market-day that a Buckinghamshire rustic obtained admission for himself and half-a-dozen fat geese which he brought in for sale. Once in the market, he soon disposed of his geese, and then proceeded to enquire for Gervase's lodgings in St. Giles', until he had found them.

Gervase was playing at backgammon with a comrade; and a rattling foolish lad, whom he only tolerated out of good-nature, was standing looking over his shoulder, singing odd stanzas of Cavalier tunes, and whistling, or rapping with his sword on the floor, as much to the annoyance of other men's sense as to the occupation of his own folly.

Widow Burder, who kept the house, disturbed their proceedings by announcing that a countryman wished to speak with Sir Gervase.

"He will not say, Sir," said the woman, "whence

he comes nor what he desires, and will see no one but you, Sir. Lork, Sir, he did look astonished when I called you Sir Gervase. He must have known you, Sir, afore you was knighted."

"And what is that to thee?" replied Gervase, colouring with anger at the woman's forwardness, and with eagerness to see the messenger: "Bid the fellow to wait."

"Please you, Sir, he says he can't wait, as he has to go further before the sun sets."

"Pshaw!" said Gervase, impatiently: but he rose and followed Mistress Burder down-stairs. On reaching the kitchen, where the messenger stood, Gervase saw a raw country youth, whom he did not remember, and asked him abruptly his business.

"I'se a word for your ear, Sir, in private," replied the messenger, undaunted.

"Private, indeed! Well, come out, then, into the yard: that'll do for thee, I presume." Gervase felt that he was speaking incautiously, and vexed with himself and the man, he went out without shutting the door.

When they were in the courtyard, Bill Currer, the messenger, looked round, and seeing no one, he pulled up his smock, dived down with his hand into his trousers, and brought out a letter. Gervase saw that it was from Lucy, and seizing on it eagerly, thrust it inside his doublet; and taking some silver, gave it to Bill, who received it gravely, and deposited it with care in the place from which he had drawn another letter.

"But I'se another," said Bill, "if I could but find

him. Lork, what can a' become on him? Here he is. No 'tain't, naither: that's a wrong un. I'se been and lost it. I don't now what he'll say to me."

"Who?" enquired Gervase: "Who gave it to thee, —Sir Nathaniel?"

"Noa, noa, 'twan't he, Sir. But best say nout, as 'tis gone."

Gervase could not get him beyond this, and was obliged to dismiss him without anything further than a promise that he would search again for the lost letter at the little inn where he was to dine, and wait whilst Gervase was replying to the letter which he had safely conveyed.

Gervase now retired to his chamber to read his letter, and kiss it, and read it again, leaving his former companions waiting, and wholly forgetting their very existence. Even when he did remember them, he only looked into the room to say he had some business, and must leave them to amuse each other until his return; and then started for Basil's room, where he intended to write an answer in peace.

Next morning, before he had breakfasted, Gervase was under arrest, and was standing before the Governor, who also had not breakfasted, and perhaps was none the more good-natured on that account. Moreover, he winced from time to time with pain, for his leg had been recently amputated, after a severe fall from his horse. Several officers were in the room, some of whom bowed coldly to Gervase, and others kindly, and with an expression of confidence.

"I am sorry, Sir," said Sir Arthur, "to take such measures with an officer of whom his Majesty, with

his usual kindness, thought so highly as to honour him suddenly with knighthood for a slight passage of arms."

"I beg to enquire, Sir," replied Gervase, with some warmth of manner, "why I am brought through the streets like a criminal, and all the kennel staring at me the while?"

"You shall hear, Sir, soon enough: keep silence, and you shall hear. You are accused, Sir Gervase Norman, of holding correspondence with the enemy. Once before, when I would have sent you to the relief of Greenland-house, you were backward in the business; and now you have received letters from the house of Sir Nathaniel Domville, who is an arch-rebel, and have entered into some design with Major-General Brown, as he calls himself."

"I have received a letter, Sir," replied Gervase, "from the daughter of Sir Nathaniel, to whom I am betrothed, but on no matter of state; and of Major-General Brown I know nothing."

"The messenger," proceeded the Governor, "who came to you, was taken, going out towards Abingdon, and this letter found on him; and moreover, he was heard to say that he had lost another letter addressed to you, which doubtless explained the part you were to play in the game. Listen, Sir;" and Sir Arthur Aston read the following letter aloud:—

"SIR,

"If you will be at Godstow on the evening after this reaches you, with 300 foot and 100 horse, you will there find Sir Gervase Norman awaiting you, and will render good service;

and hereafter will thank me for assisting you in a matter so much for your honour and advancement.

“Your faithful servant,

“MILES PRIGGE.

“*Marklands Court,*

“*Oct. 12, 1644.*”

Gervase smiled.

“You laugh, Sir,” said Sir Arthur angrily.

“I smiled, Sir, at the remembrance of Master Prigge, and at the thought of his plot, which I can see through.”

“You can, can you? Well, then, you will be so good as to explain it for his Majesty’s service.”

“Mr. Miles Prigge, Sir, oweth me a grudge; and I doubt not that the letter which is lost was to entice me to Godstow, where Major-General Brown might take me in a trap, and as many of the King’s servants as might be with me.”

“So I suppose, Sir,” replied the Governor, “there is no question but that whatever force you might take was to be surprised: but the question is touching yourself.”

“I hoped that my name had been above such questions,” replied Gervase; “but if not, I shall be silent.”

“How comes it, Sir, that you questioned the man so strictly for the letter, and insisted that he should search for it; and all this in private, when you supposed no one heard or saw what passed between you?”

“Who is my accuser?” enquired Gervase.

“Bring in Mistress Burder,” said the Governor.

Mrs. Burder entered with a profusion of curtseys, and said, “Hope no offence, Sir.”

“Attend, woman,” said Sir Arthur: “Say what you saw and heard, and no more, and no less.”

Mrs. Burder looked round, and smirked and curtsied to all the officers in the room, even to Gervase, and then began—

“I hopes no offence, Sirs; but I doesn’t quite agree with my neighbour, Mistress Trip, who’s always a saying, ‘Everyone to himself,’ and ‘Least said soonest mended,’ and the like of those sayins. I call ’em selfish, Sirs, I does. I’m for each one doing what he can ’cording to his light and his power; and though I be a poor widow woman, thinks I, if I can serve his Majesty, Kitty Burder’s not the woman to refuse. So—”

“No more o’ this. Say what thou didst hear,” exclaimed the Governor, angrily.

“No more o’ this! In course, Sir, I can hold my tongue, if I choose.” And the widow pursed up her mouth, and was silent.

“I doubt it,” replied the Governor, sharply: “but go on, and have your say out, if you must.”

“To be sure, Sir, to be sure; that I will, depend on’t. Kitty Burder’s not the woman to say more nor less than is needful; certainly not. Well, Sir, I thought this messenger a dangerous character; so I marked him well, and followed him: and while he went into the yard with Sir Gervase, I just got behind the door, and heard them as plain as you hear me now.”

“That must be very plain,” remarked one of the officers.

“Then, Sir,” proceeded the widow, without noticing the interruption, “he takes out one letter, and gives

it to Sir Gervase, who puts it into his doublet in haste, and gives the man money. And the man says somethin' about another letter, and feels for it, and tries to find it, and can't; and Sir Gervase presses him to search,—but it was all to no purpose. And then they agreed where the man was to wait for an answer, and off went Sir Gervase to write it somewhere else,—not in my house, Sir, I can tell you."

"What have you to say in answer to this, Sir?" asked the Governor.

"Nothing, Sir. I have said that I received a letter from the daughter of Sir Nathaniel, and the man who brought it spoke of another letter, which he could not find; and I make no doubt it was from the same writer as that to Major-General Brown, and for the purpose of drawing me into some snare."

"Well, Sir, this must be looked to. You will lie under guard at the Castle for the present: and you may think yourself fortunate in not being hung up at once, like Blake, on the oak between here and Abingdon. It was just such another business, Sir Gervase;—letters from the enemy, nothing more. What say you, gentlemen?" and Sir Arthur turned to his officers.

"I entreat you, Sir Arthur," said a gentleman who had lately entered the room, "to do nothing hastily. This gentleman is a most honourable person, and a gallant officer; and his Majesty will be greatly displeased if he hears of it."

"I am obliged to you, Sir, for your advice. His Majesty made me Governor of Oxford, and not you,

Colonel Gage. Ingold, remove Sir Gervase Norman, and convey him to the Castle."

Colonel Gage's interference had sealed Gervase's fate with the testy veteran, who was very jealous of that rising officer.

"May I suggest, Sir," said Gervase, on leaving the Governor's room, "that you should send the letter to Abingdon, and have a force ready to entrap the Governor at Godstow?"

Sir Arthur made no reply. Gervase looked at the officers assembled, and observed several of them turn away as he did so. Colouring with anger, and biting his lip, he descended the stairs, and was conducted at once to the Castle.

It was not long before Basil heard of this strange affair, and he hastened to see his brother. He was admitted at once, and found Gervase furious. Very wisely, he did not attempt to check him at first, but heard all he had to pour out of invective against the Governor, and the time-serving officers who, by their cold looks, had indorsed his injustice. Then, when Gervase had a little exhausted his anger, Basil put in his word of consolation, and spoke to him of One who was more falsely accused, and of just dealing made as clear as the noonday in good season. Gervase listened patiently, and then thankfully; and before Basil left, he promised to forgive and be calm.

Next day Basil brought Dr. Baylie with him; and the Doctor, who had never ceased to love Gervase, and to take pride in his success, spoke to him as to his son, and before he left said—

“ Pardon me, Sir Gervase, but it seemeth to me as if this were the very thing which you needed.”

“ How, Sir ?” enquired Gervase.

“ I only knew of one fault in you, and that was impatience ; and this hath hardly quitted you yet. Dost remember the matter with Matthew Brooks ?”

Gervase coloured, and said, “ Yes, Sir, I ever shall : I was much to blame for striking the poor man, and I remember it to my shame.”

“ And the error at Aldermaston ? Was it not in some sort alike ? Impetuous, headlong youth brooks no check. Is it not so ?”

“ I think, Sir, that was folly and want of thought,” replied Gervase.

“ Be it so ; and yet not without impatience, I think, and young fury. Believe me, this is sent to teach you patience and command of self ; and so to make you greater than him that taketh a city.”

“ The Doctor is right,” said Gervase to his brother, when he was alone with him : “ ’twill do me good ; and the first proof shall be, I will forgive Mistress Burder, and bear with her tongue : I will not leave her lodgings, as I intended to do.”

“ I also am impatient,” said Basil.

“ You, Basil ! you are as gentle as a woman.”

“ And as fretful as some women are. Nay, Gervase, you do not know me. My sorrow and your anger have the same root, after all : we do not submit. You are wroth ; I despond and complain. There is one cure for all,—that which Moses cast on the bitter waters of Marah, the Tree of which that tree was the type.”

Gervase looked at his brother, and his eyes filled with tears. They embraced ; and Gervase was left alone to his thoughts.

This was not for long. In a short time Colonel Gage came, and then another friend, and then another. All were full of indignation, and all full of sympathy. The pressure of public feeling increased : on the evening of the third day Gervase was liberated, and the matter was dropped.

CHAPTER XVI.

FRUITS OF TRIAL.

“ **S**HE will be the death of me ; I shall certainly die of it,” exclaimed Gervase, bursting into his brother’s room, and throwing himself down in fits of laughter.

“ What ails you, Gervase ? ” enquired Basil, in astonishment.

“ Widow Burder ails me, Basil : I am dying of Kitty Burder.”

“ Not of love, then ? ”

“ No ; of laughter.”

“ Tell me, I pray.”

“ Tell you ! I have no breath. Well, then,—ah me ! There, now I will try. You know the woman. She waited for me at the door, smiling almost across the passage. Such a smile ! a yard long, I declare. Then she must needs follow me up, and begin. Let

me see. I should say it is half an hour since she began, and I came hither straight from her."

"And what did she say?" said Basil, closing his book.

"Say! what did she not say? She said that she was so grieved; it went to her heart, that it did,—that she had never done so before: and then, after a little time, that I must not take it amiss, for it was only what she had done to Dr. Style, when he lodged at her house. Then she said it was for the King's sake; and that she could never have done so for herself, or for any private advantage: and yet that really it was very needful sometimes to act in this way; for once she had listened to a servant, and it saved her from being robbed. But the best thing of all is, that she has offered me a hot supper every night until Christmas without charge, to make amends for the past."

"And what did you say then?"

"Oh, I told her I quite forgave her, and only begged her to knock at my door next time she was going to listen, just to let me know in time; and she did not perceive the joke, and promised she would."

"And for the supper?"

"Oh, I accepted it; it was such a jest. I know she'll soon give it up, and make some excuse to be free."

Basil laughed almost as much as his brother; but suddenly there was a knock at the door, and when Basil opened it Colonel Gage entered.

"Ah!" he said, bowing to Basil, "the brothers always together; it is quite a proverb among us. The

‘two Normans’ means ‘sworn friends, inseparable companions.’ I know not whether you will pardon my errand: I come to propose another ride to relieve the besieged, but of a different nature.”

“I thank you, Colonel,” said Gervase, brightening up: “I want to ride off my rheumatism, which I caught in the Castle, and to shew you how prudent I am become.”

“Well, I do not think you shewed much want of wit, or Sir Arthur much abundance of it, about the Godstow ambush. We might have caught Brown, and had him safe in the Castle by this time, instead of loyal knights like Sir Gervase Norman. The idea of his comparing you with Blake, who was found with letters from the Earl of Essex, after the battle at Keinton! that passed everything! We should have had a Norman’s Oak, as well as Blake’s Oak, between here and Abingdon, if any one could have been found to encourage the Governor in his folly. ’Tis a pity; for he is an excellent officer, and a right loyal subject.”

“What is the expedition?” enquired Basil, who thought chiefly of this all the time the Colonel was talking.

“To Banbury. It is now twelve weeks since that Castle has been beleaguered, and it is at the last extremity: they have eaten all the horses but six; and Sir William Compton, who hath so nobly held it, and repulsed every attempt to storm it, has reported that he cannot continue. The King has permitted the Earl of Northampton to take three regiments to relieve his brother; and I am to meet him with some

forces out of this town, and together to break up the leaguer. You will ride with us?"

"Most gladly," replied Gervase: "But I think I shall return, if I live, with the Earl of Northampton, and join my old troop, if any of it remain."

"As you will."

"It is very kind of you, Colonel Gage, to desire me to accompany you, after my error at Aldermaston."

"Say no more of it: I am sick of the subject. Come and sup with me."

"A noble gentleman," remarked Basil, when Colonel Gage left the room.

"A hero, a hero!" said Gervase, emphatically: "I wish he was one of us."

"Is he not?"

"No; he is, like Sir Arthur, of the Romish religion. I have often thought, Basil, how nobly they of that faith are behaving. See Sir Marmaduke Langdale, and the Marquis of Winchester, and the Marquis of Worcester."

"Noble instances, certainly, but scarcely nobler than our lamented Lord Falkland, Sir Beville Granville, or the Comptons, or Hopton, or Capel, and many others whom we still possess. Nor can I marvel at that party supporting the King to the last, for he alone would shew them mercy, if he safely could; and, moreover, they have regard to the Queen."

"True; the King favours them in his heart."

"Yes; the Parliament always speak of this matter, and demand to have those of that religion dismissed from the army, and the laws put in force."

"Cruel laws, Basil."

“Most cruel and unjust, in my judgment; but wiser men than I think otherwise. God knows,—but it does not seem to me that persecution either answers its end, or deserves so to do.”

“Neither does it to me. But I must go down to the ‘Mitre,’ to see Captain Enys, who desires to buy of me that horse that I won in the skirmish at Kennington.”

The Oxford force, under Gage, joined the Earl of Northampton, who had left the King at Newbury, in company with Langdale and Gerrard. They rested at Adderbury Oct. 24th, and next morning proceeded to Banbury, where they beat the besiegers, as the Duke beat the French at Vittoria, in the town, and out of the town, and all round the town; putting Lord Say’s son, Fiennes, to flight, capturing baggage and ammunition, and a good number of prisoners. The relief was timely, in the strict sense of the word; for the garrison had only two horses left.

Whilst the Earl of Northampton was pursuing the enemy, Colonel Gage and Gervase went to the Castle, and Gervase saw the heroic Sir William Compton, who had so nobly defended the place, and who was afterwards shut up in the famous leaguer of Colchester. Gervase himself had shewn considerable skill as well as bravery in action outside the town, and was now in high spirits at having recovered his former *prestige*.

The relief of Banbury was, however, in some sort a hurt to the King; for Parliament having received private information of the weakness of his army on its return from the West, despatched forces nearly double the King’s to overwhelm him at Newbury.

Then Charles, too weak to begin with, was further reduced by the absence of the Earl of Northampton; and nothing but signal bravery in his army could have prevented the attack made on him at Newbury from being destructive.

The gallant Earl of Cleveland, however, was made prisoner, Goring and Sir Humphrey Mildmay both lost a son, and a quantity of the Royal ordnance was taken. Charles abandoned the field of action by night, and his forces took refuge unperceived, under the shelter of Donnington Castle on the one hand, and of Wallingford on the other. Meantime the King departed in haste, in order to effect a junction with Rupert, Gerrard, and Langdale; and then uniting with the Earl of Northampton, whilst returning from Banbury, Charles reached Oxford from Cirencester on the first of November, where, to the great joy of Gervase, who was always ashamed of his title when in company with his friend, he knighted Colonel Gage. Then drawing some more forces out of Oxford, under Gage, he made a rendezvous on Bullingdon-green, Nov. 6; and thence, at the head of some 11,000 men, marched back to recover his artillery from the protecting embrace of Donnington Castle.

On the 8th the King reached Newbury, and passed into Donnington, where he staid. On the 10th he offered battle to the enemy, but they did not respond; and Charles then proceeded to Marlborough, where he deliberated whether he should not march to Basing-house, and relieve it in person. There could be no doubt who was to conduct this expedition when Gage was in the camp, nor could

Gervase hesitate to accompany him. Accordingly, another ride was agreed on, but upon a different plan. The King marched back to Hungerford, and from thence 1,000 horse rode for Basing, each man carrying his bag of provision for the besieged. They had a narrow escape, for in the meantime the whole army at Newbury had marched upon Basing, hoping to terrify it into submission; and failing in this, they abandoned the siege, so that Gage and his men rode straight up to the house, left their bags and departed.

Charles meanwhile marched by Faringdon to Oxford, hoping to take Abingdon by the way; but he found it too strong. On the 29th he reached Oxford, where he reviewed the fortifications, which had been greatly improved, and assigning a pension of £1,000 a-year to Sir Arthur Aston, made Gage Governor in his place. How much of his pension Sir Arthur ever received, there are probably no accounts left to shew. He fell as Governor of Drogheda, butchered with the rest of the garrison and town by Cromwell, in that massacre which dyes his memory for ever in blood; and after which, Hugh Peters, his chaplain, wrote home from the reeking city, that he was coming from the church where he had been giving thanks, a church which doubtless, like the rest, had just been the scene of blood-thirsty massacre in gallery, and tower, and vault, and every recess in which beauty and innocence sought to conceal itself.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN ACTION.

A PERIOD of rest now began. Not only had the time for winter quarters begun, but weariness of a war which seemed no nearer its end than when it commenced, inclined men to peace.

Indeed, the King was as anxious for peace as any man could be. The North was wholly lost to him; the Scotch army was free by the capture of Newcastle to do further mischief; and his want of friends was deplorable. Moreover, there were constant dissensions in camp and in court. Rupert, now made Commander-in-Chief, disliked Goring, who was made General of the horse; and many men disliked the appointment of the Prince himself as supreme. He slighted Lords Digby and Colepepper on every occasion; and the ennobling of the latter caused much undeserved jealousy.

Oxford itself was by no means that happy oasis which those who dwelt under the sway of the Parliament probably thought. It was in a most anomalous state, as a single stroll in the streets would have shewn. The crimson scarfs of the Cavaliers outshone the scarlet gowns of the Doctors; troopers swaggering up and down, paid small respect to divines. Drunken shouts and songs issued from the inns; war-horses clattered along the streets. The students had grown fewer and fewer, and the number of those

who sought or obtained degrees grew smaller and smaller. In short, Oxford had degenerated from an University into a fortress.

The ancient games of the scholars were superseded by military sports. No longer at Merton, on the eve of All Saints, did the seniors put the freshmen on a bench until they made a jest or proverb, under penalty of being "tucked," or pierced in the under lip with the nail of one finger, whilst the other fingers of the executioner pressed it in. No longer, on Shrove-Tuesday, did the cook make a bowl of caudle, out of which the freshman was rewarded if he spoke well, or if he failed, was made to drink salt-water. The oath, *Item jurabis quod tu penniless bench non visitabis*, was not administered. Perhaps no one could safely make such a promise, with such prospects as the rebellion afforded. And when Christmas came round, at Queen's there were few to respond *Reddens laudes Domino* to the *Caput Apri deferro*. The atmosphere of the place was changed. Athens had been changed to Sparta, or perhaps to Pella; for too many of the Cavaliers preferred the habits of Philip to those of Lycurgus.

In November the course of things was diversified by the arrival of the Commissioners who bore the propositions for peace. They were taken to the "Catharine Wheel," which one of them, Whitelocke, calls "a mean inn," and their quartering at which seems to have been considered a slight. As they went, some of the rabble threw stones and dirt into their coaches, and called them rebels and traitors, which they seem to have resented, not, as they might justly have done, as ill-treatment of persons sacred

by the holy office of ambassage, but as an ill return “for so many hazards of their lives and fortunes, to preserve them in their rights and liberties, and from slavery and popery;” dangers of which these balistarii were probably in no fear whatever.

Basil was passing the door of the inn shortly after the arrival of the strangers, and hearing a great noise he stopped and looked in. The hall was full of men, and Basil perceived that the noise proceeded from some Royalist soldiers who had followed the Commissioners into the house, and were bullying their servants, calling them names, and keeping them from the fire.

Whilst still looking, he saw a gentleman come down-stairs and go straight up to a tall black fellow, who was talking grand and bullying the strangers. Mr. Hollis, for such was his name, without the least emotion appearing in his countenance or manner, seized the man by the collar and shook him, and finally took his sword from him; whilst the bully stood helpless and cowed.

Another of the Commissioners—it was the chronicler Whitelocke—acted with the same intrepidity; and the coolness of the Parliament-men contrasted much to the disadvantage of these blustering Royalists.

The Commissioners, however, did not feel themselves so safe as they appeared to do; for the door of the inn was barred in Basil’s face, and a messenger despatched to the Governor. Basil did not stay to see the result; but shortly after a Captain came, who carried off the two bullies to prison, and a guard was set at the door. Next day the Royalists praised Hollis

and Whitelocke, and shewed that they utterly disapproved of the conduct of the two blustering poltroons who lay in the Castle.

During their stay in Oxford, the Earl of Lindsey, who was ill of his wounds, sent for Hollis and Whitelocke; and whilst they were with him, the King came in with Prince Rupert, and other Royalist nobles, and that remarkable conversation ensued which is reported by Whitelocke; and he and Hollis were led with good intentions to make a written suggestion to the King of what they thought would facilitate peace, for which act they were afterwards called in question in Parliament.

When the King formally received the propositions, and found that the Commissioners had no instructions to treat, and were mere bearers of terms which they had no power to modify, he seems to have been vexed, and to have called them mere letter-carriers: and probably, under the same irritation, he returned a sealed answer to Parliament, and when the Commissioners remonstrated, they received a short answer, and left Oxford at the end of the month, ill satisfied with their reception.

Goring had been despatched into the West, and the King decided to send Prince Charles thither also, that both his elder sons might not be in the same boat, as it were, and perhaps also to give him employment. A council was selected for him which was admirable in its composition, formed as it was of Richmond, Southampton, Capel, Hopton, and Hyde. This, however, did not take place immediately; nor before misgovernment, or rather license, had made ruinous work there.

In the meantime jealousies and dissensions divided the King's enemies in London. Charles hoped to gain from them, but they issued in the Self-denying Ordinance, by which Members could not serve in command of the army, and Cromwell thus obtained a sphere for shewing his talents; Essex and Manchester being shelved and put out of his way. The power was now passing, or rather had passed, from the hands of the nobles who headed the rebellion, into those of the middle class, and of soldiers promoted from the ranks by their services; and the former leaders began to be sensible that they had assisted in evoking a spirit which they could not control.

At the beginning of December the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Southampton obtained passes, and went to London from the King with a message, which led to the famous negotiations of Uxbridge at the beginning of the following year.

Gervase Norman had little to do. Once he rode with the Earl of Northampton, who, with 3,000 horse, had scoured the country through Oxfordshire and a great part of Bucks. He was also engaged in several little forays in different directions, but generally he remained unemployed; and not finding religion and loyalty to consist, as too many of the King's cavalry did, in drinking and swearing, he had spent most of his time with his brother, and had even resumed some of his former studies, although with no intention of ever seeking to obtain a degree.

The condition of the country was wretched in the extreme. The oppressions of the Parliamentary garrisons of Abingdon, Reading, and Henley were, by the

confession of Whitelocke, most grievous; so much so, that the Buckinghamshire people petitioned Parliament about this period on the subject. Indeed, all the country had returned to the times of King Stephen,—castle against castle throughout; Newark against Nottingham, and Ashby against Coleorton; Abingdon against Oxford; Fawley Court and Reading against Wallingford, and the like throughout England.

As Christmas drew near, the determination to bring Laud to the block became more and more manifest; but it was rather more than moderate men had expected, when they saw Christmas-day turned into a fast, and heard that the city pulpits had been made use of on that day of charity for demanding the death of the chief shepherd of souls in the land. This, and the shameful illegality of the condemnation, embittered men's minds, and made the hopes of peace through the coming negotiations but faint; nor had any event affected the King so deeply since the execution of Strafford, as the announcement that Laud had ceased to live on the 10th of January, 1645. Indeed, the Parliament rather conceded than desired the treaty, and did not expect the King to grant such terms as they asked; and Charles himself saw so little prospect of advantage, that he continued his preparations whilst the negotiations were pending. But this is to anticipate.

Although Laud's death, or rather murder, was felt deeply through all Oxford, yet naturally enough it diffused deeper mourning in his own college, which had received such benefits from his loving care for its welfare. The President could scarcely speak for some

days, and all the senior Fellows seemed as if they had just lost a parent.

One Sunday evening Basil was with Dr. Hammond at Magdalen. He looked pale with incessant study and literary work, having published during the past year tracts on Conscience, Scandal, Will-worship, Resisting the Lawful Magistrates, and of the Change of Church Government. Whilst Basil was with him, Dr. Heylin came in with his brother Edward, an officer; and after him, Dr. Baylie, who was in mourning for Laud.

Edward Heylin looked at his brother, and enquired, in a low voice, whether the Doctor had lost a near relative? The Doctor overheard him, and replied,

“Yes, Sir, I have lost a father,—and so hath the Church.”

“He defended himself well, and died nobly,” said Edward Heylin; “but I cannot say I ever liked him myself. But do not mistake me, Sir. I regard his memory with reverence, and his enemies with contempt.”

“It is well, Sir,” replied Dr. Baylie, coldly: “Many men require to be known before they are loved, and my late master was one of them. I knew him, Sir.”

“Doubtless,” replied Edward Heylin; “and therefore your testimony is most weighty.”

“It should be. I don’t suppose that all men can feel as I do, for the Archbishop was hasty and sharp at times, and too much mixed up with State business, perhaps; and yet I do not see how those men can blame him who would interfere with religion. If the Church is to stand aloof from the State, surely Parliament should refrain from the Church; and yet now

they have forbidden the Prayer-book, as a crowning act of interference with affairs of the Church."

"That is very true, Doctor," remarked Peter Heylin: "*Quis tulerit Gracchos?* And, indeed, who have interfered more than Henderson the Scot, or Burgess, or Marshall?"

"We know not towards what rocks we are drifting," replied the President: "But if ever the Church of England should recover her power, I should suppose that the memory of the martyred Archbishop will be sweet to her children, and that Oxford will raise a monument answerable to the benefits which he has showered upon her; and my college will certainly be foremost in the work."

"Reading, at any rate, will revere him, Sir," remarked Basil.

"Yes, indeed, my son," replied the President: "the Archbishop writ to the corporation from the Tower about his charities there."

"I have seen the letters, Sir," replied Basil; "they are signed, 'Your loving but unfortunate friend.'"

"The Archbishop had more prudence and moderation than the world knoweth," remarked Dr. Hammond: "I have seen letters of his to the Lord Strafford, writ in 1635 and 1636, full of moderation and caution, which, if the Viscount had followed, it had gone better with him, and with all of us also."

"And I have seen," said Dr. Heylin, "a reply to the people of Welwyn in Hertfordshire, ordering Mr. Wiltshire, the rector, to administer the blessed Sacrament to the people kneeling in the chancel, without coming up to the rails, if they would."

As the Doctor was speaking, Dr. Potter, the Provost of Queen's, arrived, and then Drs. Steward, Sheldon, Lany, and Fern, to discuss the proposed conference at Uxbridge, in which they were to share. Seeing this, Edward Heylin and Basil rose to depart; but Dr. Baylie retained Basil with him,—which was about as great an honour as he could have bestowed on him.

“Dr. Sanderson, then, is not to be one of us?” enquired Potter.

“No,” said Sheldon; “I think not.”

“Quite as well,” remarked Heylin: “he is for yielding too much.”

“I think so,” said Dr. Hammond: “I have told him so more than once. You know he has all along been a little too near to that party, through his views on the Quinquarticular matters; but he has drawn off a good deal of late.”

“Yet he still alloweth too much,” remarked Lany.

“I think so,” said Dr. Hammond; “and yet I also would make great concessions for peace; and I hold that we might be none the worse for listening to our adversaries, and ascertaining our faults where we can.”

“They must mend nine points to our one,” said Heylin, with warmth.

“Perchance, Doctor,” replied Hammond, with his peculiar sweetness of expression and manner; “but the Church, like Cæsar's wife, should be faultless; or rather—let us go to the Scripture—‘The king's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold.’ There should be no tinsel, nor spots.”

“Nor rents—that is, schisms,” replied Heylin.

“Truly,” said Hammond; “and the fewer flaws

the less rents. It is not easy to rend a sound garment."

"What, then, are the points on which you would listen to the proposals of the party?" enquired Dr. Fern.

"Ah, that I know not," answered Hammond; "for who shall say what they will propose; but, judging from the past, I expect them to require that no man should be excommunicated for any temporal fault, or by lay-chancellors and ecclesiastical lawyers."

"This was desired at the Conference at Hampton Court," remarked Dr. Potter; "and promised, if I mistake not."

"They desired something more there," said Heylin; "even to blot out the word 'priest,' and abolish the ring in matrimony, and to have no bowing at the Lord's name, and much more."

"They did," replied Hammond; "and so they will now; but we shall not yield to that. Yet let us consider what we may allow for the good of the Church, that with the better grace we may refuse that which must be refused."

"'Twere well if this desire had been really granted," said Dr. Potter; "it is a grievance, and lowereth the Church, for the solemn office of excommunication to be exercised except by spiritual persons and in spiritual cases."

"You must remind the opponents," said Sheldon, "that this abuse is no fault of the Church. Bishop Bedell complained of it to the late Archbishop, when he was Bishop of London, and set himself with all his strength to overthrow it; but he lost his cause

in the court of Chancery at Dublin, and paid all the costs."

"It will be a blessing to us," remarked Potter, "if these troubles lead to the liberation of the Church from this grievance."

"Then as touching bishops," continued Hammond.

"They would have none," said Dr. Lany.

"Truly," replied Hammond: "But could we not allow—what some good men require—that bishops should act always in synod with their presbyters?"

"Synods have been in use in our time," remarked Fern.

"But sparingly. It might be the rule, and would take off much envy," replied Dr. Potter.

"That is just what I intended," said Hammond.

"We must see to it that they do not wholly evacuate the office," said Sheldon, "and make the bishop but a tool of the presbyters."

"Most assuredly," continued Hammond; "and then for pluralities something might be done: and the King would engage to encourage the godly and learned ministry of which they speak."

"That he hath done already," said Dr. Fern.

"Yes," said Dr. Potter, "where he could, and where he was not deceived or led away."

This discussion led perhaps to the concessions tendered by the King at Uxbridge; in which ceremonies were left optional; bishops forced to reside in their dioceses, and controlled in their actions by the Presbytery; pluralities forbidden; ecclesiastical courts reformed, and frivolous excommunications restrained: but no such concessions would satisfy those who de-

manded the entire abolition of bishops, the adoption of the Directory, in which neither creed nor commandments were contained, and the imposition of the Covenant upon the King and his subjects.

On leaving the room, Dr. Hammond asked Basil privately to sup with him next evening, when he would have the opportunity of conversing quietly with him. Basil gladly accepted the offer; but next day he arrived rather too soon, and found Hammond engaged in reading Homer with a wild young scholar, and tempting him on by entertaining discourse and incomparable kindness and sweetness to return to his studies. Basil had heard of this practice of the Doctor's before, but was glad to have seen with his own eyes this labour of love.

When Basil entered, the scholar departed, and he was for a few minutes alone with the Doctor, before Richard Sherlock came in, the subsequent author of the "Practical Christian," and saintly Rector of Winwick, but at this time Chaplain of New College.

"This is Mr. Norman," said Dr. Hammond to his visitor, "a Fellow of St. John Baptist's College, and a friend of my own."

"Surely the brother of Sir Gervase, to judge by name and by face," said Sherlock: "and now I remember to have heard the same before this. You come of a disloyal county, Sir, to be what you are; if you are a friend of Dr. Hammond, and a brother of Sir Gervase, that gallant officer."

"Not all of us are disloyal, Sir," replied Basil; "but the most active spirits."

"It is the county of Hampden and the Bulstrodes,"

said Sherlock: "and, by the way, I would hear from you whether the story I have heard about that name is true."

"That it is taken from Shobbington, who resisted the Norman noble to whom his lands had been granted?"

"Yes, that is it."

"I know not whether it be true or false," replied Basil; "but there are mounds of earth at Bulstrode, where it is said the Penns, and Hampdens, and Shobbingtons resisted the invader, and sallied out upon bulls; and whence they say that Shobbington rode to London on one, and made terms with the Conqueror, by which he kept the castle, and was ever after called Bull-strode."

"I am disposed to believe it," said Sherlock; "for in my part of the country the Traffords kept their estates by force. Thurnkill of Trafford enticed Gislebert Mallore, the Norman, into a barn, where his men were all armed, like himself, with the flail, and so made terms with him for keeping the land; and they bear the flail on their shield to this day."

"The Hampdens, then, seem to have been sturdy asserters of liberty from the first?" said Dr. Hammond.

"Yes," said Basil, "so runs the legend."

"Well," remarked Sherlock, "liberty is good, but rebellion is another thing, and doth not promote it,—as will be seen, if this rebellion should triumph."

"Truly," replied Hammond; "but few can or will see these distinctions. I am nearly alone among our loyal divines here,—Dr. Sanderson ever excepted, who

yields more than I do;—I am nearly alone, I say, in being willing to make some concessions.”

“I heard,” said Sherlock, “from Dr. Potter what you said last night on this subject.”

“Then I need not weary you with repeating it. I would yield what I could, without giving up what is not mine to surrender—the faith and the constitution of the Church; but I fear what I have to offer is not an hundredth part of what the Presbyterian party demand. I have been thinking much over this, Doctor, and I seem to foresee a terrible falling away from religious zeal when this war is over, and how it may. Zeal for that which is good, and rightly applied, is the life of religion; but misdirected zeal depraves and exhausts it, and opens the door for unbelief. There are some now about the court who are weary of the very name of religion, and think nothing worth contending for but worldly ease and prosperity. Rely upon it, there will be a recoil from this excitement, as from an over-bent bow; and men will say there is no right and no wrong, no truth and no falsehood;—in a word, indifference and unbelief will take the place of a zeal not according to knowledge.”

“God forbid, Sir!” said Basil.

“God forbid!” added Sherlock: “But I fear me the Doctor is right, and we shall have Pilate asking ‘What is truth’ after the Pharisee has insisted that all the people who know not the law in their sense are cursed.”

“Might we not love those who err, without loving their error?” said Basil.

“Yes,” replied Dr. Hammond; “it is that which we should endeavour; but is hard to attain: and I

see not myself how the King could tolerate schism and heresy, being what he is to the Church and the realm: but I am often perplexed on this head, and perceive not the way. All I am sure of is this—that we should never yield one iota of the truth, nor of the framework of the Catholic Church, which are not ours to give away; neither ought we to surrender holy customs which link us to the whole Church. God forbid we should make the breach wider, and the reconciliation of Christendom more distant than ever. This matter Mr. Thorndike presses strongly, yet not more strongly than the case merits. If we break the laws of the Church, the breach of unity ensuing must rest upon us; and yet we should meet the scruples of others, where we can, with great charity. To fulfil all these duties, to strike the rocks on neither side, is beyond man. May He guide us who wills truth and charity both. But I would rather see the wildest and most tyrannical heresies, than the unbelief which should say that nothing is right, and nothing is true, but all one and the same. From this still more may God keep us.”

“I agree with you, Doctor,” said Sherlock; “both in what you are willing to yield and to retain. As for changes in doctrine and ritual, we have had too many already; and we are now suffering, in my judgment, from the effects of divers weak concessions to Bucer and the foreigners, and to those who were influenced by them.”

Whilst Basil was listening to these eminent men, a well-known step caught his ear, and immediately his brother asked admittance, and gained it.

"I could not find my brother, Sir," he said to Dr. Hammond, "and I much wished to see him; and as I have had the honour of speaking with you before, I made bold to follow him hither."

"It is a pleasure to us to see you," replied the Doctor: "Pray sup with us."

"I may not to-night," replied Gervase; "and I must beg my brother to retire with me at once."

"What is it?" enquired Basil when they had left Dr. Hammond's room, "which makes you come so strangely, and refuse to sit down for a minute?"

"First," replied his brother, "I have heard from Lucy, and I thought you would wish to know how she is."

"Certainly," replied Basil, smiling; "and how is she in health and in spirits?"

"Ill enough for the latter, and of the former I know nothing."

"And why?"

"She refuses to attend the church now that the minister rejects the Prayer-book, and all the ceremonies of the Church; and for this her father is wroth with her again, though he had begun to be more kind."

"And what say Lady Domville and Miles Prigge?"

"They urge him on, and say all they can to vex and provoke her."

"But she will not be vexed, Gervase; she will bear it all; and her patience will grow, and it shall be a blessing to her in the end."

"I believe it," he replied; "but it is a hard road, at any rate; and I would I had that empty knave Miles Prigge in my hands at this time. I would—"

“You would what?—Nay, Gervase, much better that he and you should be far from each other. Commit Lucy to God, Gervase; He will take care for all, and bring out a blessing.”

Gervase was silent for a time, and then said, “You are right, Basil. Lucy has ever conquered her trials, and grown more and more noble by them. I will commit the whole matter to Heaven.”

“Had you not something else to say to me?”

“I had. To-morrow a strong party go out towards Abingdon, to seize Culham Bridge. It is the Governor’s doing, and I go with him. It will be a sharp service; and I could not go without seeing you first. But fear not; perhaps I may sup with you at the end of the day.”

“God grant it, Gervase. And be this as it shall, may we both sup together where the Lord both waits on His people and is their feast also.”

Under the chancel of St. Mary Magdalen’s the brothers parted, not knowing whether they should meet again in this world.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CULHAM BRIDGE.

SOFTLY flow the waters of the Isis, kissing the slopes of Oxfordshire and the level meadows of Berkshire. Fours, sixes, eights, skiffs, wherries, and every kind of light boat, dart like bright water-insects over its surface; and those who float in them are equally

bright and rapid in thought and in motion. They themselves are glancing through a portion of their life, which will probably stamp and form the remainder, as life itself stamps and forms the man for eternity.

All this those bright, gay, thoughtless youths dream not of; but up the stream and down it they shoot, or they glide, according to their humour, scarce noticing even the beauties of the scene. What wonder, then, that they should forget the service which those waters have rendered to others long since numbered with the dead? What wonder that they should forget, or never enquire so as to know, how the river was the highway of provision and arms to Oxford, as well as its bulwark; and how at a little later period of our tale, Major Browne sank boats above Oxford to stop the navigation? What wonder that they should not know who fought and who fell at Culham Bridge,—what loyal blood dyed those clear waters? The stain is now gone; the stream is clear; and the memory of those deeds has well-nigh passed away with its flowing waters,—nor will return again, except to a few thoughtful persons, until the earth accounts for her slain.

Abingdon had already annoyed Oxford very much, and was still ready to do so. The vigilance of its commander made any fresh attempt to surprise it unlikely to succeed, and a formal siege was considered unadvisable on other accounts. It remained, therefore, to incapacitate it as much as possible from doing mischief; and accordingly Sir Henry Gage determined to break down Culham Bridge, and to erect a fort on the Oxfordshire bank, so as to cut off Abingdon altogether from any supplies or relief, and from any op-

portunity of doing harm on that side of the river. Prince Rupert fell heartily into the plan; and on the morrow, Jan. 11, after Gervase had taken leave of his brother, Princes Rupert and Maurice and Colonel Sir Henry Gage, with Gervase and other officers, left Oxford at the head of a large force of horse and foot to effect the design above mentioned.

The approach of this force was silent and unexpected, and the Royalists possessed themselves of the bridge before any alarm was given, and began at once to demolish it.

It was a lovely scene that bright January morning. The waters were out in the meadows, and made the town to shew like some island city. The fair spire of St. Helen's rose up above the quaint old gabled roofs, and the remains of the famous abbey stood silently and calmly witnessing and protesting, though none listened to its peaceful voice.

But who meditated on the sweet, sad scene upon the morning of the fight at Culham Bridge? The combatants thought no more of Abingdon's synods, or the great devastation of the Danes, or of the noble abbey which still appealed to them by its ruins, than the present generation thinks of those combatants. The infantry of the assailants were busy at the bridge, pushing the sides into the water, and loosening the stones of the arches. Others were throwing up earthworks round Lady Carey's house and the church, for a fort, to be garrisoned forthwith. Meanwhile the cavalry stood ready for action, drawn up in the fields and road near the approach to the bridge.

All was activity in the town. Already a detach-

ment of the garrison had waded through the water, and were drawn up in the meadows, and from behind hedgerow and wall, or else entirely exposed, were pouring in a galling fire upon the Royalists, who were wholly exposed, owing to their position. Before long a heavy mass of infantry poured along the causeway leading to the bridge, and began a hand-to-hand fight with their foes. Unfortunately, from the nature of the ground, the Oxford cavalry could do nothing as cavalry. The only approach to the enemy being over the bridge, was hotly contested, foot by foot, inch by inch, in a hand-to-hand fight. Gage grew impatient, and perceiving his men wavering, he leaped from his horse, followed by Gervase and others, and made his way forwards, cheering his men as he advanced, and endeavouring to work his way to the front of the fight. As he did so, a volley swept the open road to the bridge, and his companions fell round him. Gervase felt a shot in the left arm, but without a thought of it, he pressed on with his beloved commander, and was within a few yards of the broken part of the bridge, when he observed a musketeer on the opposite bank quietly singling out Sir Henry Gage. With characteristic fearlessness and generosity, he threw himself forward to cover his friend ; but his foot struck on one of the loosened stones, and he fell forward, feeling a heavy weight at the same moment upon him. Without a moment's delay, he sprang up and looked round. A two-pound shot struck his sword out of his hand, and whirled it away in three pieces ; a bullet grazed his forehead ; he staggered and was dizzy for an instant. It was but an instant, for look-

ing down, he saw what restored his self-possession at once: Sir Henry Gage lay at his feet. Not sufficiently considering the consequences of his act, he lifted him up in his arms, and began to bear him out of the fray. But Gage's men saw what he was doing, and began to give ground. Once having begun to retreat, they yielded slowly but surely. Prince Rupert could only charge through them, and therefore was unable to help, and the Abingdon forces poured over the bridge. As soon as Gervase became conscious of this, he laid down his sacred burden, and endeavoured to rally the men. To a certain extent he succeeded, and a battle on the Oxfordshire side of the river raged with varied success, until, weary of the struggle, the word was given to retire, and the combatants, after four hours' fighting, slowly and sullenly separated.

Anxiously was Basil watching from Magdalen Tower, with Dr. Hammond beside him; when he saw arms glitter on what is now called Rose-hill, and a body of troops drawing nearer and nearer.

When they came within sight, it was plain by their manner that disappointment, if not defeat, had befallen them. Wearied and dispirited, the infantry toiled along, and passing over the bridge, filed under Magdalen College. Next came some horses with their dead riders bound on their backs, and then a waggon which had gone forth full of spades and axes, and was now returning piled with the dead. On one horse was the body of an officer which received distinguished attention. It was surrounded by officers, who kept a clear space for it, and was not jostled and knocked like the rest. Basil trembled all over,

and caught hold of his companion's hand for support.

"Nay," said Dr. Hammond ; "cheer up : God has guarded your brother ; look there !"

With difficulty Basil looked, and saw Gervase riding mournfully by the side of the dead, and behind him, the Princes.

"Thank God !" he said : "I am not fit for a soldier's brother."

"Perchance not ; and yet fit for a soldier : at least, so they tell me," said the Doctor.

"You refer to my ride to Stonor," said Basil, smiling faintly : "It was but sport. But who is the dead officer ?"

"I know not ; yet the body seems to me like that of the Governor."

"God forbid !" exclaimed Basil : "Yet surely it is. I can well guess by the manner of my brother, who loves him as a son does a father."

"Then it is so ; and he is bringing his friend home for the burial. Alas !—

*‘δάκρυα θερμὰ χέων, ἐπεὶ εἶσιδε πιστὸν ἑταῖρον,
κείμενον ἐν φέρτρῳ, δεδαῖγμένον ὀξείῃ χαλχῷ.’”*

"Yes, and the city is pouring forth, according to the same poet," said Basil :—

*“———οὐδέ τις αὐτοῦ ἐνὶ πόλει λῖπεν ἄνθρωπος,
οὐδὲ γυνή· πάντας γὰρ ἀσχετον ἔκετο πένθος·
ἀγχοῦ δὲ ξύμβληντο πυλάων νεκρὸν ἄγοντι.”*

"Here they are bringing in the dead into the city, not carrying them out," said the Doctor : "Is it not a similitude ? Is it not that the dead are no more defiling, no more terrible, no more to be put aside out of

our sight, because death is the portal to life, since He lay in the tomb who hath made it the gate and the portal of Heaven?"

So saying, the Doctor and the scholar descended softly into the tumult of curiosity, vexation, and sorrow,—to feel with their friends, and to soothe them. And the cavalcade passed under the East-gate, which then crossed High-street at the angle of the lane above Magdalen School.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SECOND APPROACH.

THE Uxbridge negotiations took place, and, as might have been expected, came to nothing. Lent began during them, and the exercises which were performed by the few scholars remaining, of whom Basil was one. As Respondent, he sat under the Bachelor who presided, disputed with his opponent for an hour and a-half, and so discharged his first turn at Determinations: a fortnight later he went through his second turn, and was afterwards admitted a Bachelor.

Montrose was making his short, brilliant, and useless campaign; Brown was harassing Oxford, and cutting short its supplies. Charles gained Weymouth, and lost Shrewsbury, suffering by the exchange. Before the Uxbridge negotiations were ended, some letters were taken and forwarded to the King's Com-

missioners there, from which Charles discovered that his enemies consisted of two distinct parties, whose principles and aims were discordant. The Presbyterian portion would have preserved the throne, if they could but make sure of their Presbytery; but the Independents were plainly set upon an entire change in the constitution, and they were the majority in the Parliament army, and by the Self-denying Ordinance their officers were now in the ascendant. Hopes were excited by this seeming discord, especially as the Earls of Pembroke and Denbigh, who were Parliamentary Commissioners at Uxbridge, were desirous of peace; but they were illusory. Next, Weymouth was lost again, and the King's garrison in the West behaved with such license, that his friends were estranged, and his army demoralized; until the country people, worn out with their sufferings, rose in bodies, called clubmen, to put down the war as such, without regard to parties or principles. Their banner described their principles more plainly than devices do generally:—

“If you offer to plunder or take our cattel,
Be assured we will bid you battel.”

The execution of Laud had by no means softened the hearts of his foes. Basil was in the President's lodgings one day, when he saw a sad proof of this lying on his library-table. He took up the paper: it was entitled,—

“A CHARGE FOR CANTERBURIAN SPIRITS, WHICH (SINCE THE DEATH OF HIS ARCH-PRELATE) HAVE APPEARED IN SUNDRY SHAPES, AND HAUNTED DIVERS HOUSES IN THE CITY

OF LONDON. WITH HIS GRACE'S WAFTAGE OVER THE RED SEA OF COCYTUS, IN CHARON'S FERRY-BOAT; AND HIS MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENT IN THE DÆMONIACK COURT.

“Printed for J. C.

“February the 14, 1644, (for 1645).”

Then followed the frontispiece, set in a huge open mouth.

On the right hand were devils; on the left, facing them, the figures of a pope, cardinal, bishop, monk, and doctor, acting as bearers of a patriarchal cross. On each side of this picture was part of a legend, which when united ran thus:—

“Laud played the Devil so well,
That he is since install'd viceroy of hell.”

About the same time, Bishop Morton, an aged man, was brought up before the House of Commons for baptizing the Earl of Rutland's child in the old way, with the sign of the Cross; and for this, and refusing to deliver up the seal of the Palatinate of Durham, was committed to the Tower.

Prince Rupert was in Shropshire, with Sir Jacob Astley; Langdale in Yorkshire, and Prince Maurice in Cheshire.

Prices grew very high in Oxford, and great discontent existed; so much so, that reports of mutinies among the scholars and soldiers were circulated in London. One day Captain Blundel from Abingdon seized six butts of canary going to Oxford, and on another day he captured cloth, sugar, and spices. Then Brown himself, between Shotover and Oxford, seized some carriages and horses, and rode up to the very gates

of the city. But now more serious dangers approached. Cromwell, always active, able, and brave, was sent forward before the army, which was preparing to follow, and did good service to his party. Towards the end of April, he fell upon a party of horse under the Earl of Northampton, not far from Oxford, routed them, and took a great number of prisoners, many of them officers and gentlemen; and the Queen's colours, which were with part of her regiment in the force under the Earl, were captured. Those who escaped fled to Bletchington. Colonel Windebank was in command of the garrison, and he surrendered at once, April 24, although close to Oxford, from which he might have soon had relief. For this he was tried and sentenced to die; and, with his back leaning against the College of Merton, was shot May 2, leaving a widowed bride, out of anxiety for whom he was thought to have surrendered so hastily. Before April was over, Cromwell obtained another success near Bampton, capturing a colonel and two lieutenant-colonels, five captains, eight lieutenants, with other officers, many prisoners and arms.

It was of the utmost importance to the King to form an army before the newly-modelled army under Fairfax should form a conjunction with Cromwell. Goring therefore was ordered up from the West, and arriving suddenly, he fell unexpectedly upon some horse of Cromwell's, and another body of Fairfax's who were trying to cross the Isis, and routing them with great slaughter, reached Oxford with more reputation than he deserved.

It had been determined to march northwards, re-

lieve Chester, which was closely besieged, and if possible, to fall upon the Scots before Pontefract Castle. Accordingly, the day after Goring's arrival, the royal army was drawn out, consisting only of 5,000 foot, and between 6,000 and 7,000 horse; a force small enough, considering the discipline and strength of the enemy.

And now the jealousies of the leading officers produced, as was so often the case, the most unhappy results. Rupert and Langdale were for marching northwards—the former to be revenged on the Scotch, the latter to be near his own people. The Council urged the King to fall upon Fairfax at Newbury, before he relieved Taunton, as he designed doing, and before he united with Cromwell. Rupert's opinion was taken; and not only this, but to get rid of Goring, he influenced the King to gratify that officer's selfish ambition, by sending him back to the West, where he had done so much mischief already; thus detaching his force from the royal army, already too small.

This done, the King marched out of Oxford at the head of a small army, and the last which he was ever destined to lead; and drawing the garrison out of Campden-house, he marched towards Evesham, leaving Oxford under Rupert's friend, the brave and loyal Legge, to resist Cromwell and Fairfax.

Before Charles left, Colonel Campion, who was in command of Boarstall, or, as it was then written, Borstall or Bostal, sent to Oxford for assistance. His forays had made the garrison an object of terror, and he had reason to fear that Fairfax would endeavour to reduce the place whilst he was in those parts. Men could not be well spared; and yet Boarstall was a ser-

viceable place, and Colonel Campion a meritorious officer.

Whilst the matter was pending, Gervase happened to be at Colonel Legge's, and several officers came in and discussed the subject. Gervase had a regard for Campion, and was not unwilling to remain a few days longer near his brother. He took, therefore, the opportunity of saying, that if relief were sent he should be willing to command it; and that he thought the danger would be short-lived,—in which case he could join the King with whatever force was entrusted to him.

“Well thought on,” exclaimed Legge: “And now I remember that the horse from Dean, which have not arrived, will in all likelihood join us, if they are not cut off by the way, after the army has marched. If so, when Fairfax draws off from this place, as is likely, on hearing stirring news from the North, you can lead this troop to join the King, wherever he shall be at the time.”

Gervase jumped at the proposal. The plan involved variety of scene and action, not going far from Basil whilst Fairfax lay before Oxford; and after that placed him in an independent command, in which he might distinguish himself further, and render service to the cause which he had espoused. Fairfax having now relieved Taunton by an expedition sent out from Newbury, approached to Oxford, having recalled Cromwell and Brown, who had been following the King. He captured some wine as he drew near to Oxford, and pursued some of the escort up to the gates.

On May 22 he appeared before the city, and began to straiten it. At Marston he was joined by Cromwell and by Brown, and quartered himself within two musket-shots of the works. The garrison was not idle meanwhile. They flooded the meadows, and fired the suburbs; and a ball from their guns passed close to Fairfax. Cromwell was now at Wytham; Brown captured and occupied Wolvercote; and Fairfax made a work east of the Cherwell, and was busied in bridging the river. The next step of that general was to bridge the river at Kidlington: he erected two forts there, and despatched General Skippon, who had acted before against Greenland-house, to capture Boarstall.

Gervase had been out on a raid, and was riding leisurely behind his men, with the reins thrown over the neck of his favourite Phoenix. They were occupied in driving some bullocks and sheep, and in escorting some prisoners. Suddenly his men halted on the top of Muswell-hill, with an exclamation of surprise. Gervase's thoughts were where his heart was, at Marklands; but eye and ear were quick by practice as well as by nature, and in a minute he was on the brow of the hill.

Before him lay Boarstall-house, still and calm as when its disaffected owner, Lady Denham, had left it. The reader of this period of history cannot gather any information as to the politics of an owner from the use made of his house in this war. Whoever could get admission into a strong house, held it as much against the will of the proprietor, as against that of the King or the Commons. At this very time, Compton-house, the seat of the loyal Earl of Northampton,

was a Parliamentary garrison, and Belvoir, Boarstall, and other places, were held for the King against the desire of their owners. When Lady Denham abandoned her mansion, it was a fine old mediæval building, fortified, and surrounded by a deep quadrangular moat, which was the chief defence of the mansion. After Colonel Gage took it, however, and occupied it a second time for the King, the place had been considerably strengthened, but still the moat was its greatest security.

When Gervase looked down, no commotion appeared in the garrison. The men were at their posts; and Gervase could see Colonel Campion on the gate-tower looking out;—and no wonder, for all along the down on the west, and on the road from Studley, troops were marching slowly, accompanied clearly by guns; and another force was approaching along the road which runs between Griffins and Shabbington-woods on the right, and Studley-woods on the left.

As Gervase scanned the armament, which was evidently advancing to the storm or siege of Boarstall, he saw that he was perceived by the Governor; and as he descended the hill at full speed, abandoning bullocks and prisoners, he observed a detachment pushing forwards along the top of Pans-hill, and then down the slope, to cut him off from the house. To prevent this, Colonel Campion sallied out at the head of a troop; but Gervase, who was on the hill, saw what danger his friend would incur to himself and the garrison by attempting this succour, and sooner than risk it, he recalled his men, collected his bullocks, and even his prisoners,—who had made too sure of their

safety to attempt flight,—and quietly retreated back over the hill.

Campion was vexed, and in an impatient moment called Gervase a coward, as he drew his little force back into the house: but when he mounted the gate-tower again, he perceived the necessity of Gervase's retreat, and retracted his words; glad enough that an encounter had been spared which might have ruined the garrison, already too weak to meet such a force as that which was now enclosing the place.

In a few minutes a man came forward with a white flag, bearing an offer of terms upon instant surrender; otherwise no quarter must be expected. The Colonel replied coldly that he did not desire it, and requested that the offer should not be repeated. This nettled the enemy, and Skippon gave orders to advance at once to the attack. His forces obeyed, and came gallantly up within half-musket-shot, but the deep moat checked them on every side: the garrison threw hand grenades amongst the waggons, and burnt up the faggots and other material which had been brought up for the assault; and after the loss of many men, without inflicting the least harm on the garrison, he drew off, and placed his guns in position, ready to begin playing on the walls by sunrise next day.

A dark night set in: the rain fell in torrents. A few cottages, and a farm, were all the cover available, and a miserable night the besiegers passed under the walls. It was not dull, however. Every hour Colonel Campion gave an alarm, and kept them from reposing, and always on the Oxford side of the house. He judged well of the plans of Sir Gervase, and on his

return from a sally in which he had penetrated to the tent of General Skippon, he met Gervase with his little troop, and ten more escaped prisoners whom he had found drinking at Brill, after slipping away from Fairfax at Kidlington. Gervase was cantering quietly through the enemy's lines on the Brill side of the house, and without firing a shot he effected a junction with Campion. This reinforcement infused new spirit into the garrison, and they cheerfully awaited the attack of the morrow.

That attack was severe. Some guns of small calibre were brought to bear on an angle, and others upon the door of the principal gate. The garrison replied from the walls with mangonels and drakes, and also through loop-holes pierced on the level of the ground, through which they fired culverins. A well-directed fire also was brought to bear from small arms upon any of the besiegers who ventured within range. By noon it was thought practicable to assault, and two parties approached for that purpose. One advanced against the gateway, which had been considerably battered. As they did so, however, they were enfiladed from the house, and the first party were so much thinned that they paused, turned, and retreated at a run towards their friends. A second company approached, with like result; but the struggle at the breach was of a different character. Trees with all their twigs covered with the young foliage of the season were thrown into the moat: over these were hurled innumerable fascines cut from Boarstall-wood; and then a company rushed forward over the soft footway towards the breach. But the besiegers had not calculated

upon the depth of the moat. The foremost men never reached the centre of it, but floundered about in a quagmire of fascines, and rolled helplessly over and over each other, whilst their companions on the bank were met by a heavy and sustained fire from the house, until they could bear it no longer, and retired, leaving their comrades to scramble out or sink as they could.

By three o'clock the attack had entirely ceased, and the enemy had drawn off out of musket-shot, so that the garrison were at liberty to consult for their present comfort and future security. The gates were promptly repaired, and barricades erected inside, and two additional cannon, charged with canister, were placed in position to command the approach.

At the breach also every preparation was made. The fascines were picked out, or pushed away, like the trees, by long poles, so that nothing remained available for support. A palisade was placed at the edge of the moat opposite the breach, and the loose stones and rubble were piled as a barricade on the inside.

Not contented with this, Colonel Campion and Gervase undertook to watch in turn all night at the spot, and to go the rounds of the whole building. It was well that they did so.

The night was dark again, and the rain fell heavily as before. Patter, patter, it dropped upon the leaden roof and stone stairs; and splash, splash, the gutters poured their exhaustless contents into the moat. The wind got up also, and the footstep of the watch could not be heard five yards to windward. About two in the morning Gervase went his third round. Every

man was at his post—all seemed safe; but suddenly a dull sound caught his ear: he listened, but could catch nothing; it was a fancy, he thought, and passed on to windward of the spot where he had first paused to listen. All seemed quiet, and he was turning to go round an angle to another side of the building, when he remembered that he had laid down a quarter-staff, when he was listening. He feared that it might throw down the sentinel, and cause a groundless alarm. He returned, therefore, to the same spot: but the sound which he had first caught was now plainer. He listened, and could distinctly hear a heavy splash in the water close to him. At once he gave the alarm, and torches gleamed round him, shewing how ready the little garrison was. Those who carried them, however, were the marks of the enemy, and two or three men fell over the battlements, or backwards on to the roof, before Gervase had time to give a word of command. He then ordered his men to cover themselves, and to throw down a dozen torches into the moat, in order to see what was doing. They did so, and although they were extinguished immediately, a raft was visible floating on the moat, and covered with men, some of whom were already on the inner bank, and busied at a little postern door which opened into the house opposite to where the raft lay.

Leaving some men on the wall, Gervase almost leaped down into the courtyard, calling on Campion to hasten to the door with all speed. But Campion was there before him; and well indeed was it for the garrison; for before Gervase reached the ground, a petard shivered the little door to pieces, and a dozen men were inside.

"Up to the wall," shouted Campion: "throw stones down, or anything. Carry up the grenades. I will make this place good, or fall where I am. Up, up."

Gervase simply obeyed; and, returning to his former post, began with his men to heave over the battlements, and hurl down whatever came to hand first.

The pattering of the rain was now heard no longer, nor the plashing of the water which fell from the roof. The stillness of the night was broken up, and the howling wind was silence itself, compared with the sounds which it carried with it over the still woods and deep fertile meadows far away into Buckinghamshire. Shouts, cries, crashes, reports of musketry, carbines, pistols, united in one discord of war.

Below, the struggle was severe, and as yet indecisive. The result depended on what could be done above, for no human force could repel the impetus of the storming party, if it was permitted to pour on in fresh numbers and strength against the small and enfeebled force of defenders.

To this point, then, every effort was directed. Grenades were hurled, but somehow or other they missed and fell into the water; and there were no more, for they had been expended somewhat too freely amongst the enemy's baggage previously. Some small cannon, charged with small shot, were directed against the enemy on the opposite bank; but what with the darkness, and the poor gunnery of the times, they did little service, and their contents often went into the moat, or clean over the heads of the enemy. Necessity quickened invention. With his own hands Gervase hurled a barrel of gunpowder on to the centre

of the raft, with a match burning in it;—a second, a third. The first fell full upon a man's head, and beat in his brains; the second alighted with the match downwards, and the fuse was extinguished immediately; but the third took effect. Gervase held it until the match had almost burned into the barrel: the motion in the air accelerated the ignition, and the instant it touched the raft it exploded. A bright light illuminated the whole scene. Arms and legs flew hither and thither; the wall of the house tottered, and a large piece fell heavily over, with two of the garrison, blocking up the postern through which the storming party had entered: but the effect upon the raft was the saving of Boarstall. An exploring torch was thrown down by the garrison, and fell hissing into the water; but as it fell, it revealed the welcome fact—the raft was no more.

The fate of those who had entered the building was now sealed. Their retreat was cut off, and as soon as they recovered from a shock,—felt almost equally by themselves and their antagonists—and perceived how they stood, they surrendered upon offer of quarter; and Colonel Champion found himself in possession of several prisoners, who were valuable in the way of barter for Royalist captives.

All night the little garrison toiled like the Athenians in building their walls: nothing was spared, but everything available was turned to account. By morn Skippon beheld from a distance the broken wall exchanged for a rude but strong curtain, and the house securer on that side than before. He now directed all his efforts against the gate-house, which he resolved

to batter down by main force ; and the ingenuity of the besieged was exercised to defend it.

Their resources remind us of the old days of the battering-ram. Bags of wool from the fat sheep of the country were let down to protect the parts most exposed, and were renewed from time to time when required. Braces of oak were put up inside, to strengthen the masonry where it seemed shaken ; and the day wore away without any perceptible damage. Meantime the first breach had been walled out by a second curtain, and that point rendered safer than ever. A vigorous sally at night determined the business. Some of the guns and an ammunition-waggon were seized, and brought into the house ; and next day Skippon raised the siege, in vexation.

Meantime the King's movements had been such, that it was decided in London that Fairfax should leave the siege of Oxford to Brown, and follow the King.

Before he did so (June 2), Legge had made a spirited sally towards Headington, and had taken prisoners and cattle. Woodstock also made a successful sortie : and upon Fairfax's retirement, the Oxford garrison was free, and made good use of its time, driving in no less than 3,000 cattle from the districts adjoining. Gervase also was free. He bade Campion farewell, who thanked him warmly for the aid he had rendered, returned to Oxford, saw Basil, who took leave of him with misgivings which he could not conceal, and then rode at the head of 250 horse in search of the King.

CHAPTER XX.

NASEBY.

WHEN the King left Oxford, he marched first to Evesham, by Campden-house, out of which he drew the garrison, adding it to his force. Bard, the governor, wantonly burned the mansion on leaving, and so put an end to a long period of tyranny over the country adjacent. Charles did not stay at Evesham on this occasion, any more than when he was flying from Essex and Waller; although its historical remembrances were favourable to the Crown. He passed on to Hawkesly-house, in Worcestershire, which he took; and the enemy captured Evesham in his rear. In Staffordshire Lord Byron met him, and informed him that it was no longer needful to march into Cheshire, for the siege of Chester had been raised at the news of his approach. The Northern plan seems upon this to have been entertained again; but when information arrived that Fairfax was relieving Taunton, and had sat down before Oxford, it was determined to draw him off by some means or other. The method decided upon was the reduction of Leicester. Rupert opened upon the wall from a battery on the morning of May 31. A breach was made at the Newark, and twice assaulted in vain, for the garrison defended it with desperate valour; but meantime an attack made on another point, and seconded by the Newark horse, who had just arrived on the field—was successful, and the

city was taken. A sack ensued, defiled with the usual enormities, which brought no credit to the Royal army, and perhaps received its judgment at Naseby with terrible speed. The city was garrisoned for the King under Lord Loughborough, the spirited Colonel Hastings, who had served the King so long and so well in Leicestershire, from Ashby, and who afterwards served him in the siege of Colchester, three years later. But to muster a garrison, a reduction took place in the King's army which it could by no means afford. The apparent effect, however, of the siege was good: the speed with which the capture of Leicester had been accomplished struck terror into Parliament, and made some men regret the slighted opportunities at Uxbridge.

But whatever good effects might have resulted from this success were lost at once by errors of judgment. The King was alarmed for Oxford, where the Duke of York was residing, with so many nobles and ladies; and he resolved to relieve it, without waiting for the succours which he expected. These succours were considerable: Goring had been recalled, and Gerrard was on his way from Wales with no less than 3,000 men. Besides, Langdale's force, which was expecting to return to Yorkshire, and had petitioned to do so before, mutinied, and refused to march southwards. At last they were persuaded to consent, under promise of a northern expedition in fifteen days' time; but they marched sulkily and recklessly, and were not the men they had been, or were in 1648, when it is presumed that Langdale was surrounded by his old troops at Preston. The plans being thus unhappily changed,

Charles marched to Market Harborough, where he learned that Fairfax had raised the siege of Oxford, had been beaten off from Boarstall, and had proceeded to Buckingham. Filled with false confidence, the Royal army set forth to find him, courting an engagement, which they knew not how eagerly the officers of the New Model desired to bring on.

Arriving at Daventry June 7, Charles remained at the "Wheatsheaf" five days, in strange ignorance of the posture of the enemy ; and at this place Gervase joined him from Oxford with his little force.

How entire is the contrast between the world and the sick-room ! Outside all is noise, bustle, thoughts of this world, hardness, selfishness, absence of sympathy. Inside, even men go tenderly, and the voice and hand of women are soft as the song which floats across the waters, and as the sweet airs which bear it. Angel ministries and the solemn calm beyond this world are well symbolized, and may be well learned, in the sick-room where love watches. It is this contrast which makes us feel ashamed when we suddenly enter the sick-room of another family : its atmosphere and ours are so different. We force ourselves into outward conformity with it, but we feel all the more the difference between its spirit and ours—feel ourselves behind it and below it, and barbaric strangers, as it were, to its customs. Human love or divine can amend this in men,—love for the dying one, for his own sake, or for His sake who died for him,—but nothing else.

When Sir Nathaniel was summoned to London, with the Commissioners of Bucks., Berks., and Oxford-

shire, to arrange for supplying the besiegers of Oxford with provisions and other *materiel*, little Nat was beginning to lay his head more frequently than ever on Lucy's knee, and looked strangely heavy. Lady Domville took no notice of his ailments until her husband enquired anxiously about the child's looks, and then she bestirred herself, and shewed the greatest and most marked zeal and alacrity. The poor child was fussed with enquiries, disturbed with attentions; and could find rest nowhere but on Lucy's knee, with its head on her bosom. As Sir Nathaniel left the house, however, he saw his Lady giving diligent orders about dinner, her whole soul in the work, and not a care upon her forehead; whilst he had just left Lucy softly rocking his child—the child which disinherited her—in her own room, and watching it with a sister's affection. An angry flush tinged his face: but time was short—he must go; and he rode forth, vexed with his wife and himself.

Once free, Lady Domville paid little heed to her child. She would come into Lucy's room and enquire after it, but soon left it, saying that Nat would be better speedily, and only felt the hot weather at the first setting-in. She was no prophet, however, though not far from being a preacher: the child grew worse, and in two days' time was in extreme danger. Lucy kept him in her own room, which was darkened, to relieve his eyes: cooling draughts from cunning recipes were administered; fresh flowers pleased the child's eye; and Lucy sang him to sleep.

Oh, what a lesson might have been learned in that little room! If the hard, plotting Independent, the sour

Presbyterian, the reckless, fierce Cavalier, could have tamed themselves sufficiently to watch and consider, and could have imbibed that atmosphere of love and of gentleness, the field of Naseby need not have resounded on the morrow with the dull, unison moan of dying men, nor would slaughtered ladies have lain along the road-side to Leicester.

One man, at any rate, did see what that room contained,—did breathe its atmosphere," and imbibe its spirit. Sir Nathaniel Domville returned suddenly from London, found his wife gone to an exercise of the neighbouring pastors at Thame; enquired hastily of Kitty how the child had been and was; and was about to stalk up the stairs and burst into the room, when he remembered himself, and softly ascending and opening the door, he saw that which changed the whole current of his thoughts and feelings.

Lucy was singing a soft lullaby, and did not hear the door open. The child was lying on her knee with its eyes half open, half shut, every now and then looking at her, to be sure of his happiness: his right hand hung listlessly, clasping a rose-bud. Softly he closed his eyes, and dozed for a second: his head rolled lower down on Lucy's breast: he awoke, looked up, saw his father, and his pale cheek flushing crimson, he stretched out his little arms to his parent. Gently and thoughtfully the hard and selfish politician took the child and clasped it to his breast; and whilst little Nat's head lay over his left shoulder, he turned his face away from Lucy, lest she should see the tears which rolled down his cheeks.

This did not last. It was vain to try and stem the

mighty torrent of feeling which had been set free. The icy barrier was gone,—gone finally, and for ever. The father sat down by Lucy, took her hand, drew her nearer and nearer, laid Nat down on his little bed, caught Lucy to himself, and pressed her to his heart, saying, “Lucy, I am your father again. You were right in your reproof. I have not been a father, but I will be. Trust me now.”

Lucy had no words to reply—only tears.

“That is the child, Lucy,” said her father, when parent and daughter had recovered themselves a little, —“That is the child which has disinherited thee.”

“It is my father’s child,” replied Lucy; “and my dear little brother.”

“It has lost thee Marklands,” said the parent.

“It has restored to me my father’s affection,” replied the daughter.

“The Lord be praised!” said Sir Nathaniel.

“Amen!” replied Lucy.

From that day forth Sir Nathaniel was a parent, and more than a parent, to Lucy, as she had been a sister, and more than a sister, to his child. Love had triumphed—But at Naseby hatred was to triumph, that men might be weary of contention and long for peace below and above.

To return to it, then, with a sad heart. Finding that Oxford was now safe, the Northern plan was resumed, and happy had it been for the King if it had been carried out. On the 13th the King was moving towards Leicester, and rested at Lubenham, an old house near Harborough. There is a letter of the King’s on record, dated ‘Lubnam,’ written just as he was going to sup-

per, and before the midnight council which decided on fighting; a letter which indicates no thought of a battle.

Whilst Charles was engaged at supper at Lubenham, so also was his outpost at Naseby. The table is still to be seen where they were carousing. In the midst of their enjoyment Ireton was upon them, and only one escaped with the news. He rode to the King, who summoned a council. Rupert was aroused from his doze in a chair at Harborough, and galloped to Lubenham. There he advised a retreat; and surely, when such a man advised such a step, he should have been listened to, but—he was not. Charles was elated with accounts of Montrose, and influenced by Digby and others. The prospect of reinforcements was disregarded, and it was resolved to engage.

By eight on the morning of the 14th of June the Royal army was formed at Sibbertoft, a level high ground with a steep descent behind it and a tolerable fall also in front.

The centre, according to Prince Rupert's own plan, was commanded by Lord Astley, and in it served Colonels Hopton, Owen, Gerrard, and Lisle, Lord Bard, and other distinguished officers. Behind was the reserve, commanded by the King, with the Earls of Lindsey and Lichfield,—the latter being the well-known Lord Berners Stewart; and Sir Richard Willis, with his Newark horse, was also in the reserve.

The left was commanded by Langdale, and was weak, consisting only of about 1,600 men, and they not in good heart, as has been already observed.

The right was occupied by the Prince, about 2,000

strong, and in it were Prince Rupert's own regiment, the Queen's, and the noble Earl of Northampton's—in which were included Gervase, and the men whom he had brought up at Daventry.

On the other side, Ireton commanded the left; Fairfax the centre, with Sir Hardress Waller; and the reserves were commanded by Colonels Hammond and Rainsborough, Colonel Pride being a little behind. The right was terribly strong. Indeed, Cromwell, whom Rupert hoped to have met on the left, and whose probable overthrow under that Prince's irresistible charge would have changed the whole day, was supported by Colonels Pickering, Montague, Whalley, and Rositer, with a double reserve.

In front of Sibbertoft, as has been said, the ground falls slightly. The country was then entirely open, and although broken up into arable land by the present occupants, is still nearly as much exposed as it used to be. Rupert pushed forward with his usual alacrity, and soon caught sight of the enemy on the right of the village of Naseby. They were changing their positions, and he thought they were flying. He sent a message to the King to advance, and having lined the Sulby hedge on his right, he charged with his accustomed fury and success, scattering his opponents before him like chaff. Leaving him for a while, let us return to the other divisions.

The centre, with its cannon between the squadrons, had now reached the top of the ground before it begins to decline; thence it falls to a level, the fatal Broadmoor, and rises again to Bill's Beech on the opposite side—a ridge of much the same height.

Not so with the left. A rabbit-warren and furze-hill slope sank into a hollow which was outflanked and commanded by higher ground opposite. The advantage was with that party which should occupy the position which the Royal left was assailing. Unfortunately, a change of position produced the same effect in the centre.

But now let us witness the gallant advance of the Royal army, never more full of courage and fire. Rupert and his division were out of sight over the brow of Redhill. No enemy was to be seen on Bill's Beech opposite the centre, nor on Lodge-hill opposite the left wing. The army moved forwards in full hope that they were coming upon a disheartened and retreating enemy. Distant sounds of strife echoed on the right,—shouts,—firing of small and heavy guns; but along the centre and left only the measured tramp of horse and men was heard, and the words of command. The rabbits dived deep into their burrows at the sound; the silken mouse rushed under the gorse-roots or into the rushes. The hare ran straight away towards the enemy; the lark sprang up, but did not hover, wheeling away out of reach. It was no place for that sweet chorister. The two sides of the choir were indeed ranged opposite, but horrible discords were preparing,—a service of hell, not of Heaven. The country-folk from behind followed to stare at the wonderful sight. They had heard of a battle, but now they were going to see one. The great-grandfather of the farmer who first broke up and who now cultivates Broadmoor stood on a gate-post, a thoughtless boy, to witness the battle. On, on they marched, lower and lower down the slope.

They reached the level, and marched up towards the ridge before them. Suddenly on the top, at about ten o'clock, appeared the centre of the enemy under Fairfax, and the right under the redoubted Cromwell.

Langdale's men charged, but they charged a superior body, and they charged up-hill also. Their assault became a standing fight, the standing a retreating. They were forced back on to their own side of the hill, and defended themselves amongst the warren-holes and furze-bushes, which partially protected them. But this did not last long,—they were routed: and Cromwell, detaching a force to see that they did not rally again, turned upon the flank of the centre.

That centre had acquitted itself gloriously. Charging up-hill, against the fire of artillery, they fired but one volley, and fell with swords and clubbed muskets upon their foes, breaking their line and forcing them back on to their reserve, which at once took their place. But meantime Cromwell's victorious troopers attacked rear and flank. The reserve, which should have met this charge, and defended them, were panic-struck, and were not rallied until too late to be serviceable. Charles was conjuring them to advance, but they had not done so. The brave centre was forced back, and retired upon the hollow level called Broadmoor, beset in front, flank, and rear. Cromwell was riding at them, and trying to force a way in, but in vain; until a fresh regiment of foot fell upon them with clubbed muskets, and broke them. A fearful carnage began. No man fled. They fell where they fought, and died where they fell. The centre was destroyed, not defeated.

And where was Rupert the while? Where was Ger-

vase and the brave regiment in which he served? The fiery chief had carried all before him; wounded and captured Ireton himself; charged up to Naseby, and surrounded the town. Not like Cromwell, who declined pursuit, which endangers the victor until his triumph is complete, Rupert and his headlong Cavaliers had pushed their advantage until it was gone. It was not Gervase's business to question these proceedings; and, indeed, divested as he was of responsibility, he had given way himself to the general impetus of that gallant charge. But yet he was glad when he saw the Prince recall his men and return to the field.

He returned,—when and how? If he had wheeled round but a few minutes earlier, and taken Hammond and Rainsborough in their rear, the Parliamentary centre had been utterly ruined, and he could have charged through it and met Cromwell himself. If he had only returned in good order, the mere appearance of such a powerful body would have reopened the dispute, and the subsequent movements must have been of a different character. But now, when he reached the brow of the hill, he saw the centre being trodden into the earth, and the King vainly trying to rally the reserves. O, if he could but join in the charge to which Charles was exhorting his men! if he could but be by his side! He sees his Uncle's sword upraised, and fancies he can hear the famous words, "One charge more, and the day is ours." But his broken troops will not rally; dense bodies of the foe intervene. Whilst he calls on his men to form and follow him, the whole scene is changed. He observes the Earl

of Carneworth seize the King's bridle and turn his horse round, calling on him to save his life. A panic ensues. The last last spark of hope is now quenched. In vain Charles turns again; in vain Prince Rupert tries to cut his way to his aid. The Prince hews himself out a path, and Gervase rides with him. They draw near to the King, but almost alone, and cut off from their own body, which had not accompanied them. They fight desperately, and they know that it is so. Gervase stands up in his stirrups to cut down an officer who had thrown himself in the way; a ball strikes him: he falls,—the tide of battle, or rather of defeat and pursuit, rolls over him, and leaves him amongst the dying and dead.

Till night the Roundheads cut, and hacked, and piked, and pistolled. Three hundred women at the least were slain, others slashed and cut in the face. The Royal Standard was taken. The fugitives were pursued along the lanes, into barns, churchyards, or wherever they sought to rally or find refuge. Through Marston, Theddingworth, Harborough, Kibworth, and Glen,—everywhere the avenger followed and smote. Roadside and lane were strewn with dead. Garden, orchard, and homestead,—each had its corpse. Harborough Church was crammed full of captives, before their removal to Rockingham Castle and Northampton; and 500 camp-followers were kept under guard before they were slaughtered like beasts.

The thousands slain, the captives, the seizure of the private correspondence, the loss of arms and money, the utter crushing, quenching rout, are matters of

history, and concern not Gervase Norman. He lay upon the ground amongst the dead. He felt not the war-horse which rode over him, and broke his arm with its hoof. The pikeman thrust his pike wantonly into his thigh, and he felt it not. The dying moaned around him; an enemy lay dead above him: the blood of the Roundhead streamed over the Cavalier, and mingled with his;—but what were these things to him?

Still more, what was it to him that his faithful horse Phoenix lay beside him? Refusing to be mastered by a stranger, and striking out at his captor, a bullet from the angry soldier had stretched him on the ground beside his master.

Red set the evening sun on the red field. Cowardly plunderers skulked about whilst they could use its last rays, pillaging the dead and deserting the dying; nay, sometimes wrenching a ring from hands still living, and vainly closing to resist the marauder. The innocent creatures of the soil still crouched in their retreats, nor ventured to shew themselves. Then down went the sun with an impatient plunge, and darkness brooded over all that drear spot; and the fox crept stealthily among the carrion, startled now and then by the moan of one who could not yet die, or the sudden spasm and struggle of some wounded horse.

It was Charles's sun which thus set upon Naseby.

CHAPTER XXI.

TIDINGS.

FUGITIVES from the field soon reached Oxford, and brought tidings of that final and crushing defeat. There was no real hope after it in the future, by those whose judgment was worthy of consideration. Rupert himself simply despaired. The Royal resources were exhausted, whilst those of the rebels were greater than ever.

But, added to their despondency, was the sorrow of the mourners. The Court at Oxford and the garrison were one and all mourners: none but had lost a dear friend, and too many a relative. Yet was any wife or daughter more anxious than Basil, when he heard of the defeat? or any more heart-broken than he, when the report spread that Gervase had fallen, and at last one of his own troop arrived, who had fought by his side to the last? At first the grief was intense—beyond the power of tears. He could not speak of his sorrow—no, not to the kindest, and gentlest, and best. He heard Dr. Baylie, listened to Hammond and Sherlock, strove to believe and feel as they taught him, but wanted power to do so; and when the poignancy of his sorrow abated, a dull, heavy, desponding grief settled down on him, for which he blamed himself, and was justly reprovèd by his friends, but against which he seemed to have no power of resistance. And what wonder? Gervase

was Basil's all in the world. Father and mother and home were no more. Lucy—the dream of his boyhood—had been wholly and finally surrendered to him who was dearer than self. And now he felt altogether alone, desolate, aimless, hopeless ; and was miserable for feeling so miserable. Let the reader be patient with Basil : give time to faith to work patience, and to patience to grow and increase.

Basil would sit and dream of the past. He would place Gervase by memory on the chest where he used to sit and polish his arms ; he would hear him ascending the stairs, or whistling in the quadrangle below ; he would close his eyes, in order to see more distinctly in mind the loved form and features, and so would catch them for a moment ; but he could not retain them, — the figure melted away, or changed into another, but the desire to see it did not, and therefore the effort was renewed, and renewed. Alas ! how we would fain live in the past, which is dead, instead of in the future, which dieth not, and soon will be no future at all !

Lucy had recovered her father's confidence and affection in time. Pity, perhaps, might have softened him, when he saw his daughter mourning for her first and greatly-beloved,—that gallant youth, so beautiful in feature and form, and expressing in every action and word something which forced men to admire and love him. Kind memories of happy days, when Gervase and his brother were the life and light of the village—when the chase was shared with one brother, and the lighter games of the courtyard and lawn with both ! these might have softened Sir Nathaniel, if

need was ; but the work was already accomplished. Sir Nathaniel grieved at once with his daughter, sincerely, deeply, manifestly ; and Lucy had a companion in sorrow. She was no longer alone ; and she thanked God daily that He had pitied her weakness, and had not suffered her to be utterly desolate in her grief. The love, too, of the child was most touching. He would come and stand by her, and watch her ; nor could Lucy induce him to resume his play until she had kissed him repeatedly, and until, in order to comfort him, she was forced to break off her own sorrow, and to join in his sport or occupation, and so forget her own trouble.

The history of the war is from this point a collapse of the Royal power—a highway to captivity, even as that was to the grave. Leicester surrendered directly after the battle. In July, Goring lost his army by negligence before Lamport ; Pontefract, Scarborough, Raby, Bath, and Bridgewater were among the places which fell speedily into the hands of the Parliament. Charles was in Wales ; and Oxford was expecting a siege. Even Rupert despaired, and pressed the King to accept the terms of the Parliament ; but he positively refused to sacrifice the Church, the rights of the Crown, or his friends—a resolution to which he generally adhered ; and if sometimes he swerved, he recovered himself and was constant at the last.

After wandering through the heart of England from Wales, by Newark and Huntingdon, Charles returned to Oxford August 28, where he heard of Montrose's victory at Kilsyth. This news and hopes of succour from Ireland elated him, and he proceeded to relieve

Hereford, besieged by the Scots, who did not await his arrival. Turning southwards, with an ability, promptitude, and daring which marked many of his actions, though not so often his counsels, and which men do not notice sufficiently in estimating his character, Charles proceeded to relieve Bristol, held by his favourite nephew against Fairfax. Halting at Ragland Castle, where he was always so welcome, he heard that he had already surrendered. Overcome with grief and excited with anger, Charles withdrew all command from Rupert, commanding him to quit the kingdom ; and astonished Oxford by ordering the arrest of the loyal Colonel Legge, and appointing the eminent Sir Thomas Glenham governor in his place. The fact was, that Charles had such false confidence in the strength of Bristol, that he thought Rupert must have acted treacherously, and doubted whether there was not some design amongst his friends to compel him to a peace.

After a period of irresolution, the King decided to effect a junction with Montrose, as his only resource. Unfortunately, Charles had shrunk in August from attacking Leslie on his march against Montrose, when the King was at Doncaster, and Leslie, unconscious of his danger, lay at Rotherham ; and now that leader had fallen upon Montrose unawares, and extinguished his career at the surprise and decisive rout of Philipshaugh, on September 13. And yet even this was not enough to complete Charles' misfortunes ; for ten days later the cavalry, which had kept with the King ever since Naseby, was defeated by Pointz, under Chester, broken up, and dispersed ; and the King

lost the gallant Earl of Lichfield by death, and the invaluable Sir Philip Musgrave was captive.

Towards the middle of September, Basil was sitting in his window, in the south-west gable, looking at the setting sun—his constant delight. Bilson was with him, now a Sophist, and was reading to him one of Dr. Donne's sermons. By his side was a table, a cup, and a jar. The latter was full of a mixture which indicated in those times the case of him who took it: it was a decoction of St. John's wort and syrup of tobacco. By it lay a packet of powders, just left by the "physitian;" — white poppy-seed ten drachms, starch, gum Arabic and dragon, each three drachms, seeds of purslane, marsh-mallow, cucumber, gourds, citreles, quince, each seven drachms,—such was the composition. But to us of the nineteenth century the countenance and the cough were a better index of Basil's disease. It was that sure wasting away of the organs of life which is rightly called consumption. The hectic flush was there, the bright eye, the clear complexion, the thin hand, the quick nervous glance, the suppressal of the terrible cough, the occasional bursting forth of it, the rush of blood to the face, the faintness and prostration ensuing. Basil was passing away from his fears and his sorrows,—his fears for the Church and the Crown, his sorrows for those whom he mourned;—passing away; but none could say how slowly. None could say whether the coming cold of winter would freeze his blood, or the dissolving warmth of May melt away the little strength which remained. None could say when; but all knew the fact;—all

knew that Basil Norman, the gentle, thoughtful, devout scholar, whom all his elders loved as a son, and his juniors revered and loved as an elder brother, was soon to be taken away. All that despondency, prostration, heavy sadness, which followed on the tidings from Naseby, were gone. Religion had done this ; and sickness had been the handmaid of religion. Hope had brightened the eye which faith had dried,—hope to rejoin his loved ones ; but chiefly to see Him in whom he trusted that they lived, and that he should live with them for ever.

Basil had been weaned from life not only by the loss of those whom he loved, but by the cutting off of his favourite pursuits, and the compulsory abandonment of his studies, rules of life, and many devotional acts. Aristotle lay unopened, and the heavy theological works on which he had entered. Fasts were abandoned, and, which cost Basil much, his Nocturns, to which he had tacitly alluded in his ride with his brother,—a practice probably not infrequent among pious and orthodox persons in those times, since such a man as Williams, Archbishop of York, but better known as Bishop of Lincoln, persevered in it in extreme old age, as did also Richard Sherlock. On all sides, therefore, Basil was set loose from this life—its joys and its griefs, its worldliness and its devotion : the cords which held him were cut, and he was drifting rapidly outwards.

The sun was setting fast as Basil sat in his window ; the clouds lay one over another in long, level lines of beautiful tints, brighter and more golden as they were

nearer the sun ;—they seemed like golden bars vainly endeavouring to imprison that unrestrainable power of light. Yet they were not bright in themselves, but only dark clouds of earth, illumined, changed, converted gaolers, as it were, of the saints. Perhaps thoughts like these were passing through Basil's mind : he motioned to his companion to cease reading, and sat drinking in the last draught of that sweet pleasure, neither moving nor speaking. Suddenly the sun shot up bright, radiant beams, spangling and piercing the green and blue depths of space ; then slowly withdrew them with himself, and only left his reflected glories behind. Basil sighed, wiped tears from his eyes, and looked down upon the scene beneath, without thinking what was passing there in the least.

“ What do I see ? ” he suddenly exclaimed, waking up from his reverie ; “ it is,—no, it cannot be,—it is his angel ! O my God ! It is Gervase ! it is Gervase ! ”

Bilson rushed to the window, forgetting his charge : he saw a thin form passing by on the opposite side, lame, and leaning on a stick. The man seemed poor and sick, but it was no common man, — the air and bearing were those of a gentleman and a soldier. Bilson turned, and saw that Basil had fainted.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TALE OF GERVASE NORMAN.

NEXT day Basil kept his bed, and could not speak. The least movement or attempt to converse brought on a return of the frightful hæmorrhage of the preceding evening. Bilson was sitting in the next room, waiting to be useful; but another sat by Basil's bedside silently, and pressed his hand from time to time,—and that other was Gervase.

“I did not think to surprise you so much, Basil,” he said: “First I hoped you had heard of me before, for I sent a letter by one, and a message by another; but the times are such that one cannot trust any plan. Then, when I passed under your window to my old lodging, I did not look up until I had gone by. But you have changed your chamber since I left.”

Basil pressed his brother's hand, and said, “All is well; thanks be to God. Have you sent to Lucy?”

“Yes, by a special messenger this morning. I had writ to her also before, when I sent to you.”

“Tell me all,” said Basil.

“Will it not be too much for you?”

“No; I shall be the better. It will keep me quiet,” he would have added, but he felt his cough threatening, and stopped.

“You heard when and how I fell. I was close to the Prince. He and I were cutting our way towards the King. You know the rest. I can re-

member nothing more, until I opened my eyes, and saw a thatched roof over me, and a blue curtain in front drawn across, and separating my portion of the room from the rest. I lay still, wondering where I was, or rather whether I dreamed or was awake; I tried to move, but a faintness came over me, my eyes grew dim, and my mind went again.

“Presently I awoke, and saw a woman busy preparing some bandages, and a strange old man standing over me, and repeating some Latin incantation, which I learned afterwards, for your sake. Shall I say it now, or afterwards?”

“As you will.”

“Well, then, now. You must not get excited by my tale, and this will be a relief; something like a chorus in the tragedies, which says ‘halt’ to the story and gives us breath. Well, the old man, whose long thin face is still in my eye as fresh as ever, muttered thus:—

‘Sanguis mane in te
Sicut Christus fuit in se;
Sanguis mane in tuâ venâ
Sicut Christus in suâ poenâ;
Sanguis mane fixus,
Sicut Christus quando fuit crucifixus.’

“The last words were a comfort to me. They minded me, Basil, of that blessed blood-shedding, in which, whether I should live or should die, must be all my trust.

“The old woman seemed impatient with the surgeon’s charms, and wanted him to take to deeds, which presently he did. I was bandaged up, told to keep quiet, and they left me.

“After this, the woman always sat in my room spinning, and watching my wants. She fed me like a child, and nursed me as if I were her own son.

“But worse was to come. My wounds were three: a musket-ball was in my breast; a horse had trodden upon me, and my left arm was broken; and some merciful enemy had run a pike into my thigh as I was lying for dead. The pike-wound was nothing. It was wont to bleed, and I am still lame with it; but O that setting and unsetting of my arm, Basil, which that old villain carried on, and seemed to delight in! Thank God you did not have to endure t! And then the miscreant would probe for the ball in my breast, until I groaned again and again. I was ashamed of myself; but I could not be silent. The good woman, Martha Branston—for that was her name—used to chide me, and say I was no soldier, if I could not bear pain: but, by my faith, Basil, no mortal man could have helped crying out. He used to poke hooks into me like those you were wont to read of about the holy martyrs; not so big, of course, but inside a man, they seemed to tear up and plough my breast. I only marvel that I ever lived through my torments; but here I am. And in this, again, the old miscreant used his charms. He used to sing in a sort of whining chant,—

‘O plumbum manum accipe

Te peto cum hoc forcipe.’

Or else he would say,—

‘O vulnus globum prome

Ne saucio sit fletus.

Tu sphæram ita vome

Sicut prophetam cetus.’ ”

Basil smiled, and found that his brother’s narrative

was becoming dangerous to his calmness in another direction.

Gervase proceeded.

“Ah, Basil, I would you could have seen Martha Branston;—but I trust you shall do so yet. She was a Puritan, and often vexed me with what she said; but she was a true Christian, Basil, and loved her enemies. She even went to the field to search for my arms, and found my sword and pistols, and told me that poor Phoenix lay close where I fell.”

Gervase sighed deeply.

“As I grew better,” he proceeded, “I used to enquire of Dame Martha about the battle, and heard tales of carnage that would make your blood freeze in your veins. She herself, too, lost her husband in the war, which made her mercy to a Cavalier the more praiseworthy. The house was alone, a little way out of the village of Sibbertoft, and close to the field. It was a lone village, and little news came to me, but that little was evil.

“I had much time for thought, Basil, and much for prayer. The Lord grant I may be both the wiser and the better for His visitation!”

“God grant it to us both!” said Basil.

“As I began to amend, I wished to write to you, Basil, and did, but found no messenger. At last a wounded soldier came past, and I gave him my letter, and money for his journey; for, strangely, they forgot to plunder me, as they did the other dead. Poor fellow, he looked very ill, and I doubt he perished on the journey. After this I wrote again, and engaged a countryman of the village to take the epistle, first to

Lucy, and then to you: he did not return, and I fear he failed in the one errand, as well as in the other.

“At last I could rest no longer. Poor Martha Branston! she did all she could to dissuade me. She told me of the parties that were out from all the garrisons, and that I was sure to be taken or slain: but I would not hear. When she found this, she gave me her own horse, that used to take her to market; and dressed like a countryman, I set forth: but as she said, I was soon taken by a party from Compton-house; and was being led away as prisoner, when Heaven assisted me.

“The rebels had ridden some twenty miles from their garrison, and were fatigued. They halted at an inn on the road-side, and began to drink. And for anything I can perceive, the Parliamentary garrisons are become nearly as bad as ours, from the evil habits of the war, and the license of their expeditions for booty and provision. They began to drink: I waited my time, and slipping out, hid myself under a truss of hay in the yard.

“I had not done this more than two minutes, when my escape was discovered, and the troopers began pricking with their swords into the straw and hay. One pierced my leg, but I said nothing; and they missed me.

“I was faint from loss of blood, and could not walk. I doubted what to do, not knowing the character of the landlord. At last I resolved to trust him, and was happy in my decision. He fed me, and gave me a fresh disguise; and so, after a few days' rest, I began to walk; and keeping to the lanes and quiet parts of

the country, I found my way hither, and am here, a broken, penniless soldier in a falling cause. But God forgive me for saying so, when He has been so gracious to both of us as to bring us together again."

"He has indeed," said Basil: "As for money, care not. Preserve your health, and all will be well."

"And thou thine, Basil," said Gervase, bending over his brother, and looking into his eyes, as if he read the future in them.

"Not here, Gervase," he replied: "Think it not. I go to the good Physician."

Gervase could not reply.

On the evening of the next day, a messenger stood at the door of the kitchen at Marklands Court, desiring to speak with Mistress Lucy. Some of the servants rejected him, and he would hardly have obtained a hearing, had not old James entered, who at once perceived the importance of the messenger to her to whom he had been sent.

"From Oxford, art not?" he said.

"Yes, master; from Sir Gervase Norman."

"Sir Gervase Norman!" exclaimed the servants: "he fell at Naseby."

"He lives. I saw him with my own eyes yesterday. I am sent by him."

"Then God be praised," said James; and Mary was sent to break the news to Lucy as best she could. But there is no breaking of news to loving hearts. We cannot conceal our tidings from such. Lucy read the whole truth in Mary's face, and receiving the letter, rushed up into her chamber, where she knelt long and wept much before she ventured to open it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FINAL SIEGE.

FOR some months one invalid nursed the other, but with great difference of condition. Gervase was recovering his former strength and vigour for a longer battle with life, but Basil, like the King's affairs, grew more and more feeble.

After the rapturous surprise which prostrated Basil, and for a time made him more ill than before, the misfortunes of the Royal cause proceeded in a long and weary procession of failure or defeat. Before the year closed, Digby and Langdale were broken, after nearly doing great things in the North, and were driven over the border. Insubordination increased. Charles endured Rupert's insolence at Newark, and took his rapid ride, or rather flight, from Newark through Belvoir to Oxford, which he reached for the last time. Basing-house was taken, and Latham, and an attempt to relieve Chester, from Oxford, defeated. All through December Charles made incessant overtures to Parliament, but it was hardly to be expected that it would entertain them,—nor did it. The only approach to negotiation was defeated by the discovery of the King's disingenuous treaty with the Irish rebels, by means of the loyal Glamorgan, and by his disingenuous disclaimer of his own agent's acts. This is a painful feature in the history, and must be lamented rather than disguised by those who

love truth. Nor, indeed, is this instance of disingenuous and selfish policy so sad as that which Charles' letter to Montrevil, April 1, 1646, betrays to us, if that ambassador's note to it is correct; in which Montrevil declares that he received a duplicate letter, in one of which Charles stipulated for the safety of his loyal supporters, and in the other did not, and that the former only was to be shewn to the Scots, with whom he was negotiating.

The year 1646 opened and proceeded as its predecessor had ended. Dartmouth, Belvoir, and Chester were taken; Hopton was defeated at Torrington. An attempt upon Abingdon from Oxford, by Sir Thomas Glenham, was nearly successful, but failed. Then Ashby surrendered. And, worse than all, Sir Jacob Ashley, now Lord Ashley, in marching to Oxford with a force which was to be the nucleus of a new army, was utterly defeated at Stow-on-the-Wold, and taken prisoner, with Sir Charles Lucas and many other officers, together with 1,600 prisoners.

"Now you have done your work," said Ashley to the Parliament officers, "and may go play, unless you fall out among yourselves."

In April, Oxford was greatly straitened. Colonel Fleetwood with 3,000 men were sent by Fairfax to harass it, and about the same time a body of 600 horse were routed and pursued up to the walls.

Gervase was now in the saddle again, gladly equipped and paid by the Governor, so far as any man could get pay in those times; and he was employed in different expeditions, to check the advance of Fleetwood, Ireton, Rainsborough, and the Abing-

don forces, which all clustered round Oxford. Early in the month, Fleetwood had cut off the communication between Oxford and Woodstock, and besieged Radcot and Boarstall; while Colonel Whaley lay before Banbury, and Wallingford and Faringdon were also besieged. Then Exeter surrendered, and Mount-Edgecombe, Dunster, Aberystwith, Woodstock, and Bridgenorth; and finally, Charles, as the result of the Montrevil embassy, left Oxford in disguise, a fugitive, with Ashburnham and Hudson, to throw himself on the Scots; sleeping a night at Hambledon-manor on his way, within a few miles of Sir Nathaniel Domville, and in the very place of which he had refused to make him a baron.

With May, Fairfax appeared before the walls of Oxford, and many officers deserted to his camp. He himself was quartered at Headington; the artillery was at Elsfield. Desertions grew more common, and ladies applied for passes, but were refused. On the other hand, sallies were frequent, and one from Faringdon was successful. Newark surrendered by the King's consent. Banbury capitulated upon articles. The Scots retreated northwards with the King. Sir Thomas Glenham asked leave to send to the King to know his pleasure, but was refused. On the 12th, Prince Rupert was wounded in the shoulder whilst riding out on the north of the city, for exercise with a hundred companions, in his 'shoes and stockings;' and Lilly the astrologer was said to have foretold the misfortune. Negotiations now commenced for the surrender: the terms asked were sent to London, where they were esteemed too high, and Fairfax was

instructed how much to allow. All things hastened to an end.

It has been mentioned before that the Committees of the adjacent counties had been sent for to London, to arrange for supplying the besieging army, and that Sir Nathaniel was on one of them. Through his hands had passed not only the assessments, but the fines and compositions of delinquents, and the rents of sequestered estates for a considerable portion of the country; and in all this Miles Prigge was his careful and business-like agent.

Latterly, divers reports had reached Sir Nathaniel's ears, which at first he did not believe. He was told that Prigge had received bribes in order to get delinquents' estates valued lightly, and so reduce the composition. So also, in an opposite direction, it was whispered that in other cases Prigge had exacted too much,—more than the sum imposed. The Knight, however, had found everything so regular and so accurate in his agent's dealings, that he would have paid no heed at such a time to these insinuations, had it not been for another circumstance. One day this busy politician rode to Wallingford, another to Boarstall, in order to see that the supplies were duly sent; and again he had to visit London; so that mere press of business would have secured Prigge from his suspicion, if it had not been for his strange behaviour towards Lady Domville. He had noticed an unpleasant familiarity and assumption of superiority in Prigge on several occasions, when he was either thought to be absent, or else not observing what was passing; and the expression on Lady Domville's face at such times, although indicating dislike rather than re-

gard, was that of a person concealing something, and on some secret understanding with the person then speaking.

Sir Nathaniel was struck by these things, and as he considered them, he remembered the strange indifference shewn to his little boy by its mother during the illness, and how the child always clung to Lucy, and ran to her in preference. The more he thought of all this, the more uncomfortable he was, and the more suspicious he grew; but he was misled, for self-interest was the only bond between his wife and Prigge.

One evening Sir Nathaniel returned, hot, tired, and not in the best of humours, from Crowmarsh, where he had visited the leaguer of Wallingford.

At supper he said, "Lucy, I go to-morrow to Oxford, to visit the General, and shall not be back till Saturday, perhaps not so early."

"So soon away again, Sir?" replied the daughter; and the wife next took up the remark, and added, "Aye, Sir Nathaniel, it is mine rather to complain; did I not regard the public good more than mine own, and hold it wrong to let my private interests or feelings restrain you from your service in the war?"

Her husband did not reply.

Miles Prigge broke the awkward silence by saying, "Lady Domville is right. Your services, Sir Nathaniel, to the State, are such as must entitle you to a great reward at the end of the war. Certain I am that they ought to do so. Suffer Sir Nathaniel to go, Lady Domville, I pray you, and to see the General, as he proposes to do."

"You will go with me, Mr. Prigge," said the Knight, shortly.

"Certainly, Sir Nathaniel, if you desire: yet to-morrow I had appointed to receive Sir John Parkinson's rents for his estate at Aylesbury; and Mr. Cheyne's fine also falls due."

"They can wait," replied the Knight.

"Yes, Sir, and yet——;" but there was nothing to encourage the speaker, and he ceased. The conversation was changed by Lucy, and supper ended more cheerfully than it began. As they were about to rise, Miles Prigge made one more attempt.

"Might it not be better, Sir, for me to follow you to Oxford after attending to Sir John's matters, and Mr. Cheyne's?"

"No; you will go with me," replied Sir Nathaniel: "and as for the fines, they can wait, until I can receive them myself."

Prigge looked at his employer to read his meaning; and what he saw did not please him. He stood before Sir Nathaniel with an undecided air.

"Have you anything to say?" said Sir Nathaniel, observing this.

"No, Sir, nothing; nothing, save that I trust your confidence in me is not impaired by any reports."

"What reports, Mr. Prigge?" said the Knight, looking hard at the agent.

"Nay, I know not. But envy bites the heels of those who prosper; and I have enjoyed your favour and patronage too long, Sir Nathaniel, to be exempt from it."

"It is well, Sir. Prepare to ride with me to-morrow by sunrise."

Miles was surprised and alarmed at what had passed.

It was not any particular word upon which he could fix, but the whole tenor of the conversation, and his patron's manner disturbed him; and conscience filled up the outline.

Sir Nathaniel bade good-night to Lucy, and went into his private room. Lucy waited for a few minutes, and then followed him, knocked, and was admitted.

"Do not go, father," she said; "do not go. Stay with us to-morrow."

"Why, silly girl?" he replied, half jesting and half vexed.

"To please me. Do not go—not this time."

"Sit down, Lucy. You must have some meaning in this. What is it?"

"You will be angry with me if I say. I had a dream. I cannot say what I saw; but do not go this time—this once."

"Folly! Why not this time? Why will not next journey be as dangerous as this, if danger there be? Why, I go partly for thy sake, foolish one."

"For my sake, father?"

"Yes, for thine. Oxford will surrender in a few days, and the Normans will need a friend. I shall be that friend, Lucy. I go thither to be ready."

"O dearest father!" exclaimed Lucy, "I never expected this. And yet go not, I pray thee,—go not."

"What is it, then? Say all you know. You cannot expect a man of sixty to yield to a girl's fears in times like these."

"I had a dream, father, and in it—in it I saw you fall by a shot from behind; not in front, but behind. Who fired it I saw not."

Sir Nathaniel was silent. Lucy had made an impression, as she thought; but it was not sufficient.

"Nay, child, I must go," said her father, kissing her: "a dream is no excuse to a man like Fairfax for not observing an appointed meeting. But I promise I will avoid the lines, and keep out of reach of shot, if they still keep up the fire."

"But the shot was from behind, father."

"I know. Lucy, consider. You are a woman of sense, and a religious woman. You must perceive the difference between lightly running risks and going in the path of duty."

"Duty!" said Lucy, timidly.

"Yes, duty," replied her father, but with some hesitation: "At any rate, my errand for the Normans is a work of mercy, and not to be abandoned for a dream."

"Then you will not attend to the warning?"

"I say not that,—I say not that. I will prepare for death, if death should come; but I will not fly from it. Send James to me, and return shortly. Nay, stay; I will speak with you. I am about to trust you, Lucy, with my honour. Few men would say what I shall say to thee, but few have such a daughter. Lucy, have you observed anything which should not be between Lady Domville and Miles Prigge?"

Lucy was silent.

Her father pressed her vehemently to speak, and she then told him what she had seen and heard about the papers, and that she had since observed a familiarity which she did not like, but no more.

"And why did you not tell me this before?"

"I was not then——" Lucy paused.

"I understand you. I was not then a father to you."

"I did not say so, dear father. I doubted whether you would believe me then, or I should have spoken; and since that, I have never seen anything which justified my making you unhappy."

"True, true. It is my own doing; my own penalty."

Sir Nathaniel was silent for a few minutes. At last he said, "Lucy, I like not this matter about the papers. It seems as if Lady Domville had somewhat very weighty to conceal. I married her with little enquiry. I only learned that she was the daughter of a London alderman then dead, and had married an Irish gentleman, who had been killed in the rebellion. If there is anything more, I will know it upon my return; and then, also, I will enquire into these stories about Prigge, and see whether the money affairs are all right. It must wait until then. One thing, however, I shall do: I shall change my will this night, and shall provide for you and Gervase Norman; and in return for this, you must serve me. I shall make you and Gervase the guardians of my child. Will you undertake the office for me?"

"Cheerfully," replied Lucy; "Nat is my brother. I have always loved him as my brother."

"You have: and it was that, Lucy, which recovered me, and made me again your father."

"And will you go, Sir?" asked Lucy entreatingly: "All this fills me more and more with fear."

"Yes, I must go. Prigge shall go with me. All

will be safe till I return. Now send James to me. God bless thee, child. Here, let me kiss thee once more. And now good-bye."

Lucy left the room. As she did so, she thought she heard a rustling in the corner of the hall; but she saw nothing. She called James Blunt, and went to her bed; but she could not sleep. Before the sun rose she rose; with her own hands she prepared some breakfast for her father, embraced him again, and saw him set forth for Oxford, followed by Prigge, Blunt, and his servants.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SALLY.

ON May 24 Radcot-house surrendered to the Parliament forces. A grenade split a tower, and descended into the cellar, letting out all the beer, as various writers observe with great interest.

May 25. The Parliament received a letter from the King in his captivity, offering great concessions, and enclosing one to Oxford authorizing the surrender of it upon honourable terms. Four days afterwards this letter was voted unsatisfactory, and it was ordered not to be forwarded: the siege therefore proceeded. Meantime the garrison fired vigorously upon the enemy, partly to expend their powder, and partly to obtain good terms by a bold front.

A change had come over Miles Prigge. He had

not been wont to court danger; but now he seemed anxious to join in every movement in which he might be permitted, and sought to draw his patron with him into places of danger. This, however, he could not do. Sir Nathaniel had gone to the camp neither out of idle curiosity, nor to win laurels, nor to reduce Oxford; and he quietly observed the proceedings from the heights, and waited until the surrender, which he expected, should enable him to see Gervase, and to offer him a home and a bride. He was frequently at the General's quarters at Headington; and his opinion was taken upon matter of supplies, and concerns of like character.

Men were reading at this time, with hope or alarm, Lilly's pamphlet of June 14, interpreting the three suns said to have been seen in the sky at London November 19, 1644, which was the birthday of the King.

The astrologer enumerated parallel wonders from A.D. 51 to A.D. 1640, and after a multitude of dolorous explanations, had concluded for Oxford that it should "suffer both with Sword, Sicknesse, Famine, Plague, if not final subversion."

Basil was sinking fast, and Gervase nursed him as tenderly as a woman could, when he was not upon duty. Sir Thomas Glenham knew this; but it by no means disposed him to release Gervase from his occupation: on the contrary, although he did not detain him long, he constantly gave him some exciting piece of service, as a relief to body and mind after watching in the sick-room.

The most remarkable of these actions was an at-

tempt to beat up Fairfax in his bed; and if not to catch him, at least to give a thorough alarm to the camp.

War seldom respects now days or seasons. There have been fierce battles on Christmas-day and at Easter. Sunday had been used by Charles for military purposes after the second battle at Newbury. It is no matter, then, of surprise that on Trinity Sunday at night two parties issued from Oxford to surprise the General. Both passed through the lines at St. Clement's, but there parted. One party took the meadows on the way to Marston, as if about to cut their way out of the leaguer, and then turned suddenly up the rising-ground, and wheeling round fell upon Headington from the London side.

Gervase did much the same. He rode for Cowley, at St. Bartholomew's struck off to the left, and attacked the General's quarters a few minutes earlier on the other side. The surprise was complete. Straggling guards, and troopers rushing out of house and stable, were pistolled or cut down, and the northern party beset the General's lodging.

Gervase was misinformed as to the exact spot in which Fairfax was lodging. He and his troop attacked a house on the right hand of the Headington road, and cutting down all who sallied out, completely beleaguered it. The next minute an alarm was given from behind; the door of the house burst open, and a little party sallied out sword in hand: the very worst thing they could do; for they could have defended the house for an hour protected by its walls, and making use of its window. Gervase turned to repulse the

attack on the rear ; and a charge with a dozen of his men at once broke and dispersed a small body of foot quartered near, who were running up in confusion to the spot where they heard shouting and firing. This done, he wheeled round, and beheld a sight which amazed him. A torch had fallen during the struggle upon a heap of straw which had been brought in and thrown down, with camp carelessness, near the stables. The whole heap was in flames, and the scene which it lighted up became as distinct as if it were daylight.

Behind, lay the house, gilded with the red light of the flames, and a few persons appeared engaged in firing from the windows upon the assailants. Before the door a little battle was raging. An elderly man with hand and voice rallied a band and resisted the attack, and at his feet lay several bodies. Gervase looked. Surely it could not be, — and yet it was no other than Sir Nathaniel Domville, whom he had not seen since the chase. His head was bare, and the fire lit up his grey hairs. Grey indeed were his hairs, but they were not a sign of weakness or inaction. The Knight was dealing his blows right and left with coolness and courage ; and when Gervase first saw him, the assailants stood at bay for a second, and then rushed once more upon the defenders.

Gervase shouted "Hold, hold !" but as he spoke Sir Nathaniel fell, and the troopers bursting into the little throng, broke it and dispersed it in an instant.

In another moment Gervase was kneeling by the fallen man, and raising his head, examined whether life was extinct. All thought of past ill-treatment

was gone. It was Lucy's father who lay there, and Gervase felt and acted as a son.

"Yield," said an officer, standing over him. He looked up, and saw the courtyard full of enemies, and his own men riding off at full speed, except two or three who had noticed their commander's condition, and had stood by him until they were surrounded.

"I yield me," replied Gervase: "But assist me, Sir, to carry this worthy Knight into the house. It is Sir Nathaniel Domville."

The wounded man opened his eyes as Gervase spoke, smiled on Gervase, and pressed the hand which was holding his own.

"I came hither to serve you, Gervase," he said; "and I fear me you are a prisoner for me. I will set this right if I live, and perhaps you will return with me."

"I thank you, Sir; but my brother is sick,—sick almost to death. But think not of us, Sir. Where is your wound?"

"I know not exactly; but I feel as if it were in my breast. Is there no blood?"

"None, Sir."

Sir Nathaniel was now carried into the house. As they moved him, blood poured out at the feet of the bearers, and when he was laid on his bed, and the "chirurgeon" arrived, a gunshot wound appeared in the back under the left shoulder.

"It is in the back, is it not?" said the wounded man faintly.

"Yes, Sir," replied the surgeon.

"It may have been from the house,—a random shot from the window," said Gervase.

"No, Sir," replied James Blunt, who stood by; "I saw the shot fired."

"And who fired it?" said Sir Nathaniel faintly.

"Master Prigge, Sir: I saw him do it myself."

"Where is he?"

"Dead, Sir, in the courtyard: one of the troopers cut him down at your side."

A pallor overspread the face of the wounded man. Whether it was the wound only, or the news which he had just heard which affected him, a deadly faintness fell on him, and for some time he was speechless, and apparently without consciousness also.

When Sir Nathaniel revived, only Gervase and James Blunt were with him. It was daylight: all was quiet immediately round the house, but at a little distance the camp-sounds were heard, and further off the booming of the guns from Oxford on the one hand, and from Elsfield on the other.

Gervase was standing at the window, watching Oxford, and thinking sometimes of Basil and sometimes of Lucy, and of the mixed happiness and sorrow in store for her and himself.

"Gervase," said the sufferer, in a feeble voice, "come nearer."

He drew near, and stood by the bed.

"Nearer, nearer; kneel down."

Gervase obeyed.

"I have much to say, and little strength to say it with. That Miles Prigge was a villain: I brought him hither because I suspected him, and now he has

slain me. The papers which he has left at Marklands must be carefully examined, and—— I will trust you, Gervase, with my honour. Put your ear to my mouth.” Then in a whisper, Sir Nathaniel proceeded —“there may be found amongst his papers somewhat concerning Lady Domville, and his dealings with her, —in short, concerning my honour. Lucy told me of a search which she saw Lady Domville making amongst his papers, and of a dispute which arose thereupon. There is something amiss: see to it. Clear my reputation, by shewing that all moneys received by me have been paid duly; and that if there be anything wrong, it is from Prigge, and my estate must certainly make it good. But if there have been any sinful intercourse with my——”

A pang from the wound, or of grief and shame, checked the wounded man in his words, and he was silent for a time. Presently he went on:—

“I have deserved all this, Gervase. I married in wrath with Lucy and you. I have brought it on myself. Yet deal tenderly with my fair name: let not the reproach be known, if it can be helped. You and Lucy are the child’s guardians. The villain is dead. I trust you, Gervase, with mine honour.”

“The trust shall not be betrayed, Sir.”

“No, I am sure of that.—James.”

“Yes, Sir,” said the faithful servant, who had withdrawn to the other end of the room, lest he should overhear anything which was not intended for him.

“Go and search the body of Miles Prigge, and if there be any papers on it, bring them to me.”

James left the room.

"You and Lucy will marry at once, Gervase."

"Nay, Sir, not at once."

"Yes, at once: I charge you both. The times require it. At once;—and my little Nat will live with you."

"He will be our child, Sir,—our own child."

"God bless thee, Gervase! And is there no hope of Basil?"

"None, Sir: he will hardly live till we capitulate."

"He'll miss you sadly now."

Gervase was silent.

"James," said Sir Nathaniel to his man, who entered the room at the same moment, "go to the General. Yet stay: what hast here?"

James held out a small packet, sealed and secured with silk, and wrapped up in parchment.

"I found this in the doublet, Sir, next the side of the body."

"Give it to Sir Gervase. Now go to the General, and say from me that it is my dying wish that he will set Sir Gervase free to go to his brother, who is sick unto death. Say that he became a prisoner only to save me; and I ask this as the return, and the only return, for my service to Parliament."

James left the room, and Sir Nathaniel was silent for some time, and seemed sleeping or faint; but it was not so. At last he roused himself, and exclaimed—

"Pray open that packet, Gervase, and read."

Gervase broke the seal, and began to unfold the packet; but when various documents, closely written, appeared, the wounded man suddenly changed his mind, and exclaimed—

"No, no. Hold your hand. It is no work for a

dying man to lay bare the sins of his fellows : he requires to have his own covered by his Judge, and not revealed. I leave the work to you, Gervase ; and, it is my dying counsel, shew mercy to the sinner. Would God I had done so ! And indeed I doubt whether my course has been as direct as I thought. It was in anger that I took up arms against the King, after I made a demand which now savoureth even to myself of pride ; and how much more, perchance, to Him that searcheth the hearts and trieth the spirits ! From revenge have I gone against him, and you also : and I have been harsh, moreover, to Lucy, that most Christian of daughters. Ah me ! ah me ! the living and the dying have a different vision. I see not things as I did : the colours of passion fade away from them now, and those things look like corpses which once had life in my eyes. O Gervase, Gervase ! I am a grievous sinner, and no saint, as some would have me believe. Oh ! I could have saved your father, Gervase : that sin lies hard on my breast. No one would have dared to lift a hand against him, if I had not abandoned him. Can you forgive me ?”

“ God forbid that I should not !” replied Gervase. “ we all need forgiveness. But, oh ! Sir, would that you could see some godly divine of the Church : these matters are beyond me.”

“ I will, I will. When James returns, let him enquire whether there be not some orthodox minister of the Church of England a prisoner in the lines. I will do what I can whilst life lasts.”

“ God be praised !” said Gervase : “ this will be a comfort indeed to Lucy, and to my brother.”

"Put up that packet. Where is it? I cannot see it."

"Here, Sir."

"The time passes quick: it was daylight not long since, and it groweth dark even now."

Gervase replied not, except by an anxious look at the sufferer. Sir Nathaniel passed his hand across his eyes, and then held it to Gervase.

"Gervase," he said, "I am dying—dying fast."

"I hope not, Sir."

"It is so. No time for the priest, Gervase. God accept the will for the deed."

"I will go and speed him, Sir."

"No, no; stay. I would not be without one friend at the last."

"Our best Friend, Sir, is with us. Put your trust in Him."

"I do, Gervase; but I need repentance more than faith. Too little of the first in time past.—Is Blunt returned?" enquired the dying man, after a pause.

"No, Sir."

"Care not: Fairfax will grant my request. Canst speak for me, Gervase? Pray, pray."

"I am a soldier, Sir."

"But a Christian one. Pray, pray."

Gervase on his knees repeated the General Confession, and then recited the fifty-first Psalm.

"Go on," said the dying man.

Gervase recited the twenty-third.

"O good Shepherd! good Shepherd! A wandering sheep am I;—yea, I am a wandering sheep. O good Shepherd! good Shepherd!"

The words grew fainter and fainter. A deadly pallor again overspread the face of the wounded man; he pressed Gervase's hand more and more feebly, until there was no pressure, no sound of breathing, no motion of the heart. Gervase knelt alone by the side of the dead, and remembering the happy days of youth, and the kindly intercourse of better days, and that it was Lucy's own father who lay there, he wept.

Whilst he was kneeling, the old servant returned with the answer. Gervase was free; and charging James with many a message to Lucy, he left to him the care of his dead master, and returned to the sick-room of his brother.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SUN WHICH NEVER SETS.

THE anxiety which Basil suffered during his brother's short captivity within the lines of the enemy did him harm, and it seemed more and more certain that he at least would be spared the sight of the afflictions which must inevitably fall upon Oxford when it had once passed under the yoke of the Parliament. The Earl of Pembroke was waiting to have his revenge, as deposed Chancellor; and Presbyterian and Independent had both of them prejudice as well as anger to gratify in their treatment of the only seat of orthodoxy remaining in England.

One afternoon a sweet gathering of loving hearts

took place in the chamber of the dying Fellow of St. John's. Hammond was there, worn with study and grief, and now particularly with incessant toil in strengthening men's faith to endure the persecution approaching, lest they should fall away on the one hand towards Rome, or on the other to sectarianism, or indifference, under those severe trials of faith. His tall form seemed thinner than ever, and his sweet kindly face wore an expression of deep melancholy not usual to it. Sanderson also was there, watching the two brothers alternately, and then turning away to wipe a tear which dimmed his full, piercing eye. Drs. Baylie, Sherlock, and Gisby were there, with Bilson and Gervase.

A table stood by vested in white, and bearing the vessels which shewed what object had drawn together the little congregation assembled. The warrior-brother was bending his tall, stately form over the slight figure which sat propped up in a chair, placed in the large window at the end of the room. So like were the two brothers, yet so different, that it seemed as if Gervase were beholding himself in a magical mirror, revealing some future calamitous condition of the object reflected. The setting sun poured in from the west, radiating in white lines from the holy vessels, and causing the backs of the huge folios which lay on another table to shew the delicate tracery of gilding with which the cunning binder had decked them. The warm light rested also, though they did not notice it, on the heads of the two brothers, on the long locks of the Cavalier, and the more restrained but still flowing hair of the scholar. Of one colour

and texture, the sun was gilding them both with one glory and brightness.

The very atmosphere of the room was love, and the peace which passeth all understanding. Those assembled there breathed it and felt it, and, all the more, spoke not of it. Silence long and deep had succeeded to the last Amen of the office; and the sick man first broke it.

"I am a sinner," he said, "a sinner, miserable and unworthy; but He I trust will pardon who has given me His own Body and Blood. In this faith I have lived, and in this I would die."

"None better," replied Doctor Baylie; "none better, nor any so good."

"This is indeed the Viaticum," said Hammond, "the ἐφόδιον. It is the Council of Nice which uses the word, doubtless common throughout the whole Church. A blessed journey he takes who is so provisioned with food of the soul."

"How like," said Sherlock, "is our bliss here and on the other side of the grave. Here we sup with Christ, and there also. Here are the waters of life, and there also. Here He makes us a table in the wilderness, and there spreads a marriage-feast for His Church. Here is the manna of the Eucharist, and there the hidden manna 'of the Revelation of St. John the Divine.'"

"All Christ," replied Basil: "Our joy is the same, because He is the same."

"Truly, my son," said the President: "It is the hidden manna, because there we shall see Him Who is manna, Whom now we believe, but see not."

“Yes,” said Sherlock; “and hence this blessed Sacrament is a training for death. The elements are a veil. We see not Him whom they contain; and so we have to walk by faith, not by sight. We follow the Good Shepherd. We see Him not, but He leads us through the valley of the shadow of death; and then He whom earthly elements and the veil of this world hath hitherto shrouded, appeareth unveiled.”

“O blessed day!” exclaimed Basil.

“For ever day,” said the President.

“Day which knows no night, where the sun sets not,” added Hammond.

“Because,” said Sherlock, “the Lamb is the light thereof; and He has died once for all, and is alive for evermore; and with Him His redeemed shall live, like Him, because in Him, for ever.”

As he spoke, the evening sun darted his rays into the room with brightness more and more dazzling. All present felt the happy correspondence between their thoughts and the glowing emblem. Basil spoke.

“From a child,” he said, “I have ever loved sunrise and sunset; but never did I feel so fully the power of this earthly light, this creature of God, to signify His own Light, Himself who is our Light, as when I rode to meet thee, Gervase, and the sun burst in upon me in that grove of beeches. Ever since——”

A terrible cough broke in upon his words. When it left him he was too feeble to speak, and his friends begged him to be silent; but he said, “Nay, suffer me. My heart is full. This is my desire, this has been my

hope: here to know a little of the light of truth and love, and hereafter to dwell in it:—

‘Σὺ τὸ φῶτιζον,
Σὺ τὸ λαμπόμενον·
Σὺ τὸ φαινόμενον
Σὺ τὸ κρυπτόμενον
Ἰδιαίς αὐγαῖς.’ ”

Hammond and Sherlock exchanged glances of surprise and pleasure at Basil's acquaintance with the hymns of Synesius. Basil perceived it, and said, “The lines are in my copy of St. Cyril of Jerusalem. Synesius is bound up in the new edition at Paris put forth in the year 1631. It was by chance I knew them, only chance.”

His hearers thought otherwise, but did not reply.

“It were more meet for me to repeat the Divine Scripture,” continued Basil. “O send out thy light and thy truth, that they may lead me: and bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling. For with Thee is the well of life, and in——” Another violent fit of coughing broke off the verse.

Hammond concluded it: “And in Thy light shall we see light.”

Basil looked up, and smiled sweetly to his kind friend.

“I think, Sir,” said Gervase, “that my brother should not speak more to-day. He grows worse, I fear, for our company.”

“You are right, Sir Gervase,” said the President: “we will leave you.”

The guests clasped Basil's hand, received a faint pressure in return, and a look of affection, and retired.

The sun went down: darkness fell on the chamber. Bilson lighted the lamp, and Gervase laid his brother on the bed. As he did so, Basil clasped his hands as in prayer, and said softly,—

“In Thy light shall we see light.”

They were his last words. Very quickly he passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and came out, we trust, into light.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CAPITULATION.

BOARSTALL now surrendered upon articles, under Sir Charles Campion, its governor. Indeed, it was only a question of terms, or of chivalrous unwillingness to yield, which prevented a prompt and universal surrender; for hope now was none.

June 20, Oxford capitulated, and Faringdon was included in the terms of surrender. The treaty was signed on the 20th, to be executed on the 24th. By its provisions the Duke of York was to have honourable treatment in London until the King should fix his future place of abode somewhere within thirty miles of that city. It was stipulated that Princes Rupert and Maurice, with a train not exceeding seventy persons, should be free to reside anywhere in England for six months, except within twenty miles of London, and then to have passes for the Continent, if they desired them; that the seals, sword of State, &c., should be left locked up; that the Governor and garrison should be

free to march with their horses and arms, flying colours, trumpets sounding, drums beating, matches lighted at both ends, bullet in mouth, with twelve charges, bag and baggage, to any place within fifteen miles of Oxford, when such as desired to go home might lay down their arms and do so, and have passes, and free quarter home. If any desired to go abroad, they might do so with their arms, and they were to be assisted in procuring a passage. No insult by word or deed was to be put upon the evacuating force. All prizes taken in war by the garrison were still to be theirs. All persons included in the capitulation, except the actual garrison, might remain in Oxford three months. All persons desiring to compound for their estates might do so for a sum not exceeding two years' revenue. No persons but those previously excepted by Parliament were to be questioned for the past, and even these were to have six months' immunity. The University was to be left untouched, except that it was to be liable to a future reformation by Parliament. Provision was also made for the corporation, city, ladies, royal household, and ejected clergy. Such is the substance of the capitulation dated at Water-Eaton, June 20, 1646: and it was approved by the House three days later.

Rupert and Maurice marched out on Monday, June 22, with about 300 persons of quality. On the 24th a vast number of persons went out at the North-gate for Yorkshire and Gloucestershire. The Duke of York and some lords awaited the King's directions; but the mass of the regular garrison marched out on Wednesday the 24th, at the East-gate. They were

more than 2,000 strong, besides officers. A line of infantry was drawn up on each side, to protect them from insult, extending from St. Clement's to Shotover. Forth they marched as was stipulated, a gallant band indeed, chosen warriors who had gone through many a fight, siege, victory, and rout. Forth they marched, colours flying, trumpets sounding, drums beating, matches lighted, bullet in mouth, bag and baggage, to Thame, where 900 men laid down their arms and dispersed, and 1,100 afterwards enlisted in foreign service—in which Rupert found them engaged; and his estimate of those serving in France in January, 1647, was 1,372.

The day sympathised with the deed. Drenching rains fell, and for some days following, so that the country round was inundated; and had not the surrender preceded them, the operations of the besiegers must have been suspended entirely.

Gervase was deeply depressed at the sad sight. It reminded him by marked contrast of that joyous procession already described, in which the King escorted the Queen into Oxford, after the victory of Roundway Down, three years before.

As he went forth, he felt that he was leaving behind him honoured friends, learned, holy clergymen, by whose ministrations he had profited, the bones of his mother, the remains of Basil. Sad of heart he was, although a pleasure awaited him which probably awaited few others in that vast throng,—the first meeting with Lucy after three years' parting, the meeting with her as his betrothed, and soon to be his own wife.

From the top of the hill he turned and took one

more glance at the beloved city. No sunbeam lighted up the pinnacles of Magdalen, nor rested on the spires of St. Mary's or of Christ Church. Dark and stiff they rose up into the cloudy sky, severe, unbending, as ready to endure the storm as to bask in the sunshine.

That storm gathered fast, and soon burst with fury. Right glad were Gervase and Lucy to think of Basil's rest, when they heard of Hugh Peters preaching before the University, and then Saltmarsh; when the weekly meeting was held at the "Saracen's Head" for doubting brethren, nicknamed by the Royalists "The Scruple-house," or "Scruple-office;" when eventually the loyal and orthodox were ejected from every office, —Sanderson and Hammond; Sheldon; Dr. Laurence, Master of Balliol; Dr. Radcliffe, Principal of Brasenose; Fell, Dean of Christ Church; Dr. Morley, Canon; Dr. Newlin, President of Corpus; Dr. Baylie, President of St. John's, Basil's kind friend; Dr. Mansell, Principal of Jesus; Dr. Oliver, President of Magdalen; Dr. Harvey, Warden of Merton; Dr. Stringer, Warden of New College, and Richard Sherlock the Chaplain; Dr. Saunders, Provost of Oriel; Dr. Wightwick, Master of Pembroke; Dr. Potter, President of Trinity; Dr. Walker, Master of University, and Dr. Pitt, Warden of Wadham, with Fellows too many to recount. All sorts of persons were intruded into their places, and strangely enough, when the Independents triumphed, Reynolds, who usurped the place of Dean Fell at Christ Church, was himself superseded by the Independent Owen, of whose dress the following strange particulars are preserved.

Owen was Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, as well as

Dean of Christ Church, when he is described, "*in quervo* like a young scholar, with powdered hair, snake-bone bandstrings, a lawn band, a large set of ribands pointed at the knees, Spanish leather boots with large lawn tops, and his hat most curiously cocked."

Certainly Laud's reform was completely unreformed; and the Presbyterians were as much disgusted at those to whom they gave way, as the Churchmen had been at the Presbytery.

At Marklands the whole face of things had changed since the death of its lord. He was laid in the Domville vault, wept by Lady Domville, but mourned by his daughter, and by the little Nat, who would ask plaintively for the father who had been accustomed to set him on his shoulder and carry him through hall, passage, and garden, shewing him the dogs, and the horses, and everything that a child delights to behold.

Lady Domville, although she affected much grief, after shewing her temper when the will was first read, was plainly no sorrower. Lucy thought, indeed, that she rejoiced in the death of her husband; but it was in that of Miles Prigge, which Lucy little suspected.

In passing the chamber of that worthy when the door chanced to stand open, Lucy saw that the cabinet was unlocked, and a key in the key-hole. She could not help wondering whether Prigge had carelessly left it so, or whether her stepmother had been searching again for some paper.

Next day Lady Domville assumed unusual airs, talked of her house, and gave her orders to the old servants in a tone to which they had not been accustomed, and were little disposed to submit. She in-

sulted Lucy repeatedly, and her conduct and manner were such that Lucy saw plainly that it would not be possible for her to remain long in the house; and that she must soon exercise her office of guardian, and leave Marklands, with the child, to reside somewhere in peace.

No such step, however, was necessary. Old James was setting on supper in the room which was covered with the Armada tapestry, when his mistress entered, and finding him alone, proceeded to put some questions which she had long burned to ask, but hitherto had not ventured on.

"Did Sir Nathaniel ever seem to suspect that villain who slew him?" enquired Lady Domville.

"Not as I ever heard, my Lady," replied the old man.

"But he must have been carrying on his evil practices long?"

"Your Ladyship knows best," said James Blunt.

"What meanest thou, Sirrah?" exclaimed Lady Domville, furiously.

"I know nothing, my Lady, of other men's business, and only strive to do my own duty."

"Well, well; I thought thou didst mean something else. But tell me, James: was anything found after Prigge's death which shewed what his motive was?"

"I never heard, my Lady. But I suppose, when Sir Gervase comes it will appear."

"Sir Gervase, indeed! What of him?"

"He has the papers, my Lady, that were found on Master Prigge."

"Papers! papers! papers, indeed!" she said, colouring, and trying in vain to speak clearly: "What papers?"

"Nay, I know not, my Lady," said the old man, as he placed a huge silver tankard on the table and completed his work.

"Know not? Thou didst see them, I suppose?"

"I took them, at Sir Nathaniel's desire, from the body. They were sewn up secretly in the doublet, and I gave them to my master, and Sir Gervase has them with him."

"Truly, truly a strange tale. And what were they like?"

"Some were accounts of money, and one was a sealed packet, very closely secured, and on the back was written, 'Papers concerning the marriage of Mistress O'Bryan, now called Lady Domville.'"

There was no reply to old James. Lady Domville turned away, and leaning over a chair, remained silent until Lucy came in.

During supper Lucy observed something very peculiar in her stepmother's manner. She was embarrassed and silent, or else talkative in the extreme, and looked very ill. Lucy enquired whether she was so, but received a reply in the negative. Both hastened through supper, which seemed very long, but really did not occupy half the usual time.

Next morning Lucy was up early, according to her custom, but the heavy rains kept her in the house. She was chilly, and walked up and down the long passage for exercise. As she did so, Mary came to her with a very serious face. Lucy asked if anything

was amiss, and Mary informed her that Lady Domville's door was open, and so was the garden-door, and that she was not in the house.

Search was made high and low. No trace could be found, but some things were not found which had existed before; that is to say, the jewels which had belonged to Lucy's mother, and had been since used by Lady Domville, contrary to her own strict professions of abandoning ornaments and the vain show of the world. Sir Nathaniel's cabinet also was open, and a drawer once full of gold was now empty.

Lady Domville had fled; fled, it seemed, under fear of some disclosure which Prigge's papers would cause: but whither no one could discover; for the floods had blocked-up the Thame and Henley roads, and no clue was found of the fugitive on the roads leading to Reading or London.

The cause of the flight remained a mystery in Marklands; and although the servants spoke of it frequently, yet neither they nor their neighbours discovered it. It was a secret locked up in two faithful breasts; and James Blunt, who was hard on its heels, was silent as the grave.

When Gervase reached Marklands, and Lucy had embraced her hero, her true Christian Knight, who had returned after so many trials and dangers, true to her, and, what was far better in her estimation, true to his God and his Church, in spite of many temptations; when the first smiles and tears were past, and conversation turned to the stirring events which had separated the lovers, and now had united them more closely than ever,—then the Prigge packet was opened,

and Lucy saw—what Gervase had known for some days—that the fugitive was married at the time when Sir Nathaniel had offered to her, had been accepted, and was finally united to her by the Presbyterian Nye. She had left her husband and Ireland during the rebellion, and without waiting to see whether he survived or was slain, she repaired to London and there married again. The documents which Prigge treasured up as an engine of war to be used in his future advancement, either with the woman or with Sir Nathaniel, as occasion suggested, contained evidence taken from some soldiers in London whom Prigge had met there during one of his business journeys thither on behalf of the Knight. It was plain that Mr. O'Bryan had lived for six months or more after his wife was united to Sir Nathaniel, and therefore that the second marriage was no marriage at all, and in consequence, she no Lady Domville; and yet further, that little Nat was an illegitimate child, and no heir to Marklands. O how the scheming father had outschemed himself!

Lucy read these documents in astonishment, and then burst into tears, saying, “O my father, my poor father! What has he not brought upon himself!”

“He is at rest, Lucy,” replied Gervase, putting his arm round his betrothed: “he is at rest. He repented him of the past, and acknowledged God’s visitation: but this trouble was spared him. He did not read that paper, but left it to me. He will never know of it.”

“But the child, Gervase,—my little Nat. Think of him.”

"He is safe, Lucy. The secret is ours: let it die with us. Marklands is his, and Lucy is mine. He shall keep the Domville name, if my Lucy will lose it."

"My noble, my beloved!" said Lucy, leaning her head on Gervase's breast, and unable to thank him.

Gervase was only too happy to feel that he was beloved for making a sacrifice which he had determined on, for his part, the moment he read the secret packet of papers.

CHAPTER XXVII.

REMEMBRANCES.

SOME years after the events last mentioned, Sir Gervase and his lady were walking at the close of a July evening in the terraced garden at Marklands. They were in mourning. Their good intentions for little Nat were not fulfilled. A childish complaint had carried him off, and their own first child, Basil, was now heir to Marklands.

As they walked up and down, they spoke of former troubles, and when Lucy's eye rested on the wood opposite, the ride, and the pursuit, and Basil's one only martial exploit of love, were uppermost in their thoughts and conversation. Then came Newbury, and Cropready, and Boarstall, and Naseby, and the siege of Oxford. Gervase had lately been to Oxford, and had noticed the green lines of defence and assault

already beginning to disappear under the assault of the elements and the hand of the husbandman, but visible even now on the north-east side of the city.

But chiefly Gervase would dwell on Basil's last evening in this world—the eve, to him, of a perpetual festival. And Basil's ardent love of light, as an emblem of Him who made it to witness to Himself, was mentioned and discoursed of, whilst the setting sun threw its rays over the western woods upon Marklands.

Presently their Chaplain, whom they kept to minister to them during the persecution of the clergy, joined them on the terrace, and falling into their converse, deepened and sweetened their meditations by his holy words. Thus they spoke of past mercies and future hopes, and the pink light faded from the evening sky. Still they walked on, glad to be in the fresh air after a scorching day of a scorching summer, until the cattle ceased to low, and only the grasshopper sang, until the owl was ready with her part.

As they were thus engaged, James Blunt, now feeble with age, came near them. He was agitated in his manner, and evidently had something weighty to say.

“Will you please to come in, Sir,” he said, “and see Bill Shepherd and Jonathan Stoke?”

“Certainly,” replied his master: “but what is their business?”

“They have found some bones, Sir, and other things, and I fear they are the remains of Lady Domville.”

“Where were they found?” enquired Sir Gervase.

“In the Miller's pool, Sir. It was nearly dry, and very foul, and Will Matson has drained it off, and

begun to clear it. There was some three foot of silt and mud in it."

Sir Gervase had now entered the servants' hall with his wife, and with Mr. Style, their chaplain. Two sturdy fellows were there who had been toiling through the long summer day, and savoured of the mud with which they had been occupied.

On the long table lay some bones which had been washed, but were blue with the mud in which they had lain, and a small heap of gold coin which had been collected round the spot where the bones were found, and a little box or casket beside them.

"Open that case," said Lucy to her husband. He took it, but could find no entrance. By degrees, however, he forced it open with a knife, and inside, discoloured, and encased with dirt, appeared ornaments which Lucy recognised at once as her mother's.

"They are my mother's jewels," she exclaimed: "It is indeed that poor woman."

Gervase saw that his wife was overcome, and led her from the room. He then returned, and questioned the finders particularly. It appeared that the bones were found in a corner at the further end of the pool, and they lay regularly and in line with each other; in fact, just as the body had lain to which they belonged. The casket lay by them, and the money, which had sunk more deeply into the mud, was close to the casket.

How the miserable fugitive came by her end was never discovered. It was supposed that she tried to go to Thame, thinking perhaps that she would be pursued if she went in the direction of London; that having advanced a little way along the road which

was flooded, she did not choose to turn back, and persevering in her efforts to follow it she missed her way, and fell into some part of the water where the current was strong; then that the flood took the body along with it into the brook, and that this carried it into the pool, where it rested and was left to decay.

Some days passed before Lucy recovered the shock which this discovery occasioned. The money was given to the men as a reward for their honesty; the bones laid in the north side of the churchyard without any ceremony; and the casket of jewels was put by, never to be worn again, but sold for the restoration of the church when good times should return.

Before these good times Lucy had one more fear to disturb her. Her husband prepared to join Charles II. before the battle of Worcester. He had little hope of success, and in determining to proceed he followed the call of honour and duty, rather than of inclination and prudence. Fortunately, however, for him and for Lucy, a suspicious neighbour ascertained and reported the preparations which Gervase was making as quietly as he could. He was arrested and thrown into prison at Aylesbury, where he lay half a year, and at last, with no other loss than a fine, returned to his home by Captain, or rather Major, Purefoy's influence, who was nobly true to his promise to serve Lucy when occasion arose. This was all Gervase suffered, instead of falling under the walls of Worcester, or being sold for a slave into the plantations, like some of his Royalist brethren.

After this, all was quiet. The Restoration came in its time, and Bilson was made Vicar of Marklands in

remembrance of Basil. Sons and daughters grew up round their parents, inheriting their beauty and virtue. The lax morality of the reign of Charles II. never found its way into the precincts of Marklands, and the latitudinarian religion which came in by reaction from the strife of tongues which produced the Rebellion, and reigned in it, had no charms for those who were attached to the memories and versed in the writings of the great Caroline Doctors.

Thus life passed sweetly and softly: and as Isis glides calmly past Culham Bridge, by the ruins of Wallingford, the site of Fawley Court, the Parliamentary garrison, and that of Greenland-house, so bravely held for the King, so Gervase and Lucy lived amid memories of troubles long since passed away, visited them in calm thought, and gratefully reflecting the sunshine of present mercies, left to their children an example of Christian old age closing a long day of Christian life, and receiving from them an obedience which was rendered with pleasure, and which was a meet reward for that submission and duty which they themselves had observed, when sorely tried by the temper and ambition of one who was at last conquered by love and confessed his defeat.

Scholars are no longer drilled in the quadrangle at New College; the Schools are not now magazines, nor Christ Church a court, nor Merton a college for ladies. No political council meets at Oriel. No licentious soldiery is quartered in Oxford. No physical enemies outside raise batteries and draw lines, and fire upon her with powder and ball. Whatever warfare there is, is controversial within or with-

out. We should be thankful then that retirement and meditation are so easy to those who desire them. We should be thankful that we can trace the outworks without being fired at; associate with the brave Cavaliers without risk of being offended or contaminated by the license of Goring or Wilmot, and those who followed their evil example; that we can read Hammond or Sanderson, and pray with Sherlock or Duppa, without suffering expulsion. Oxford may be the head-quarters to us, if we will, and the court of all that is noble and true, and in deep peace may imbue our hearts and minds with herself.

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